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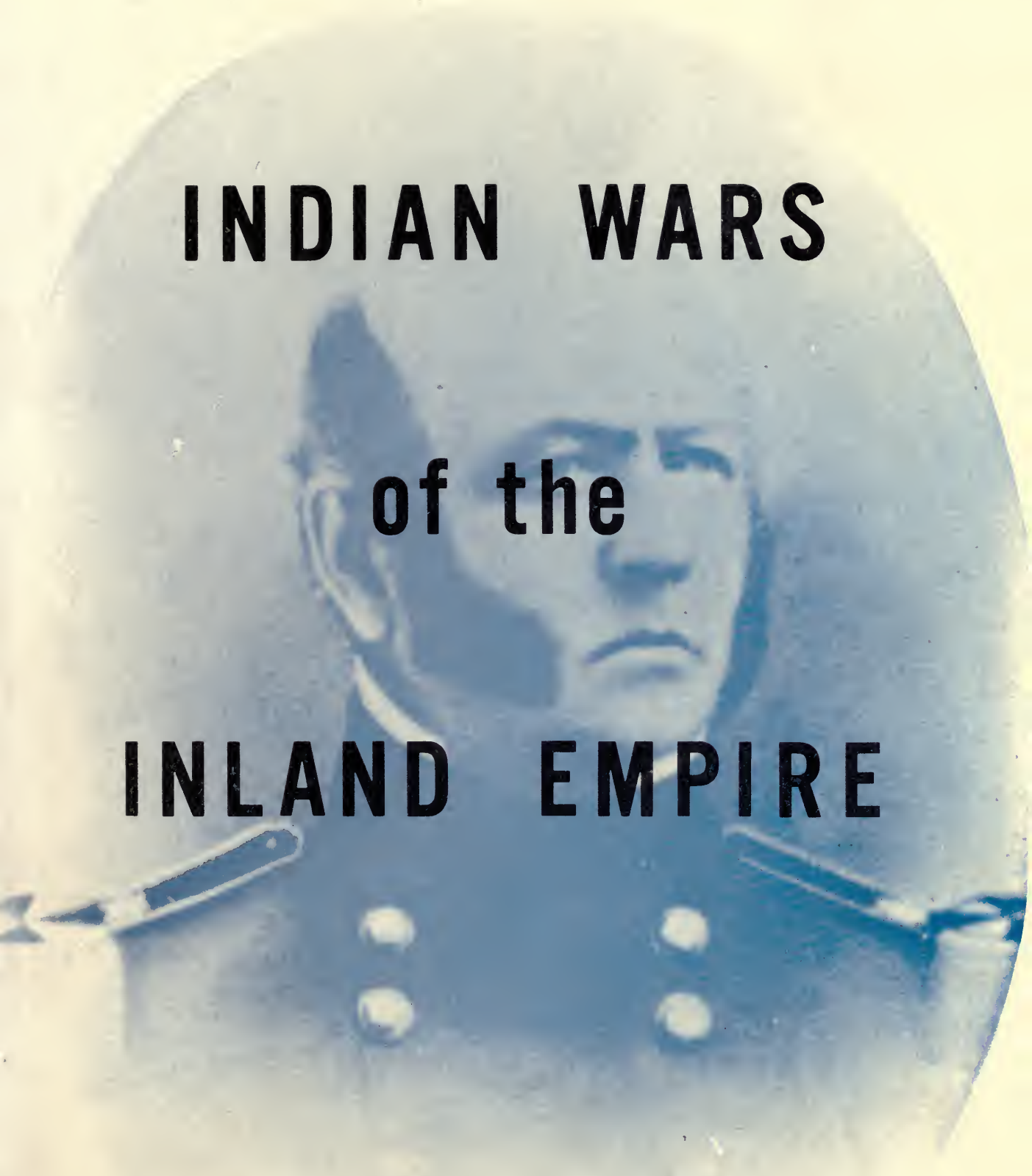
# INDIAN WARS of the INLAND EMPIRE



GARRETT B. HUNT

General Newman S. Clarke

# INDIAN WARS OF THE INLAND EMPIRE

Colonel George Wright

# Indian Wars of the Inland Empire

by Garrett B. Hunt

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Spokane, Washington

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From files of Spokane, Wash. Spokesman Review

Name in full Garrett B. Hunt,
Residence W214 Third Avenue,
Occupation Clerk to Supt. Water
Place of birth Clarence, N. Y.
Date of birth 24th Mo Jan. Yr 1867
When to State 1902 to City 1903
Former residence North Yakima
Politics Ind. Church
Lodges Rayon, Alpha Delta Phi,
Royal Highlander,
S.A.A.C. Chamber of Com.
Positions of trust occupied, honors received, public offices held and where Dep. Co. Clerk
Spokane 1909. Water Divisi
Spokane, 1909 to ____

Service in army or navy

Where educated University of
Rochester, N. Y.
Married, when and to whom Widower in
1891; remarried at Yakima in
1902, obtained divorce in
1912.

Children, names and addresses none liv-
ing.

REMARKS

# GARRETT HUNT, PIONEER, DEAD

July 23 1921

Garrett Brent Hunt a Spokane pioneer and for many years a worker in the water division of the city, died this morning at his home, N1723 Normandie.

Mr. Hunt contracted a bad cold July 15, which resulted in an attack in his bronchial tubes. A strain on his heart caused by difficult breathing is thought to have formed a clot which caused death.

Final rites for Mr. Hunt will be held at 4 p. m. tomorrow in the Smith funeral home. Dr. Earl Harper will give the address. The Interstate Rose Circle funeral service will be used. Interment will follow.

Mr. Hunt was born in Clarence, N. Y., January 24, 1867. He graduated from the University of Rochester, N. Y., and came to Spokane 29 years ago. He first engaged in newspaper work and later became secretary to Frank W. Rand in the water department. He served many years at Trent and later at the water division was known under the commission government. Mr. Hunt became an assistant under Ab Lindley, superintendent. He retired three years ago on account of his health.

**Wrote Travel Articles**

Since then Mr. Hunt has traveled and written several articles on Alaska, Glacier and Yellowstone national parks and Mount Rainier. He only he has been with the Diamond Ice & Fuel company.

F. O. Sutherlin, forest candidate for city commissioner, was a close friend of Mr. Hunt said.

Mr. Hunt's most outstanding work was his contribution to history. He was an adviser of the Indians and helped the camp workers. He was a member of Spokane lodge No. 34, Scottish Rite bodies, the Oriental consistory, and El Katif shrine.

One brother now dead was president of the University of Nebraska, and an older brother, Dr. Emory W. Hunt, is president of Bucknell college in Pennsylvania.

October 6 1927

## G. B. HUNT TO BE WRITER

**Veteran Water Clerk Resigns—Miss Mabel B. Hamblen Hired.**

Garrett B. Hunt, for 18 years clerk in superintendent A. Lindley's office, has resigned his position to take up [illegible] in connection with books he plans to get out for publication. The duties of Hunt's place will be [illegible] among employes in the water office and the position [illegible].

Miss Mabel B. Hamblen, who finished first in the recent city civil service examination for clerk in the water office at $145 a month, has received the appointment from Commissioner Rodgers and will begin her work today. She is a sister of L. B. Hamblen and Dr. H. N. Hamblen, who a former deputy in the county treasurer's office and more recently a [illegible] the Vermont [illegible]

From files of Spokane, Wash. Spokesman Review

# Garrett Hunt Wished His Hollow Shell Left to Fire.

July 24, 1931.

LEAVES LETTER

## Asks Ashes Be Flung Out on Enchanted Cove at Lake Chatcolet.

A unique letter of ornate rhetoric colloquizing on death and the futility and folly of pompous burials was left by Garrett B. Hunt, 65, for more than 20 years a city employee, who died yesterday.

The letter, typewritten on Masonic temple stationery and dated April 4, 1930, was addressed to Frank G. Sutherlin, with the stipulation that it was to be opened upon death of the writer. Permission to open the message was also granted Erwin J. Barker, worthy master of Spokane Masonic lodge No. 34.

### What to Do With Body?

The letter follows:

Dear Understanding Friend:

This soul of Chares is today contemplating not so much the cooling award of longmess of the gods of Aureoli as that other race-old, yet very mundane and very practical question: What shall we do with the body?

This soul of Chares does not affect [illegible] regarding the method of [illegible] of his mortal remains after he passes from it. As a habitation, or a vehicle of mortal life, it has well and loyally served its tenant terrestrially, but, vacant, it will be merely an empty shell upon the endless shore of life's unresting sea, to be recognized and considered merely as such. I feel that there can be nothing sacrosanct about my tenantless corpse—a casket from which a stone has been taken.

With a bluntness which losses aside all consideration, save that pertaining deferentially to the settled views of others and to venerated vogue, I assert that amid my celestial duties my corpse will be to me of no more moment than the carcass of any other animal at last overtaken by the vicissitudes of the years.

### Menace to Mundane.

Undisposed of in some manner, under the usual circumstances it will become an unclean menace to friends and fellows in their mundane activities when my soul shall have gone on to a fuller spiritual existence beyond the great veil.

I lay no great store by the thought that the physical body is in the image of the Maker, for the Maker is entirely spiritual. While living, I have been averse to ceremonial recognition out of deference to whatever of virtue the translated one may have exerted. I would set down naught here to hamper the free inclinations of former friend and coworker. But let such be limited to the circle of fellowship, if circumstances so counsel. But I entail no such devoirs, merely deferring to the wishes of the living who remain, lest they be embarrassed because of repute for unseemly omission of usages.

### Room for Reason.

But let reason and circumstance, rather than subservience to custom, point the way to the disposition of my earthly house. Bimble fire has ever appealed to me as a more desirable obliterant than the lingering process of decay within "the narrow house," and in a large city is less expensive than burial lot and excavation of sepulcher. Oft I have pondered concerning the futility of expending sums of money and outlaying living energy in recovering mere corpses from large bodies of water, or in bringing them out of the depths of far forests, and have turned instinctively to the grim and simple grandeur of a burial in the mighty ocean, or spontaneously adverted to the natural sepulture of Moses, whose body lay where its soul had left it on taking flight to celestial responsibilities until "the angels of God upturned the sod and left the dead man there." Too many of our modern "In Memoriams" exhibit the folly and futility of mere gestures, as well as creating grievous burdens upon the living.

### Ashes to Nature.

All considerations being otherwise agreeable, I prefer cremation with the ash residue silently flung out to nature by the understanding companion or companions of erstwhile visits with me to the shore of the enchanted cove on Lake Chatcolet, where by campfire beneath the stars I listened to many a voiceless lesson.

As I write, I feel that I will be enabled to discharge all my present monetary indebtedness, and in the event I request that the residue after disposing of my habitation, at most moderate expense be turned over to the almoner of Oriental Consistory, A. A. S. R., for the easement of elderly distressed Masons.

And my Scottish Rite ring may properly go to a brother of Spokane

(Continued on page six, column five.)

Sti

# ASHES OF LOVER OF LAKE IN COVE

July 31, 1931

## Garrett Hunt Asked Final Rest Under the Stars.

All considerations being otherwise agreeable, I prefer cremation with the ash residue silently flung out to nature by the understanding companion or companions of erstwhile visits with me to the shore of the enchanted cove on Lake Chatcolet, where by campfire beneath the stars I listened to many a voiceless lesson.

Conforming to the request of Garrett B. Hunt, for 20 years an employee of the city, who died last week, 12 of his old friends drove to Lake Chatcolet yesterday and cast his ashes upon the waters of the cove where he had spent his summers for the last 15 years.

The cove is about a mile and a quarter south of the store at Chatcolet. During the summers Mr. Hunt maintained a camp there and went out every week-end, accompanied by some friends.

The party drove out yesterday in automobiles, engaged a launch to take them to the cove and then, without any ceremony, scattered the ashes to the winds.

Those in the party were E. J. Barker, Dr. H. E. Carter, Howard Stebbins, Neil Dressler, Harry Lesler, Mrs. Offut, Miss Betty Wall, a niece of Mr. Hunt, H. F. Fliehmer, H. K. Holt, F. J. Sutherlin and Gaines Sutherlin.

Mr. Hunt left a most unusual letter upon his death, philosophizing upon death and the hereafter. The quotation at the head of this article is an extract from it.

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# Anticipatory

Into the pages following have been gathered the leading facts touching the first steps in the upbuilding by the American whites of the great basin lying between the Rocky mountains and the Cascade range, in later years come to be known as "the Inland Empire of the Columbia."

Within half a decade much public attention has been attracted to the activities and resources of this domain; yet half a dozen decades ago little was known of the great valley of the Columbia, even at the national capital.

In the interim, and during the process of change from Indian domination to a force in the modern commercial world, there were many characteristic happenings. Perhaps no section of the United States, equal in area, presents now so great a contrast with conditions prevailing a half century ago.

These studies were undertaken at their inception solely for the purpose of obtaining accurate information for a single individual concerning the real events which transpired in the transition from a wild, unproductive stretch of little-known national domain into a segment of the Union fairly representative of Twentieth Century life in the United States of America.

The fact that this period of change and progress has never been covered by a historian prompted the suggestion that the results of the compilation be collected into a volume. Aside from whatever value the book may have as an authoritative recital of the subject matter, the reproduction of the statements and thoughts of the participants in the events treated throws many a point of illumination upon the manners and customs, methods and conditions, military and civil, which were everyday matters in the Pacific Northwest only half a century ago (Spokane, Washington, June, 1908).

GARRETT B. HUNT

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# 1 Visions of "Long Ago"

Annals of American history indicate that two quite distinct methods of progress were in vogue in the settling up by pioneers of the vast public domains. Actual possession of territory was accomplished in different ways in different periods of the advance westward of the forces of civilization. In each generation the object was the same—the seizure of the chaos of raw material afforded by public lands for the purpose of its conversion into the orderly fruits of settlement and toil.

The first hardy men who pushed themselves over the Alleganies used the rifle as much as they did the hoe. The one was as indispensible in creating settlements in the wilds as was the other. It was the fellow who could shoot with one hand and hoe with the other who built the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Sometimes one man watched with the rifle that the other might do more hoeing.

During this rifle-and-hoe period, the settler stood self reliant. It was as if he never heard of the military. It was not until he had built a settlement and had erected a community of women and children and had gathered of the substance of his toil, that he summoned the army; and then the situation was often far from satisfactory.

By the same token, the general government apparently paid little heed to the pioneers until their accumulations were large enough to attract attention. It seems never to have been thought of by the authorities that those heralds of national wealth need the protecting arm of the soldiery during the process of upbuilding, just as much as they needed it after the substantiality of the work had been established. It would appear as if those men, after defending their clearings, protecting their families and raising their crops under conditions that appalled even the lion-hearted nation-builders of that early period, must needs send back to the Potomac some properly engrossed formality, big and blatant with seal and signature: "To All to Whom these PRESENTS may Come, Greeting: Feeling that we have proved ourselves worthy the consideration of our brethren living between the Alleganies and the Atlantic, we pray you to look upon our property and promise, and if they be large enough to warrant your good graces, we pray that military assistance may arrive before the next Indian uprising." And in stubborn faith in itself the old Northwest territory was of national importance before it saw an army in command of an American general.

The forces of evolution and experience went on, however, and by the time the stream of adventurous homemakers and nation-builders crossed the Mississippi, the army as a supporting force had got within hailing distance of the rearguard of the pioneers. On the plains of Nebraska and Kansas, they bivouacked together. Marching among the foothills of the Rockies, the soldier was frequently in the van. Forts Kearney, Laramie, Bridger and yet others whose names linger in history as points of exigency in the conquest of territory, indicate how the army had commence to clear the way for the settler.

The Pacific Northwest, like the old Northwest, settled itself. Its occupation by "the Boston man" was sporadic. First came the sea-farer and adventurer in ships to the great river and the great sound. Occasionally a vessel touched at the settlements, and so it came about that the navy, rather than the army, gave governmental protection to the infant communities. But the navy could not go inland. Yet, there was not much definite attention directed from the capitol to the Pacific Northwest until the establishment of the 49th parallel as the international boundary.

The decades following 1830 were notable in that they witnessed the unrest which populated, however sparsely, the great central plain of the continent. Explorations, like those of Pike, Long and Fremont, had fixed public attention on the little known sections of the western country. The mystic appeal of the far places of the land was heard by many a fireside in the older states.

It was inevitable that the Rocky Mountains would prove no barrier. Bonneville and Irving had played grand music on the lute, which in the hands of Lewis and Clark, had seemed to the nation at large to have given forth a Circean melody. As the settlements on Puget Sound and along the Columbia and Willamette were largely maritime in their considerations, and smelled of salt water, so the people who were attracted by the great solemn reaches which stretched away between the Rockies and the Cascades were of the earth earthy, traveling from inland settlement across inland plain to the newest inland empire of the nation. Later Boones called to newer Harrods and Donelsons and answering ones with their families and stock and seeds poured through other Cumberland Gaps in a loftier range than the Appalachians into a newer valley than the Mississippi, appropriating the last of the nation's great natural domains—the Inland Empire of the Columbia.

Take any epoch of human progress. Cut therefrom the segment of half a century. Contrast the opening and closing conditions. Brief as is the history of the American nation, each generation of its citizens has contrasted its sur-

roundings with those of its predecessors by fifty years, and has been startled. The perspective of the man of today is more startling than any of its antecedents. No more startling retrospect is afforded in American history than is furnished by the upper reaches of the Columbia.

Wm. Clark

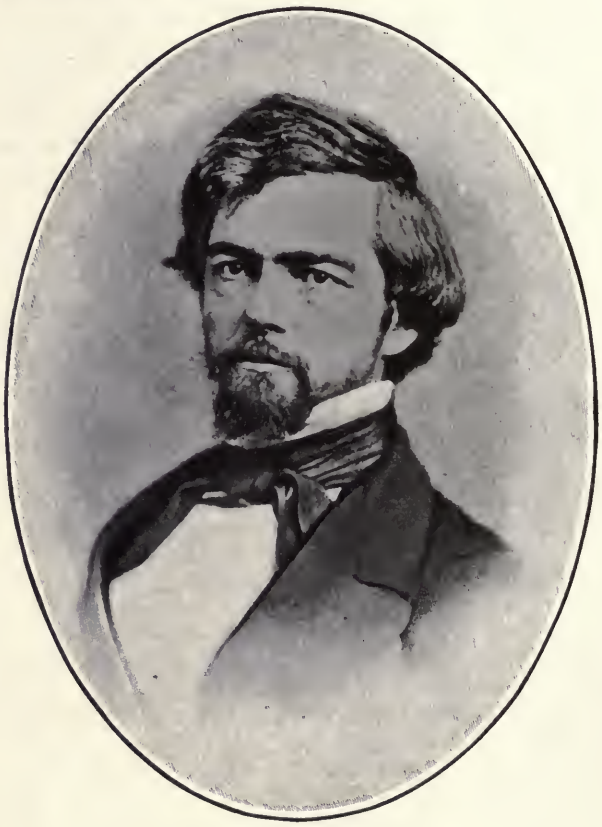
Meriwether Lewis

Information gleaned by Lewis and Clark on their daring exploration of the country west of the Rocky Mountains created scarcely a ripple upon the stream of public attention in Jefferson's time. Fifty years later a cabinet officer of these United States commented on the lack of governmental information, for military purposes only, of the region of the River Oregon. The half century segment of progress of the Inland Empire of the Columbia, which lay between Jefferson and Buchanan, was without appreciable dimension. The five decades between 1858 and 1908 exhibit a vast territory transformed from the unproductive sovereignty of the siwash to a potent agency in international commerce, from a population of a few hundred savages to a half million souls in active, throbbing touch with the world's marts.

As was the case with the old northwest of the Scioto and the Wabash, the strong arm of the soldier was interposed between the daring home maker and the Indian whom he dispossessed. The Pacific Northwest, also, had its Fallen Timbers and its Tippecanoe. Puget Sound and the Willamette valley looked toward the gray ocean and received their people from its bosom. The upper Columbia valley and its tributaries received their settlers as they descended the western slopes of the Rockies.

Before nalf a century had elapsed after the first official government expedition had penetrated to the Pacific Northwest, Whitman had closed his trek at Wailatpu. The echoes of the voices of some statesmen protesting against the futility and emphasizing the danger of recognizing the terra incognito of the Columbia had not died out in the national capital. But the fecund stirrings of the popular will vibrated to the tones of Benton, pleading that the nation do not throw away a promising and priceless heritage. The phrase, "across the plains by ox team," had its origin in years earlier than 1858, and in the exodus from the old states the people themselves had cast the die.

The advent of settlers in the Walla Walla valley resulted in bloodshed. The volunteer riflemen of the new Northwest were fit successors in spirit and accomplishment to the buckskins who followed old George Rogers Clark. After the Cayuse war, with its record of woe, had come and gone, Governor Stevens of Washington territory, also Indian superintendent in the Pacific Northwest, concluded treaties with some of the tribes. Dilatoriness at the national capitol thwarted conciliation. Each week the settlers poured through the passes of the Rockies. Each month increased the tension wherever the settler came in contact with the natives, resentful at the intrusion upon their valleys and hillsides. The storm burst in the Columbia valley early in 1858. There had been patters of conflict along the Yakima and on the lower Columbia, but the outburst which effectively cleared the atmosphere fell in 1858.



Isaac I. Stevens

In 1857 there had been Indian unrest in all parts of the country, and the crack of the army rifle had been heard along the Gila river, and in Texas and New Mexico leaden compliments had been exchanged with Navajo, Kiowa and Comanche. In the fastnesses of the Everglades of Florida government regulars and state volunteers had clashed with the remnant of Seminoles.

When the new year came, its heritage was the accumulated troubles of its predecessors. In its very first weeks the Second cavalry had "chastised" a party of Indians on the San Geronimo in New Mexico and "recaptured horses of

which they had robbed the settlers." The Indian uprisings of the year involved not only the Utes, Comanches, Kiowas, Kickapoos, Apaches, Cheyennes, Navajos and Wichitas, in the Southwest, but also the Seminoles in the far Southeast and the Sioux along the Red River of the North, as well as the tribes of the upper Columbia. The territory of Washington alone saw three expeditions—that of Steptoe, which came very near annihilation, that of Garnett along the Yakima and that of Wright into the Spokane country. In addition, the Mormons of Utah were in a state of active rebellion against the government. The spirit of unrest was over the plains and mountains and valleys of the entire west.

Chief Lawyer

The actual strength of the United States army in the summer of the year was 17,498 officers and men, and the demands made upon the soldiery were so diversified and so widespread that they "were distributed throughout the states and territories of the entire confederacy, manning all the fortifications, holding all the posts now garrisoned, defending all our extended frontiers and protecting, as far as possible, the different routes across the continent from the Mississippi to our possessions on the Pacific."

Secretary of War Floyd complained that only thirteen regiments were available for the work of quelling the epidemic of troubles—a little over 11,000 men to cope with "the arduous duty of prosecuting all the Indian wars, which have extended this year from the British possessions on the Pacific to the borders of Texas; as well as of crushing the rebellion in Utah which, from its vindictive spirit and large numbers, threatened at its outset to become, and indeed was, very formidable."

Those of the present generation who recall the apparent ease and facility with which troops, their equipment and subsistence were transported by steam during the Cuban and Philippine campaigns of 1898, may well be reminded of the circumstances under which the soldiers of forty years earlier performed their duty. There was much to do outside of fight the red man. Hark back across a half century and note the strides taken witnessing the following paragraph from the report of the Secretary of War:

"These marches in the main, have been made through the uninhabited solitudes and sterile deserts which stretch away between the settlements on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, upon routes which afforded nothing to facilitate the advance, except only the herbage which the beasts of burden might pluck by the wayside. Every item of supply, from a horseshoe nail to the largest piece of ordnance, has been carried, from the depots along the whole line of these tedious marches, to be ready at the exact moment when necessity might call for them. The country traversed could yield nothing. The labor, foresight, method and care requisite to systematize, and the energy, activity and persistence to carry out such operations by the different departments, deserve the attention of the country, and in my judgment, its commendation, too."

Chief Garry. Spokane

Hear! Hear! Ye people of a fifty-year-old land!

Uninhabited solitudes? Speak up, ye cities of the Kansas and Nebraska plains, of the valleys of Colorado and Utah, of the stretches of Wyoming and Idaho.

Sterile deserts? Make answer, ye corn fields of the Platte, ye cantaloup vines of Rocky Ford, ye alfalfa levels of the Snake, ye orchards of the Yakima, ye wheat-greened hills of the Palouse.

Nothing to facilitate the advance? Blow the whistles of your locomotives, ye transcontinental railways, and pass the word to your connecting lines.

Tedious marches? Shunt out your Pullmans and observation coaches, ye St. Paul, Burlington, Union Pacific, "Katy," Rio Grande "All trains will give right of way to Extra Special No. 1, government troops on board."

Yield nothing? Fling out your beef and bacon, ye packers by the Kaw. Divert that shipload of flour consigned to China, ye millers of the Spokane. Uncover your haystacks, ye farmers of the Flathead. Hurry forward more blankets, Eastern Oregon.

Regarding the operations carried on by the army in 1858, Secretary Floyd submitted the following epitome:

"Our little army has been called upon during the last year to carry on a war extending over nearly the whole space embraced between the parallels 32 degrees and 48 degrees, north latitude, and extending over a space of more than fifteen hundred miles. It is not, then, a matter of surprise that our thirteen regiments, engaged in those wars and the Mormon rebellion, should have been called upon in the performance of these arduous services, to accomplish the extraordinary feat of marching an average of nearly thirteen hundred miles."

Out of the experiences of this year of extensive operations, "necessarily larger by far than at any previous time since the Mexican war and with difficulties and embarrassments surrounding at every step which were never at any time greater," came propositions to facilitate movements of troops and their necessities. Transportation was the great problem. The suggestion is eerie that camels were ever mentioned for use in the "Great American Desert." Yet in sober earnest Secretary Floyd wrote the following in an official communication:

Of the need of this northern read across the continental divide, Secretary Floyd wrote to President Buchanan:

"I have but little hesitation in saying that a most important line of intercommunication between the Mississippi valley and the river Oregon will yet be opened upon a line extending from Lake Superior along the waters of the upper Missouri to those of the Oregon. At all events, we need much information about this country, which nothing but a careful exploration can give. There are strong grounds to believe that between the navigable waters of the Missouri and those of the river Oregon a portage of not more than four hundred miles intervenes. If this should turn out to be true, and the ground should prove suitable for the construction of a road, this route will eventually be one of the most important yet discovered between the Atlantic and the Pacific for military purposes."

One is at a loss to understand why Secretary Floyd approached the topic of a northern transcontinental route in language so tentative. He must have known that Mullan had already commenced the construction of the wagon road over the mountains. A number of years earlier Isaac I. Stevens, governor of Washington, acting under orders of the war department by direction of Congress, had discovered a feasible route for a railroad, heralding the Northern Pacific. Stevens' lieutenants had traversed the passes of the Rockies in several places Detailed reports of their discoveries and their recommendations had been on file at Washington for several years.

The significance of the quotation lies in the contrast it makes conspicuous. It shows that the high authorities at Washington considered the military aspect of the immediate outlook as paramount. Virginian and Pennsylvanian of fifty years ago had not in embryo a conception of the commercial importance of the country which formed the subject of their military lucubrations. Three years later the Civil war burst forth, and it was discovered that this same John B. Floyd had flung into the seceding states all he dared of the United States quartermaster, commissary and ordnance stores.

# 2 War in Washington — Causes

The causes of the uprising of the various tribes in the Columbia valley in 1858 are not to be found in the occurrences of any single year or in any one line of consideration. Underlying each one of the specific differences which contributed to this particular conflict was the foment which is as old as is civilized America, as old as is the time when progressive races began to push aside and subjugate those other races which made no advance toward maturity of the completion of the world's destiny.

It was the irrepressible conflict between the aborigine and the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon. The strife had commenced when the first European colonist set foot on the western shores of the Atlantic. The present generation, in regarding the edifice built by the forefathers in the nation, is not disturbed in his daily life by the chips and sawdust and noise, and perhaps the casualties and mistakes which attended its building. The long series of Indian wars has been but the necessary concomitant of rearing the national structure.

Humanitarians have wept over the sad fate of the native races, but it is the inexorable law of progress that one type, or one civilization, must snuff out another which has served its purpose. The process results in the necessary tragedies of human history. When, hemmed in between the tide of immigration descending the western flanks of the Rockies and the sturdy young settlements along the lower Columbia, the Cowlitz and Puget Sound, with the British possessions on the north, the Indian of the upper Columbia could go no further. As a race, the red man had "slowly and sadly climbed the distant mountain and read his doom in the setting sun." It would be a craven race which would sit supinely in the tepee and watch an aggressor calmly avail himself of favorite fishing ground, of valued hunting range, of beloved valley. The American Indian was never a craven.

In the breast of Palouse, Yakima, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene beat the heart of the American native. In offering resistance to the white man, the Inland Empire Indian was animated by the same sentiment which actuated King Philip to pit his arrowed Aampanoags against New England settlers, which inspired Pontiac to weave his conspiracy, which drew the followers of Tecumseh to Tippecanoe, which called to Osceola to gather his remnant of Seminoles within the Everglades.

In one sense, the Inland Empire in 1858 saw the last war waged by the United States to extinguish native title to a considerable territory. "If the soldiers come north of the Nez Perces river, we will fight; this land is ours," was the ultimatum of the natives sent to the commander at Fort Walla Walla. In later Indian wars the issue was not so concisely drawn. Captain Jack and his Modoc braves in the lava beds of Oregon were at best but outlaws from the Klamath reservation. Sitting Bull resisted in his Indian fashion governmental attempts to quarter him at an agency. Joseph and his Nez Perce band pleaded treaty violation. Geronimo's wild spirit was ever for bloodshed whenever he could break out of his Arizona corral. Kamiahkin and the allied tribes of 1858 sought to establish for themselves a reserve north of the Snake river which had been the pleasant abode of their fathers for generations. They relinquished a part of their heritage, hoping thus to retain the residue.

Kam-i-ah-kin
Head Chief of the Yakimas

That Kamiahkin instigated a conspiracy of the tribes of the northern Columbia has never been denied. The discussion has been over the degree to which the various elements within his sphere of influence had been welded. A Yakima, he was the acknowledged leader of many tribes. He had been instrumental in rousing his own tribe to hostility in 1856. More than any other Indian of the tribes between the

Cascades and the Rockies, he was the persisten and implacable opponent of the whites. None equalled him in craftiness or persuasiveness. At the Walla Walla council of 1855 he had stood aloof from the conference. He had spurned the gifts of Governor Stevens. He left the council before its conclusion, in fact, never having been a member of it. Whether Kamiahkin was able to form a confederation in the sense of an actual union cannot be asserted. That he formed some sort of coalition, composed of some tribal chiefs, considerable numbers of warriors of numerous tribes and the restless outlaw element of nearly every tribe in the basin of the Columbia cannot be denied.

The Spokanes, Palouse, Coeur d'Alenes and Pend Oreilles were not parties to the Walla Walla treaties. Among these tribes the fierce maledictions and anathemas launched by Kamiahkin against the whites found many eager listeners. He looked with contempt upon "treaty" Indians and gave meed of praise and flattery to those who had not marked upon the white man's paper.

Kamiahkin's influence was felt more strongly than elsewhere among the Palouse. These Indians were the natural enemies of the Nez Perces. Whatever had been their descent, in 1858 they were not a tribe in the ethnological meaning of the word. Many of them were of the Palus stock, which, prior to admixture with other tribes, had for years occupied the territory north of the Nez Perces. The renegades hostile to the Nez Perce found haven with the Palouse. Then their territory became a refuge for the outlaws of the various tribes occupying contiguous territory, and finally for the cast-offs of all tribes. This process of intermixture of various elements, in which ishmaelitism predominated, had gone on for generations until in 1858 the Palouse were a tribe of mongrel banditti. Their nominal chief was Til-co-ax. Much influence was wielded by one whom the whites called Blue Jacket. But Kamiahkin dominated them.

Farther removed from the outposts of the whites and less in touch with the activities of the settlers were the Spokanes. Their home territory embraced the country of the lower Spokane river. They maintained a show of tribal organization. They were peaceably inclined. In fact, no occasion had ever arisen which demanded a declaration of their attitude towards the whites. Their chief was Garry, who had been educated in the settlements of the Red River of the North, through the instrumentality of some officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. He opposed antagonizing the whites. Pohlatkin was the leader of the war element of the tribe.

The Coeur d'Alenes, lived to the east of the Spokanes, along the upper Spokane and amid the mountains of northern Idaho. For a decade and a half many of the tribe had been under the influence of Jesuit missionaries who had established a mission and had taught something of husbandry. As has been the case with mountain men in every age and in every part of the globe, these men were recognized as antagonists of no mean metal should they once become aroused. They had never gone on the warpath against the whites, whether "King George man" or "Boston man."

Yet, the Coeur d'Alenes, perhaps more than any other considerable tribe of the Pacific Northwest, had from the commencement of the coming of whites into their territory stubbornly refused to engage with them under any circumstances. They owe their name to this sentiment. The gentle Jesuit priests seemed to be the only ones who could either influence them or deal with them. Their territory included one of the most beautiful lakes in the entire world, a body of water hemmed in by mountains which sheltered an abundance of game, especially of the valuable fur bearing kinds.

To the shores of this lake, in the twilight of discovery came one late autumn a couple of French Canadian trappers in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. They felicitated themselves upon the richness of their discovery and congratulated themselves upon the fact that they were not molested by the natives. The outlook was so promising they determined to winter there, setting their traps at places of vantage. But only occasionally was the quarry found in their cunning devices. The snow came heavy in the mountains and game disappeared. Provisions ran short. They asked their native neighbors for smoked and dried fish. They were refused, except insofar as sufficient to sustain life through the long winter. Severe hardships were suffered, but the red men were inexorable. They would not take the white men's lives. They would not allow them to starve. They would see that the strangers would not freeze. Otherwise the newcomers were as if dogs.

In the early spring these two wayfarers of the forest solitudes reported empty handed to their factor at York or Athabasca house and told their tale of privation and suffering in the midst of native plenty among the Indians not yet known by name to the Hudson's Bay people. They described the section of the country, its mountains and its lakes. The French Canadian servants of the great fur gathering company were responsible for many of the names of localities in the Pacific Northwest which were French in origin. They usually set forth some characteristic of the tribe occupying any particular portion of the unknown lands. These Indians had complacently watched the sufferings of their two unwelcome and uninvited visitors. The trappers had been in a pitiable plight, but the red men showed no pity. These natives had not the great heart which would lead them to treat all men as brothers; such hearts must be very small indeed. Among the lightest of the indispensable articles of use carried by the trappers was a little needle-like a bit of steel. Pushed through a piece of tanned deerskin designed for a moccasin, it made a hole so small as to be most desirable in moccasin making. This was the inspiration of the trappers. Those Indians had hearts so small as to be inconsiderable. In their patois this characteristic came out "coeur d' alene"—heart of an awl.

The Pend d'Oreilles of the lower river of that name were the only Indians in considerable numbers, other than the ones mentioned, upon whom Kamiahkin could count in arraying the natives against the white intruders on the south. They, too, had received their name from the old trappers who had noted the common fashion of wearing pieces of bone "pendant from the ear." They were usually inclined to peace. The Hudson's Bay people had ever been friendly with them. They had not come in close contact with the American whites. A few lodges of the Pend d'Oreilles did join Kamiahkin. Some were relatives of Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes who were for an aggressive defense of their camass grounds and fishing fords.

Of great aid to Kamiahkin in spreading his propaganda of common cause against the blue-coated soldier and the settler who always came with him, as Smohalla, just then beginning to preach his doctrine of an Indian redeemer who was shortly

to appear and, if the good Indians of the Columbia valley were so minded, would drive out the whites from the land and deliver it once more to the natives. Smohalla's home was at Pna, on the Columbia river near Priest Rapids. In brief, Smohalla taught that the present and future salvation of the Indians lay in accepting faith in this coming Indian messiah. This Indian was a preacher rather than a militant. His message fell upon ears which had been by circumstances of the past few years attuned to just this kind of vibration. In the tom-tom music just then acceptable to the natives Smohalla and Kamiahkin, the one religious fanatic and the other a crafty warrior, played a most pleasing and inspiriting duet.

It should also be borne in mind that the discovery of gold on the Fraser river in British Columbia and in the Colville valley, was luring the argonauts northward across the disputed country. The presence of occasional parties of gold seekers, many of whom were not careful to observe the amenities, irritated the Indians. These caravans ever reminded the hostile element of the invasion of their grounds. They were seized upon by the agitators as an illustration which needed no proof. The impassioned Spokane Patrick Henry, looking down from some hilltop commanding a view of the old Colville trail, might well exclaim: "Our chains are already forged; their clanking may be heard in yonder cavalcade!"

# 3 Some Specific Agencies

That was the general condition in the Indian tinder box of the upper Columbia, when several separate inflammatory considerations combined to ignite the latent combustibles. Some of these inciting forces proceeded from the whites and some from the reds. What either party actually did was interpreted by the other, and in the process of friction the caustic qualities came to the surface. No single element, perhaps, could have started the flames.

Up to 1858 the Federal government had pursued a policy of pacification with the tribes of the Columbia. The Northwestern Indians had been admonished by a show of the army, which had been serving much the same purpose as the birch switch always in a conspicuous place on the desk of the schoolmaster. But the time was fast approaching when the familiarity of the exhibition had ceased to carry awe. Chastisement was bound to come, and no one knew it better than the army officers of the Columbia and the settlers of the region when it became known that the peaceful termination of the Yakima difficulty of 1856 had been interpreted by the Indians as evidence that the government faltered.

To the Indians the whites seemed to be divided, as indeed they were. The settlers wanted land. That the formality of ratifying the treaties made by Governor Stevens had not been consummated by the authorities at Washington, seemed a matter of minor importance to the man who had crossed the continental divide for the express purpose of settling on Indian land. The army officer had received instruction not to permit settlements upon non-treaty lands or upon the lands which were the subject of unratified agreements. The settlers berated the army, and the army chided the settlers. And the watchful Indian noted and took courage.

The Stevens treaties, made in good faith in 1855, had not been ratified by the government when 1858 opened. Congress and the Buchanan administration, across the continent from the Columbia, were engrossed in problems which it took the greatest civil war of history to solve. There was the hardest kind of work at the national capitol. The troubles of a few hundred settlers way off on the Pacific coast, in a region to which clear title had been obtained by the government only after a long diplomatic entente of disputed expediency, in a territory whose value to the nation was of exceedingly doubtful, until consideration which bore directly upon the integrity of the Union could be settled or might be considered as well on the way to settlement. In the meantime the settlers poured through the mountain passes in a constantly increasing stream. And they insisted upon having land. And the land they wanted lay in the fertile valleys to which Indian Title had not been extinguished. And the army told them that they could not settle here and they could not settle there.

The territorial authorities were indignant. The older, sturdier settlements on Puget Sound sympathized with their younger brothers east of the Cascades. In the parlance of the modern booster, the fathers of the territory saw that it was going to get a black eye if the newcomers sent word back to the east that they were unable to get land. Repression of immigrants would retard growth. Here was the richest land in the world awaiting settlement; and a dilatory government and an officious army were quibbling over a mere formality—a formality which had at its best to do only with a race of worthless siwashes who were continually marauding and thieving.

The staunchest friend the territory ever had was Governor Isaac I. Stevens. He was an enthusiast on the Pacific Northwest. Commissioned by the government, he had negotiated the treaties at the Walla Walla Council. In the line of his duty he had undergone hardship, suffered the discomforts of breaking through the wilderness and had resolutely faced threatening danger from the natives themselves. In him peoples of the territory had implicit faith. He was now territorial delegate in congress. He could urge things along now if the people along the Columbia and the rivers and bays west of the Cascades would but hold up his arms, and thrust into them a prod.

It would be manifestly discourteous to accuse congress of having been dilatory. In 1858, as now, that body had a sense of the proprieties and its own dignity. But there was the army. Congress would not be offended if the army were prodded, and just then the citizens took delight in wrestling with the army. If the army should call attention of congress to the fact that the people out in Washington Territory were pestering the army, the facts in the case might at least receive attention.

Early in 1858 the territorial assembly passed the following:

> WHEREAS, Certain officers of the United States army, commanding in the county of Walla Walla, have unlawfully assumed to issue orders prohibiting citizens of this territory from settleing in certain portions thereof, and in accordance with said orders have driven citizens and settlers from their claims and home acquired under the laws of the United States, to their great injury.
>
> THEREFORE, be it resolved by the legislative as-

sembly of the territory of Washington that in our opinion the said orders are without the authority of law, and that the acts done under such orders are a high handed outrage upon the rights and liberties of the American people.

RESOLVED, That the Governor be requested to give the proper authorities at Washington all necessary information on the subject of the outrageous usurpation of the military over civil authority.

RESOLVED, That we believe the above usurpation to be the very worst form of martial law, proclaimed by tyrants not having feeling in common with us, nor interests identified with ours.

RESOLVED, That a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded to our delegate in Congress, and that he be requested to represent the matter to the proper department in Washington city, to the end that the evil be corrected.

Passed January 15, 1858.

J.S.M. VanCleave
Speaker, House of Representatives

C.C. Pagett
President of the Council

A true copy
Attest:

Secretary's office
Olympia, January 25, 1858

C. H. Mason
Secretary of the Territory

That reads like a leaf from the history of Massachusetts—settlers on another coast distressed by other soldiery. The air about the old statehouse in Olympia must have been very like that which in former years kissed the windows of Faneuil Hall. Mayhap the spirits of John Hancock and Fisher Ames dwelt hard by Budd's Inlet in the winter of 1858.

They hurried the document across the continent and delivered its destiny into the hands of the faithful Stevens. Communication was slow, and it was not until more than two months had elapsed before James G. Swan of Olympia, private secretary to Delegate Stevens was enabled to place it in the hands of the Secretary of War, accompanied by the following note:

Sir: I am requested by Hon. Isaac I. Stevens to transmit to you the enclosed copy of joint resolutions of the legislative assembly of the Territory of Washington, relative to citizens and settlers in Walla-Walla county being driven from their homes and claims by the military authorities of Washington Territory, and to respectfully call your attention to the great importance to the interests of Washington Territory that this matter be promptly attended to at your earliest convenience.

I am, sir, with great respect, your most obedient,
James G. Swan

Hon. John B. Floyd
Secretary of War.

Floyd sent the resolutions on down the military channels and it came back to the department of the Pacific. When General Wool was commander of the department the differences between the army officers on the Columbia and the settlers of the territory had been before him. He had held firmly to the old tradition that the Indian lands could not be taken up by whites until the treaties were ratified. Hazard Stevens, in his biography of his father, the governor, refers to General Wool's "malignant animosity" toward the people of the territory. General Newman S. Clarke who had succeeded Wool as department commander, replied with the following:

Headquarters Department of the Pacific,
San Francisco, California
June 1, 1858

Sir: I acknowledge receipt of your letter of May 3. General Wool while in command ordered that persons should not be permitted to settle in the region of country alluded to in the resolutions of the teritorial after a consultation with Colonel Mesmith, superintendent of Indian affairs, with a view to saving the Indians from encroachment from the whites, and as a measure tending to allay the excitement among the former and so keep them from open acts of hostility. The discontent of the Indians arose from dissatisfaction with reference to the treaty which had been made, but which had not been ratified, and which remains unratified to this day.

In a communication of mine to the headquarters of the army, made in January last, I suggested that instant steps should be taken to pacify the Indians, and their chiefs invited to repair to Washington, in order that they might thereby be made to understand the power of the United States. I now reiterate my suggestions and hope that they may be adopted, expecially as, in consequence of recent discoveries of gold fields in Washington Territory and the adjacent British possessions, vast numbers of whites are going there for purposes of mining, who have to go there by way of Puget's Sound and Columbia river. In such state of things collisions will arise jeopardizing the lives of whites as well as Indians, and bringing on a general war, the end of which may be prolonged to a distant day, and may be carried only at great expense.

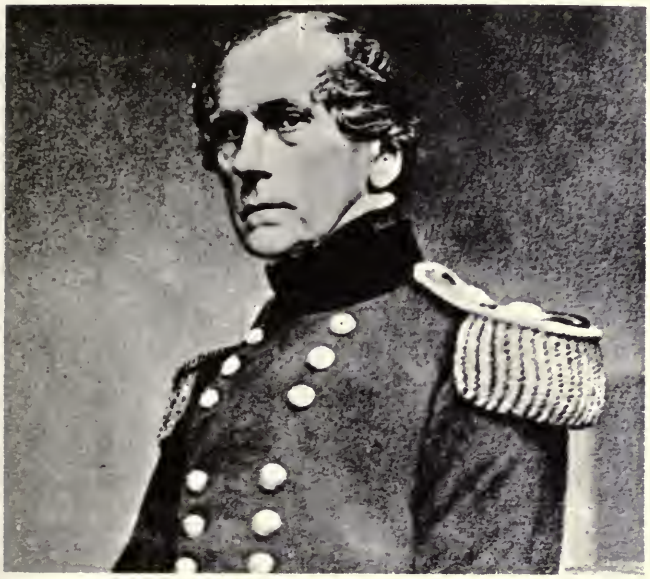
Efforts to pacify the Indians should be made (if not now to late) by such generous and judicious appliances as may be consistent with the policy of the government.

Reports form Colonel Steptoe represents the Indians in his advance as hostile, and that, in fact, they have been insolent in words and deeds, and have so far insulted his post as to have carried off cattle belonging to the public. The Colonel is in the field with the intention of chastizing them. He represents that certain chiefs and their followers are friendly and stand aloof from the solicitations of those who are disposed without further delay to make war. Nevertheless sinister rumors are afloat that he has met with a repulse. On recovering accurate information as to the state of affairs with him, should he have encountered disaster, I shall repair to Oregon and perhaps Walla Walla, and take steps to support him as far as my means in troops will enable me, in doing which it

may be necessary to withdraw troops from other points at the risk of endangering them.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. S. Clarke
Colonel 6th Infantry
Brevet Brigadier General, Commanding.



Major General John Ellis Wool

It never became necessary to press those resolutions further. Before General Clarke had penned the foregoing, Colonel Steptoe had crossed the Snake on his illfated incursion into the country of the northern Indians, and the war was on.

However exasperating the situation may have been to the settlers, the army was right in its position as a matter of law and justice. The military based its course upon the recommendations of the officials of the Indian bureau. J.W. Nesmith a pioneer of Oregon, a commissioned officer of the militia in the Cayuse war and later United States senator from Oregon, was superintendent of Indian affairs in both Oregon and Washington. In the latter part of 1857 Colonel Nesmith submitted the following report:

> The treaties negotiated with those interior tribes, never having been ratified, they are adverse to the occupation of their country by white settlers and every endeavor has been made to prevent intrusion upon their lands until such time as the government shall decide upon the disposition to be made of the treaties. In order to relieve and quiet their apprehensions in relation to the occupation of their country by our people, I directed Agent Lansdale, on his trip to the Flathead country, to explain to them the failure of the government to comply with its promises by reason of the non-ratification of the treaties, and to assure them that their lands should not be taken from them without their receiving fair compensation; they were also informed that until these treaties were ratified, they could expect nothing from the government in the shape of annuities or subsistence.
>
> I would recommend that steps be taken to throw open the Walla Walla Valley to settlement; it is an advanced point in the interior, which if occupied would protect and increase the facilities for an overland communication with the states. The Walla Walla is a rich valley, unsurpassed in its qualities as a grazing country, and as a desirable locality for a white settlement. It has already been purchased by the treaties made by Governor Stevens with the Cayuses and Nez Perces; as the treaties have never been ratified, the country is not considered open to settlement. I understand that the Indians express some dissatisfaction at those treaties, which may render their modification necessary. The only portion of the Country east of the Cascades mountains now occupied by our citizens is that in the immediate vicinity of the Dalles, on the south side of the Columbia river. This country belongs to the Indians who were parties to the treaty of June 25, 1855. They have been great sufferers by reason of the occupation of their country by the whites, and have never received any compensation. The treaty referred to is liberal in its provisions; the Indians who are parties to it have exhibited good faith towards our government; they have been deprived of their lands and the United States have received all the benefits of the treaty. I think that justice as well as good policy should induce the government to comply with their part of the contract.

Superintendent Nesmith also submitted recommendations calculated to inspire the discontented and apprehensive tribes with confidence. The actual and immediate performance of the government's obligations with the lower Indians would go far toward allaying the suspicions harbored by the northern Indians. Very naturally the non-treaty Indians expected to learn from the government's treatment of the treaty Indians something of what they themselves might reasonably expect. They construed delay as possible intent to pursue a course not laid down in the treaty terms; else why should a great nation fail to carry out its part of an agreement? The natives had implicit confidence in Stevens both as an individual and as the accredited representative of the government, but they feared that the officials in authority over Stevens might not countenance all that he had done, with the result that affairs were no more settled than they were prior to the Walla Walla council. The red man, understanding perfectly the difference between the settler and the soldier, read in the very presence of the troops an implied threat to circumvent or abrogate some, or even all, of the treaty terms.

There were men, even in that day, who, from one motive or another, did not hesitate to foster the disquieting notions of the Indians. Casual remarks dropped by imprudent civilians constituted another source of complications. Even subordinates of the Indian bureau itself furnished annoyance to those who were trying their best to prevent a hostile outbreak.

Many of the Indians were adverse to the treaties. They had had three years in which to think them over. When it is understood that Lawyer was the friend of Stevens and the first Indian chief to put his signature to the Nez Perce treaty, the following letter is illuminating:

Fort Walla Walla
October 19, 1857

Dear Sir:

It is my duty to inform the commanding general that Mr. J. Ross Brown, acting I believe as an agent of the Indian bureau did in a recent conversation with "Lawyer," the Nez Perces' chief assert that Governor Stevens' treaty of Walla Walla would certainly be ratified and enforced.

Mr. William Craig, who acted as interpreter on the occasion, gives me this information.

Considering that this statement is in direct opposition to what the Indians have been told by us, and to what I believe nearly all of them desire, it seems to me in very bad taste, to say the least of it. Mr. Brown could not possibly have known that the treaty will be ratified, and even if he had, the proper time to enlighten the Indians on the subject is obviously after it has become the law of the land. He had no right to unsettle the Indians on a point respecting which his convictions are probably no stronger than the opposing belief of many others in daily intercourse with them.

I will simply add that in my opinion any attempt to enforce that treaty will be followed by immediate hostilities with most of the tribes in this part of the country; for which reason it does appear to me greatly thoroughly digested and accepted by both sides.

Very respectfully,
your obedient servant
E. J. Steptoe,
Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U.S.A. Commanding Post

Major W. W. Mackall
Assistant Adjutant General, U.S.A. San Francisco

# 4 Mormon Activity

There was another powerful influence which actively appealed to the Indians in their suspicions and unsettled ideas of the intent of the federal government. None other than Brigham Young and his Mormon church is alluded to. For months the Latter Day Saints had been planning their uprising against the nation, and they had not hesitated to attempt to enlist Indian tribes in their rebellion.

No fanaticism has ever equalled that of a crusader. To no band of people has ever been vouchsafed a greater prop for hope than that which comes from religion or what is considered by them to be religion. Smohalla had inoculated the Columbia River tribes with his redeemer doctrine. Those Indians saw and heard of another sect whose religious belief resulted in opposition to the federal government. The Indian never had an adequate idea of the power of the United States, no conception of the forces it could command. It had long been the policy of the officers at Walla Walla and other military posts to impress upon visiting Indians the destructive power of cannon and the tremendous sources from which the number soldiers could be drawn. But these failed to teach the lesson. The native mind could conceive of nothing of more potent authority than some aggregation of their own tribes. If they and the Mormons should simultaneously strike at the government it must surely fall. The times would be ready then for Smohalla's redeemer. With the Mormons attacking Washington and the Indians of the Pacific Northwest driving out the "Boston man" the Smohalla millenium was dawning!

The interference of the Mormons with the Indians of the west was recognized by army officers. Military reports of the time contain many references to the activity of Mormon emissaries. Some officers viewed the situation as very grave; others attached less weight to the movement.

Captain Kirkham, at Walla Walla, wrote General Clark at San Francisco under the date of December 1, 1857: "We have recently received from our Indians news from Salt Lake; they report an engagement between our troop and the Mormons; the infromation comes through the Snakes, who are in direct communication with the Mormons. The Snakes tell our Indians that they are well supplied with ammunition, and that they can get from the Mormons any quantity that they wish; and they further tell our Indians that the Mormons are anxious to supply them, to-wit: The Nez Perces, the Cayuses and Walla-Wallas, with everything that they want. I would not be surprised if the Mormon influence extended to all the tribes in our neighborhood, and if they are determined to fight we may have trouble among the Indians on the coast again."

Civilian George Gibbs, from Puget Sound, thus wrote to General Clarke on November 7th, 1857: "A very curious statement was recently made me by some of the Indians near Steilacoom. They said that the Klickitats had told them that Choosuklee (Jesus Christ) had recently appeared on the other side of the mountains; that he was after a while coming here, when the whites would be sent out of the country, and all would be well for themselves. It needed only a little reflection to connect this second advent with the visit of Brigham Young to the Flathead and Nez Perce country."

Major Garnett, from Fort Simcoe in the Yakima country, reported on January 30, 1858: "It seems proper that I should report for the information of General Clarke that the Indian chief,"Skloom," brother of Kamiahkin, has recently sent word to me the second time that the Mormons on one or two occasions since last summer have sent emissaries among the Indian of this region to incite them to a union with the Mormons in hostility to the United States. He states that the chiefs repel these overtures from the Mormons, but that the young men seem disposed to countenance them. The Mormons make them large promises of ammunition, arms, cattle, etc."

Colonel Steptoe, at Walla Walla, on January 29, 1858, added his opinion as follows: "That the expediency of availing themselves of this Mormon revolt to recover some real or imagined rights has been discussed among them, I am quite sure, but doubt whether they have resolved to commit themselves to hostilities at the present. If they should learn that the Mormons have obtained any marked advantage over the troops, or if the contest in Utah should be a protracted one, I would then seriously apprehend trouble with the surrounding tribes."

General Clarke himself, sitting at headquarters in San Francisco on New Year's day, 1858, felt uneasy at the outlook. He feared that the Mormon malignity had penetrated to tribes all over the Pacific coast. In a communication addressed to army headquarters in New York he voiced this sentiment: "The reports from southern California go to show that a like influence has been exerted over the tribes of that region. It is not to be doubted that the Mormons have cultivated friendship with the Indians, and it is scarcely doubtful that, in the recent exodus from San Bernardino, they have been accompanied by Indians. The Indians in this section of the state are represented as becoming more insolent and, though they have as yet committed no depre-

dations, the fears of the inhabitants are to a great degree excited. From Carson valley we have like reports of the ill effects upon the Indians of Mormon influence. If these things are true, and I credit them, temporary success on the part of the Mormons may be a signal for an Indian war extending along our whole frontier.

"The troops in this department have been stationed with such strict attention to the absolute wants of the service, that but little if any reduction at any post could be made with safety. In Oregon and Washington territories, east of the Cascade range, I consider it unsafe to remove a man for service elsewhere. I recommend instant measures to detach Indians from Mormon influence. As an initial step toward that end, I suggest that headmen or chiefs be invited to visit Washington. As an inducement they should receive presents to a generous extent. Such visits would disabuse them of any erroneous impressions they may have received relative to the power of the United States, by seeing for themselves how numerous and powerful our people are."

The devotion of the Indian to a fellow tribesman or a warrior ally has ever been recognized. Soldiers of many a battlefield testify to the intrepidity of an Indian brave in seeking to remove the mere corpse of a slain friend. The Indians of the Columbia valley were no exception to the rule.

The government had laid it down upon the officers of garrisons that whatever terms of peace were made with the natives, those members of the tribes who had been guilty of murder, had robbed settlers or had committed depredations of any character, should be surrendered to the troops to be dealt with according to the white man's standards. Such a condition struck directly at the Indian's sense of fealty and honor. To give up a tribesman living to the enemy was infinitely worse than leaving his body where he had gloriously triumphed in death, a warrior's passport to future happiness.

Daring spirits among the Indians had committed deeds which placed them high on the native scroll of honor and fame, but which deeds came within the white man's category of crimes. Indian Agent Andrew J. Bolan had been foully murdered near the Ahtanum not far from Fort Simcoe and his corpse foully and indecently mutilated. Here was a challenge direct to the government, the killing of its representative and contemptuous treatment of his body. Prospectors on their way to the Frazer river and Colville countries had been waylaid and murdered. Raids had been made upon the corrals of settlers and once government property was snatched from under

The contention of army officers was that the surrender of these outlaws should be a condition of any agreements entered into with the tribes, though they knew that insistence upon this condition might result in making impossible any submission of the tribesmen. Late in 1857, General Clarke in a report to army headquarters mentioned "the uneasiness felt lest those implicated in the murder of Bolan, committed eighteen months before, should be sought and seized, or retaliation made on the tribes, notwithstanding the subsequent pacification made."

There is ample proof that this demand of the whites for the outlaw Indians did actually prove an obstacle when it came to formulating terms of peace. After the attack on Steptoe two priests, commissioned to ascertain the temper of the Coeur d'Alenes and Spokanes, reported: "Two things chiefly they find difficult to comply with in the conditions proposed to them for the peace, and these are: first, to restore the government property; second, to give up the authors of the attack."

Pohlatkin sent word to General Clarke: "You are at liberty to kill me, but I will not deliver my neighbors. If it should be my practice, I would do according to it. But that is a practice of your own."

"I feel unwilling to give you up my three brothers," was the message of Coeur d'Alene Milkapsi.

Spokane Garry replied: "When I hear what you say, there is one word which won't do. You ask some to be delivered up. Withdraw this one word, and sure you will make peace."

But diplomacy would have been unable to avoid hostilities, even had there been time for an extended experiment with it. The Indians were thoroughly aroused, some from one consideration, some from another. It was inevitable that the conflict would come. The progress of civilization could not be stayed. Colonel Steptoe's march north from Fort Walla Walla in May, 1858, merely precipitated hostilities at that time, for antagonism had long been slumbering.

# 5 Lieutenant Mullan's Observations

There were other causes, more or less remote, the absence of which might have prevented outbreaks of hostilities. Lieutenant John Mullan, who had been in contact with both the Indian and with Indian bureau methods for many years, had decided convictions and expressed them at a later day to the chief of the bureau. Though the letter is chronologically out of place at just this portion of this narrative, it is so replete with suggestions and discussions bearing on the origin of the troubles and is so interesting as being the frank and careful expression of a man prominent in the early development of the Inland Empire, that it is presented here:

Camp At The Four Lakes
Spokane Plains, Washington Territory
September 5th, 1858

My dear Sir:

I deem it a duty that I owe both you and myself, in view of the present active Indian Hostilities in which we are now engaged, in view of the complicated and much misrepresented difficulties of the past, and, I fear, the threatening disturbances of the future, to write you to put you in possession of views and facts that can be only learned by those in the country; and I am sufficiently confident to believe, from my former connection with Indian affairs, that my letter will meet at your hands, at least, some favor.

Immediately after Colonel Steptoe's defeat, I wrote you, giving at that time such facts and views as were pertinent, reserving to myself the privilege of adding to and modifying them as circumstances might determine. There is no longer need to conceal the truth. We are in the midst of another Indian War, fraught with what results and of what duration the future alone must tell. How these difficulties originated, whence they spring, is a long, long story and requires a greater length than my letter can give; suffice to say that I regard the present difficulty as only another link in the same chain that has been but too often brought to the notice of the Indian Department. The Department has had facts reported to it from time to time by those passing through and those living in the country and I am far from believing that either the Indian Commissioner or the Secretary of the Interior has paid a deaf ear to those representations; but, on the contrary, must and do believe that each in his sphere has done his duty, and the onus of the responsibility must rest with Congress.

The time no longer exists when passiveness is to be the rule of action in this region. Special cases require special remedies, and an old, effete, worn out system is no longer applicable to the state of affairs in this quarter.

The wave of civilization from the east in times past drove the Indians westwards before it; but in ten years how changed! That wave is now moving with an equal if not increasing rapidity eastward from the Pacific. While in the south, the Indian no longer reposes in his once quiet home, but driven in all directions, it is in this region alone that we must and shall hereafter have our great Indian conflicts. The population hitherto pent up westward of the Cascade mountains barrier has broken loose through a new golden gate, and now begins to swarm a hitherto deserted region. The English and the American governments by their commissioner, in marking the line of boundary for each along the 48th parallel, are fast developing a region in which not one people, but two great nations are now feeling an interest; and the difficulties in our interior along the Salt Lake road, which have for the last three years completely blockaded our emigrant road, and put far assunder the two extremes of our country, are being fast ameliorated, and soon must an emigration of three years growth rush into this region, offering them now so many golden inducements.

Can we, then, I say, in view of these things, longer rest inactive, and allow fires to spread in immense magazines ready for the burning?

For the last three years, the cry from this coast has been, "Indian wars! Indian wars! Give us a remedy for our disease. Give us protection ample to our purpose. So arrange affairs with our Indians that our peaceful frontier settlements shall no longer be open preys to insensate savages!"

But all their cries a deaf ear has been turned; and I am in a measure not surprised, because at that time our highest militaty authority, General Wool, proclaimed publicly that no war existed, when at the same moment villages were being burned and razed to the ground; men, women and children butchered, and desolation was overspreading the land. For facts, look to southern Oregon; look on Puget's Sound and look in our interior, and they come up in volumes. All I can say is, I sincerely trust that those who have proclaimed these things may only have committed errors of judgment. Let them proclain the whys and wherefores, if they exist, I know, in giving expression to such views and sentiments, that I censure harshly a man

high in position, but the vindication of truth compels me to the position. Are we then to have re-enacted scenes with which 1855 and 1856 were so replete? Scenes that cost valuable lives and a debt of unpaid millions. By some the people were charged with bringing on the last war; by others treaties made with the Indians were the cause. But here will these same persons find causes now sufficient to justify such views?

Here is a case solely of a United States force moving through a region of country inhavited by Indians with whom no definite or specific treaty was made, moving under an officer high in rank, high in reputation, on a specific expedition, and most unprovokedly and savagely attacked. How, I ask again, will those having views above mentioned justify now their position? No, the disease lies still deeper, and unless we strike the root we shall never be enabled to cure the malady. The seeds for a more serious war are being sown, which only the strong arm of the War Department must finally put down.

These are but two alternatives left to us in this region. The past confirms it, and the present still further strengthens it. The one is a well adjusted peace policy, carried out by men alive and equal to their duties, honest to the Indian and the department, and who fill positions neither for positions' nor gain's sake; the other is the force of arms, wisely but vigorously applied. The Indian is a creature of timidity on the one hand, and cupidity on the other; and when these two elements of his nature are ignored, the Indian character is not known. We must therefore cater to and cater for each. Such being the case, the only manner in which difficulties can arise will be the manner of the administration of each. How these are managed, I leave for the history of the past to reply. It is not my province either to set myself up as a general critic or put myself in a position where truth, left too naked, might cause many high in position to blush for errors of judgment and errors of action. I would prefer to leave the past, both as enacted by our military and civil authorities, to oblivion, save as showing the wherefore of some of our Indian troubles in this quarter.

The Indian history of this region is different from that of any in any other quarter of our country. The country was thrown open for settlement before any preparation was made for their reception—before the Indian title was extinguished; and hence alone, in my judgment, the cause for most of our Indian troubles in this region. I am not forgetful, of course, of the great natural cause—the contact of the red and the white man—that our history for two centuries past proclaims to be the great radical cause of our Indian warfares.

But in this region, to this great first cause, is superadded causes that in themselves alone have been sufficient to light in one lurid flame of war our whole Pacific slope, that might have long since exterminated its whole white population.

Those seeing these things at a still later day, and being in position to avert them by a wise, discreet policy for ourselves, and a just one for the Indian, set to work, and from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific coast labored hard and long in the field and office, traveling through every Indian tribe, learning their history, wants, and with the authoritative voice of the government, made three years ago treaties with these northwestern Indians; and to this day the labors of Governor Stevens are disregarded and uncared for, and the treaties containing the solemn promises of the Indian on the one side and the binding obligations of the white man on the other lies among the dusty archives of Congress, while a war rages in every quarter of the northwest coast.

The Indians feel that their rights have been trifled with by promises, made by agents armed and vested with authority to act, which the government has not ratified. And will it, I ask, longer remain in this passive mood? Will it longer act inertly while lives are sacrificed and millions squandered, and still longer hesitate to act? For one, I trust not, let these be ratified; let the country be thrown open to our people; let the Indians have sent among them good, honest, upright agents; let schoolhouses and churches be erected, fields enclosed, farming utensils and the implements and seeds of civilization be introduced, and I boldly predict that ere many years have passed away, instead of finding one vast field of desolation, we shall be proud to point from this standpoint, where an ever-to-be remembered battle has been fought, to many green fields to the north and south, east and west.

Like an immense monster of desolation to these Indians, the waves of civilization are fast approaching them, and ere long, unless prompt and speedy measures be taken for their security and safety, must engulf and destroy them. Who, then, is to raise the averting arms?

Since men from afar are sent to this region to study and find out what I see around me daily and momentarily, I trust what is given with but little labor and without price will meet with favor, especially as there are officers high in position here who endorse my views. In the above I refer to the mission of Mr. Mott to this quarter. I have learned the object of his mission, and wish it well; and I can but hope, and am led to believe, that Mr. Mott must be a man whose past history has been such as to bring him sufficiently close to Indian tribes to know full well Indian character. To know the Indian, you must be with him, to know his worth it must be tested; to know his treachery it must be felt. Remember the war that now exists has its seat and its focus at the point whence I new write you. It is not my province to give you the details of a battle of which this point has been the scene, fought by Colonel Wright against three or four hundred Indians; for these you will doubtless get from the journals of the day with as much correctness as I might give them. Suffice it for me to say that he has fought a memorable, never to be forgotten fight; since he killed, discomfitted and drove in dismay the enemy from the field without sustaining a single loss to his command. He marches from this point tomorrow, armed with a determination to carry the war boldly and vigorously into the enemy's country; and though the campaign in which we are now engaged may not be completed this season, still I believe a blow has been struck which foreshadows the views and determination of the Department of War. It is now for Congress to say, and to say soon, what course shall be pursued to establish a permanent peace with the Indian tribes. A temporizing peace policy has signally failed, and now the inaction of

of Congress and dire necessity compels us to drive, with powder and ball, our enemy before us.

But allow me, my dear sir, while this general war is going on, to point you to at least a few green spots where the ravages of war do not as yet extend, and which thus far are untainted and unaffected, with a view of so retaining them that we may hereafter point to them as oasis in this desert of war. These green spots are the Nez Perces, the Flatheads and Pend d'Oreilles; and in this connection I refer to an act of Colonel Wright which embodies views and motives which, endorsed and carried out by the government, must redound to his credit and praise, and be the means of building up, at no distant day, a bold, brave, warlike and numerous people.

Captain John Mullan

Before leaving Fort Walla Walla, with a view to retaining the friendship of a powerful tribe and preventing a general coalition and combination of tribes, and a fire in our rear, which if once commenced, must end in our total destruction, Colonel Wright assembled the Nez Perces people, and told them his object was to war with and punish our enemies, but as this great people were and ever had been our friends that we wanted their friendship to be as enduring as the mountains around which they lived; and in order that no difference of views or difficulty might arise that their promises should be mutually recorded, and with this view, he made a treaty of friendship alone, and thirty bold warriors, marshalling themselves under brave war chiefs, were placed at his disposal to assist him in finding and fighting the enemy.

This is the same people who, meeting the flying columns of Colonel Steptoe in hot night retreat, having abandoned animals, provisions and guns behind them, received him with open arms, succored his wounded men, and crossed in safety his whole command over the dangerous south fork of the Columbia, at a time when no other means whatever to outreach a foe, who, already triumphant with success, had determined his complete destruction. Colonel Wright, on entering their country, was not unmindful of this noble act, when, we might—aye, justly too—have anticipated a lurking foe in that same tribe, and he took such measures as to keep their friendship. It is now for you to say whether this shall be inviolable.

They have no agent who lives among them. They are far advanced in civilization already, much further than any tribe west of the Rocky mountains, except the Flatheads. They are inclined to agriculture; already raise wheat, corn and vegetables, with the rudest of means. When asked by Colonel Wright what they wanted, their reply was well worthy of noble race: Peace, ploughs and schools.

And will you, can you, longer refuse them these? I ask therefore, to commend these noble people. I ask that a special appropriation be made to give these people schools, farms and seeds; that means be taken to build them up in their mountain homes that we may be enabled to point with joyous pride to a first few tutored savages in the Rocky mountains, reclaimed from their wild, nomadic habits; and while asking, aye, petitioning, for these, I cannot forget my old mountain friends the Flatheads and Pend d'Oreilles. As yet, they are both friendly, and I ask that you retain their friendship. I made both to Governor Stevens and yourself, four years ago, petitions in their favor, but alas! they passed unheeded. I again renew them, and ask that steps, prompt and efficient, be taken that will avert from these noble bands the devastating arm of war.

I ask not that my version be taken alone, but simply ask that it go to form part and parcel of versions given by abler pens, and men who saw but to reflect upon the past and future destiny of the Indians. I point you, commencing with Lewis and Clark in 1804, to the present day, to the accounts of travellers across the continent; and with one accord they point to the Nez Perces and Flatheads as two bright, shining points in a long and weary pilgrimage across a prairie desert and rugged mountain barrier, alive with savage hordes of Indians, where they have been relieved and aided when most in need; and instances sufficiently numerous to swell a volume exist that render it needless for me here to refer to them. My duties and labors have brought me often and long in contact with them, and I instance now not views or judgments but facts that should speak loud enough to reach the ears of our government at Washington in thundering tones and arouse them to a course of bold, energetic, praiseworthy action that will speedily and radically remedy a disease that is fast devouring a people once numerous on our western slopes.

A state of things so entirely different from anything east of the Rocky mountains exists in this region that an attempt to describe it ends in futility. Far distant points to be reached; long lines of transportation; only one superintendent in regions requiring at least one whole year to visit. And where are his headquarters? In the southern portion of the Willamette valley; in a quiet peaceful, civilized spot where Indians are not and war wages not, while hundreds of miles and thousands of Indians are left unvisited and unseen.

Has the superintendent of Indian affairs ever seen the Indians against whom he is moving? No! Not one. He cannot. Could he accomplish impossibilities, it would have been done, doubtless. I say this: Have these Indians an agent? On the one hand we have a territory thundering at the doors of Congress, demanding as her right her admittance to an equality with the states of the Union; while on the other, Indian wars are raging, Indian titles unextinguished, and no preparation made for a position for her people.

It is not my province or my desire to point out any course to be followed for fear of laying open both to criticism and censure. But I boldly and fearlessly and honestly say that one superintendent, with his headquarters at Salem, in Oregon, is not equal to the task of performing the responsible duties of superintendent for so many thousands of Indians. If one man could perform the labors that would keep three men most actively and daily engaged, then he could do it; but at the present not.

But, my dear sir, I will not tax you further, though I could and might say much more. I most sincerely trust that the Secretary of War may so regard my work and movements as to enable me to visit Washington this coming winter; and if such should be the case, we can then give expression to such views as circumstances now so full of meaning may that time develop; but feeling, as I do, an interest in the future of tribes concerning whom I have been able to learn much, I could not remain silent when by speaking, good might result.

Hoping to meet you the coming winter, I am, dear sir, your friend,

John Mullan

Charles E. Mix E p.,

Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C.

# 6 The Steptoe Expedition

It is impossible at this date to formulate from the records and authorities at hand just what Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe expected to accomplish by his march north into the country of the hostile Indians. In fact, Steptoe himself at different times gave different actuating motives. There is reason to believe that his purposes were not clear to himself. It is because of this haziness that the soldierly qualities of Steptoe have been variously estimated.

Colonel Steptoe was fully acquainted with the policy of placation of the tribes pursued by the war department and by General Wool as worked out in the Yakima campaign of 1856, when Colonel Wright accomplished the "pacification of the Yakima valley." Yet it it to be supposed that his superior officers left much in the way of detail of dealings with the confronting situation with the officer in the field, especially in the case of the commanding officer of garrison located nearest to the expected scene of hostilities.

The seriousness of the situation and the prevailing disposition to regard trouble as imminent is discernible throughout the official correspondence which passed to and from the headquarters of General Clarke, who had succeeded General Wool in charge of the department of the Pacific. Early in January, when Fort Walla Walla was garrisoned only by infantry, General Clarke ordered Lieutenant Gregg and a detachment of the First Dragoons to augment Steptoe's force, and in the dispatch acquainting Steptoe of this accession of force, Adjutant General Mackall informed Steptoe that "the general wishes you to be prepared in advance," and requested "full and prompt report of all information, and your opinion founded thereon is desired."

Colonel Edward J. Steptoe

To this Steptoe replied: "Measures were taken at once to ensure the full efficiency of this command, whenever it may be required for active service." Giving his opinion touching the outlook for an actual clash, he wrote: "Respecting the northern Indians (Palouse, Yakima and Spokane) there has never been a doubt in my mind that very slight encouragement would at any time suffice to revive their late hostile feeling."

Steptoe's understanding of the conditions is set forth in the following two letters, written at an interval of only two weeks:

Fort Walla Walla
April 17, 1858

Sirs: There appears to be so much excitement amongst the Palouse and Spokane Indians as to make an expedition to the north advisable, if not necessary; I shall accordingly start with three companies of dragoons in that direction as soon as possible after the arrival of Brevet Captain Taylor.

Some forty persons living at Colville recently petitioned for the presence of troops at that place, as they believed their lives and property to be in danger from hostile Indians. I cannot tell at this distance whether they are needlessly alarmed, but I shall visit Colville before returning.

Two white men are reported to have been killed recently near Palouse river on their way to Colville. An Indian gave me today the names of the Palouse Indians said to be implicated. I am inclined to think the rumor is correct, but will investigate the matter during my return trip.

Afew nights ago a party of the same tribe made a foray into this valley and carried off horses and cattle belonging to various persons, including both whites and Indians, and thirteen head of beef cattle, the property of the commissary department. It is my impression that they did not suppose these animals to be in our charge or they would not probably have taken them. However, it is very

necessary to check this thieving, or of course worse trouble will grow out.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, E.J. Steptoe

Fort Walla Walla, W.T.
May 2, 1858

Major W.W. Mackall, Assistant Adjutant General, U.S.A.
San Francisco

Major: Brevet Captain Taylor has arrived with the dragoons horses, all in fine condition. I have delayed proceeding to the north until some more definite information could be obtained of the state of things at that place. Whether the two white men were really killed, as was reported at the date of my last letter, I have not however, been able to ascertain, but the most reliable Indian chiefs seem to believe so. It is my intention to leave here some day this seek, probable on Thursday, with about 130 dragoons and a detachment of infantry for service with the howitzers, and to move directly where it is understood the hostile party is at present.

Lieutenant Harvie, who is at the Dalles to receive and bring up about 250 head of beef cattle, will be on his return in a few days. He has fifteen dragoons for an escort, but in the unsettled state of the country, I fear the temptation to get possession of the cattle might be too strong for the Indians and accordingly have written to Colonel Wright asking him to add a few men to the escort.

It is proper for me to say that there appears to be some probability of considerable disturbance among the neighboring tribes, but I hope to check it.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant
E.J. Steptoe,
Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, U.S.A.
(Commanding Post)

It is perfectly plain that Steptoe had marked out for himself and his projected expedition the work of allaying the fears of the people at Colville, checking the thievery of Indians, investigating the reported murders and travelling directly to a point where were rendezvoused natives whom he characterized as a "hostile party." It is a natural conclusion to draw from those letters that Steptoe anticipated a meeting which would not be bloodless, in which there would be use for bullets and for dragoon sabers. Further, when he actually took the field, a part of his column was composed of a detachment of infantrymen detailed to man two mountain howitzers. These were preparptions for fighting.

When actually in the presence of the attacking party, Steptoe told the Indians that he had no hostile intentions and was on his way to Colville to endeavor to strengthen the good feeling existing between the natives and the whites. It is probable that this statement of the commanding officer was one of diplomatic subterfuge or conciliation. Lieutenant Gregg, writing a letter after his return to Fort Walla Walla, said, "No one thought of having an encounter with them or with any other Indians on the march." Adjutant Kip, who participated in the Wright expedition in the following summer, understood that Steptoe was "to make a reconnaissance of the country."

Colonel Lawrence Kip

There seems to be reason for the belief that Steptoe considered that a "demonstration" was all that was necessary to awe the Indians into passiveness. As a matter of fact, his equipment, aside from the howitzers, was not formidable for fighting. Major Joel G. Trimble, of Berkeley, California, an enlisted man of the expedition, says:

"The equipment was poor. One company was armed with Mississippi Yager rifles, which carried one ball and three buckshot. These guns were of no use at more than fifty yards. The men also had old-fashioned, single-barrel, muzzle-loading pistols, decidedly inferior to those of the Indians."

Nowhere does the record indicate that the men carried sabers, the natural arm of the cavalryman of the period. Officers of the Wright expedition, which was composed in part of companies of the Steptoe command, made the statement that no sabers were supplied to the men when the command left Fort Walla Walla. Steptoe knew that the most common firearm to be found amont the Palouse and Spokane Indians was the Hudson Bay Company musket, obtained in trade at the post on the upper Columbia known as Fort Colville, and he knew that it was a more formidable weapon than his own musquetoons, Yager rifles or ancient pistols.

It is quite possible that these contradictory considerations may have arisen through the belief in Steptoe's mind that he was not going to encounter any fighting but desired to impress upon his superior officers the idea that in his lone frontier outpost, he was in serious danger. At any rate his reports to headquarters do not fail to mention prospective fighting; his actual preparation was not adequate, and he must have known that it was not.

Steptoe's defeat had a very depressing effect upon army circles. This was especially felt on the Pacific coast, but it reached even to West Point, where the cadets were not averse to charging Steptoe with responsibility for the death of Lieutenant Gaston, who had many friends amont the undergraduates. Some detractors have gone so far as to impute to Steptoe a vaccillation in his fealty to the army because of his sympathy with the South. It has been said that Steptoe became

Lieutenant William Gaston

an officer in the Confederate army. It has also been said that he was saved from courtmartial and disgrace only through the intervention of his fellow Virginian, General Winfield Scott, then the head of the army.

So far as it has been possible to learn, Colonel Steptoe did not join the Confederates. He resigned from the federal army, as did many another gallant officer, early in 1861, but while the records state explicitly in the case of others the fact of their accepting commissions under the Stars and Bars, such reference is entirely lacking with reference to Steptoe. The lack of ammunition, frankly confessed by Steptoe in his official report of his disaster, has been a matter of comment on the part of his critics. But his chief packmaster, Thomas Beall, has acknowledged himself responsible, in that he neglected to take from Fort Walla Walla two boxes of cartridges of 1,000 rounds each. Of Steptoe's personal bravery, there can be no doubt. The title by which he is most commonly known grew out of a brevet lieutenant colonelcy earned in the storming of Chapultepec, while it was "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Cerro Gordo" that he was brevetted major.

As to Steptoe's life after resigning from the army, the following from General T.F. Rodenbough, secretary of the Military Service Institution of the United States and editor of its Journal, is as near an official declaration as may be found:

"With reference to Steptoe's connection with the Confederate service, I learn that it is very improbable that he ever held a commission there He resided for many years after he left our army in Virginia, next door to the home of Lieut. Colonel O.D. Mitcham, Ordinance Department, who as a boy frequently talked with Colonel Steptoe, at that time a parplytic; of course, Steptoe might have had some nominal position in the Confederate army, but I very much doubt it."

Colonel Steptoe died on April 1st, 1865, only a few days before the Confederacy expired at Appomattox. Obloquy has ever been the reward of an unsuccessful military commander. Steptoe had his share of it while living. A charitable view is that taken by General George B. Dandy, retired, in 1858 a young lieutenant of artillery in the Wright expedition, the leader of the 100th New York infantry in that decimating charge through the trenches and Fort Wagner and later a brigade commander in the Civil war. Writes General Dandy: "It should be remembered that until the northwestern Indians were thoroughly aroused by the Mullan survey through their territory, those between Walla Walla and Colville had appeared to be peaceably inclined, and Steptoe had faith in their friendship for him and for the settlers, He appears not to have fully understood the treachery of the Indian character. He was an honorable man himself, and slow to suspect duplicity in others. The Indians can be very secret in their conspiracies. If he had studied the conspiracy of Pontiac he might have been more wary."

There are four distinct and authoritative descriptions of the Steptoe affair, arising from as many different sources. One is Steptoe's official report. Another is contained in a private letter written by one of Steptoe's officers after the return to Fort Walla Walla. A third was written for the commanding officer of the department of the Pacific by a spectator.

No record has been left of the route pursued by the Steptoe column after leaving its post, and it is impossible at this time to trace the exact route taken. The troops accepted the names of places and landscape features just as they came from the lips of the Indians. Some of these names have been preserved by the settlers and some have not. Not always did the gutturals of the native lip appear the same to different whites. The result was that spelling of nomenclatures varies widely. It is not known conclusively at what point the Snake River was crossed. The frequent recurrence of the phrase, "at the crossing of the Snake," in the communications of the time, leads to the consclusion that it was the one commonly used. This was at the mouth of the Tucanon, near the present town of Riparia. It was here that the Wright Expedition crossed. It was here that the Indians kept canoes. It was here that the old trail leading to Colville crossed.

Chief Timothy

The manner of crossing was characteristic of those pioneer times. The Indians who accompanied the expedition under Chief Timothy, head of the guides, manned the canoes in which were carried over the men and the supplies. Others divested themselves of their clothing and swam with the horses over the stream. "It was an interesting sight," wrote one of the party. "They seemed perfectly at home in the water, and their dark bodies, glistening like copper, would glide gracefully among the horses."

It has not been an easy matter to locate the scene of the last stand made by Steptoe's column. Even survivors of the expedition made their declaration only after hours of consultation and exchange of eminiscence. It was vastly easier for the farmer to learn the route over which the retreat was conducted to the point where ammunition gave out. The plowshare told this story by turning into the light here a buckle or a button, there a howitzer ball or revolver. But to the aged man who had not visited the scene since the time he was engaged in conflict, there seemed little in common between the landscape studded with farm houses, denuded of its sagebrush and its soil producing orchards and the crops of modern husbandry. The entire village of Rosalia is today a feature of the landscape. Two steam railroads and an electric trolley line traverse the view. On a June morning in 1907, a trio of white haired men, survivors of the expedition, invited to point out if possible the exact spot of the last stand of the column, waded knee deep through green blades of growing grain to plant their flag in J. G. Hardesty's wheat field.

# 7 Te-Hoto-Nim-Me

One does not expect to find in a report made "through the military channels" any of the vivid word paintings, with a wealth of personal incidents, made familiar to the American reading public by a long line of special war correspondents. Colonel Steptoe's plain, matter of fact account of what happened during his absence from Fort Walla Walla is as follows:

Major: On the 2nd instant I informed you of my intention to move northward with a part of my command. Accordingly on the 6th I left here with companies C. E. and H. 1st dragoons, and E, 9th infantry; in all five companies officers and one hundred and fifty-two enlisted men. Hearing that the hostile Pelouses were near Al-pon- on-we, in the Nez Perces land, I moved to that point and was ferried across the Snake river by Timothy, a Nez Perce chief. The enemy fled toward the north, and I followed leisurely on the road to Colville.

On Sunday morning, the 16th, when near the To-hoto-min-me, in the Spokane country, we found ourselves suddenly in the presence of ten or twelve hundred Indians of various tribes—Spokanes, Pelouses, Coeur d'Alenes, Yakimas and some others—all armed, painted and defiant. I moved slowly on until just about to enter a ravine that wound along the bases of several hills, which were all crowned by the excited savages. Perceiving that it was their purpose to attack us in this dangerous place, I turned aside and encamped, the whole wild, frenzied mass moving parallel to us, and by yells, taunts and menaces, apparently trying to drive us to some initiatory act of violence.

Towards night a number of chiefs rode up to talk with me, and inquired what were our motives to this intrusion upon them?

I answered, that we were passing on the Colville, and had no hostile intentions toward the Spokanes, who had always been our friend, nor towards any other tribes who were friendly; that my chief aim in coming so far was to see the Indians and the white people at Colville and, by friendly discussion with both, endeavor to strengthen their good fellowship with each other.

They expressed themselves satisfied, but would not consent to let me have canoes, without which it would be impossible to cross the Spokane river.

I concluded, for this reason, to retrace my steps at once and the next morning (17th) turned back towards this post. We had not marched three miles when the Indians, who had gathered on the hills adjoining the line of march, began an attack upon the rear guard, and immediately the fight became general.

We labored under the disadvantage of having to defend the pack train—while in motion and in a rolling country peculiarly favorable to the Indian mode of warfare. We had only a small quantity of ammunition, but in their excitement, the soldiers could not be restrained from firing it in the wildest manner, they did, however under the leading of their respective commanders, sustain well the reputation of the army for some hours, charging the enemy repeatedly with gallantry and success.

Brevet Captain Taylor

The difficult and dangerous duty of flanking the column was assigned to Brevet Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Gaston, to both of whom it proved fatal. The latter fell about 12 o'clock, and the enemy soon after charged formally upon his company, it fell back in confusion and could not be rallied. About a half hour after this, Captain Taylor was brought in mortally wounded; upon which I immediately took possession of a convenient height and halted.

The fight continued here with unabated activity, the Indians occupying neighboring heights and working them-

selves along to pick off our men. The wounded increased in number continually. Twice the enemy gave unmistakable enidence of a design to carry our position by assault, and their number and desperate courage caused me to fear the most serious consequences to us from such an attempt on their part.

It was manifest that the loss of their officers and comrades began to tell upon the spirit of the soldiers, and they were becoming discouraged and not to be relied upon with confidence. Some of them were recruits but recently joined; two of the companies had musketoons, which were utterly worthless in our present condition; and, what was the most alarming only two or three rounds of cartridges remained to some of the men, and but few to any of them. It was plain that the enemy would give the troops no rest during the night, and they would be still further disqualified for stout resistance on the morrow, while the number of the enemies would certainly be increased.

I determined for these reasons to make a forced march to Snake river, about 85 miles distant, and secure the canoes in advance of the Indians, who had already threatened to do the same with us. After consulting with the officers, all of whom urged me to the step as the only means, in their opinion, of securing the safety of the command, I concluded to abandon everything which might impede our march.

Accordingly, we set out about 10 o'clock in perfectly good order, leaving the disabled animals and such as were not in condition to travel so far and so fast, and, with deep pain, I have to add the two howitzers. The necessity for this last measure will give you, as well as many words, a conception of the strait to which we believed ourselves to be reduced. Not an officer of the command doubted that we would be overwhelmed with the first rush of the enemy upon our position in the morning; to retreat further by day, with our wounded men and property, was out of the question; to retreat slowly by night was equally so as we could not then be in condition to fight all next day; it was therefore necessary to relieve ourselves of all encumbrances and to fly.

We had no horses able to carry the guns over 80 miles without resting and if the enemy should attack us en route, as from their ferocity we certainly expected they would, not a soldier could be spared for any other duty than skirmishing. For these reasons, which I own candidly seemed to me more cogent at the time than they do now, I resolved to bury the howitzers. What distresses me is that no attempt was made to bring them off; and all I can add is that, if this was an error of judgment I believe, every officer agreed with me.

Enclosed is a list of the killed and wounded. The enemy acknowledge a loss of 9 killed and 40 or 50 wounded, many of them mortally. It is known to us that this is an underestimate, for one of the officers informs me that a single spot where Lieutenants Gregg and Gaston met in a joint charge twelve dead Indians were counted. Many others were seen to fall.

I cannot do justice in this communication to the conduct of the officers throughout the affair. The gallant bearing of each and all was accompanied by an admirable coolness and sound judgment. To the skill and promptness of Assistant Surgeon Randolph, the wounded are deeply indebted. Be pleased to excuse the hasty appearance of this letter; I am anxious to get it off and have not time to have it transcribed.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
E.J. Steptoe
Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U.S. Army

Winfield Scott

Major W.A. Mackall,

This report bears, under date of July 15, 1858, the following endorsement of General Winfield Scott:

This is a candid report of a disastrous affair. The small supply of ammunition is surprising and unaccounted for.

It seems that Brevet Brigadier General Clarke has ordered up all the disposable troops in California, and probably will further reinforce Steptoe's district by detachments of the 4th and 9th regiments of infantry; and on the 29th ultimo I gave instructions for sending the 6th and 7th regiments of infantry from Salt Lake valley across the Pacific and via Walla Walla, if practicable, in preference to any route south of that.

Respectfully submitted to the Secretary of War.
Winfield Scott

The list of killed and wounded, enclosed by Colonel Steptoe with his report, contained the names of Captain O. H. P. Taylor and Lieutenant William Gaston and three enlisted men, killed; two men mortally wounded; six men severly wounded; seven slightly wounded and one man missing, First Sergeant Edward Ball.

The roster of officers accompanying the expedition contained the names, in addition to the commander and the two who were killed of Captain Charles S. Winder, 9th infantry, in charge of the howitzers; Lieutenant D. McM. Gregg, commanding dragoon company; Lieutenant H. B. Fleming, acting assistant quartermaster and acting comissary of subsistence.

Lieutenant H. B. Fleming

With his first formal reports out of the way, Colonel Steptoe addressed himself to the task of acquainting his superior officers of his views of the situation in which the garrison at Fort Walla Walla found itself in the weeks following the disaster. It must have been gall to his proud spirit to pen the following: "I hope the general will send us as strong a force as possible, and with all the dispatch possible. The tribes around this post are watching eagerly to see what they can gain by joining the hostile party. One of my keenest regrets growing out of the late affair is the consciousness that our defeat must, until something is done to check it, encourage the wavering to active hostilities."

But it was not time for prolonged regrets. He faced the task of culling the valuable fruits from his ugly and disastrous experience and by so doing equipped his general officers with whatever valuable knowledge had been gained by his experiment, for use in the campaign of punishment which he knew was sure to follow.

His suggestion about fortifying the ferrying place was carried out by Colonel Wright later in the year. Some of Steptoe's observations were as follows:

> I take the liberty to recommend, as the very first step in prosecuting the war with the northern tribes, the establishment of a post on Snake River, near the mouth of the Pelouse—a temporary work, from which the garrison can fall back to this point on the approach of winter. The road to Colville crosses there, but the great advantage of having such an advanced post will be in thus obtaining a sure ferry. I had vast difficulty in getting dragoon horses over Snake River, which is everywhere wide, deep and strong, and without assistance of Timothy's Nez Perces it would have been utterly impossible for us to cross, wither going or returning, beside this, the Pelouse tribe ought to be the first one struck at, as it is the most hostile and guilty a few weeks since of murdering two white men on the Colville road.

A few companies of infantry could construct a kind of intrenchment there in a few days, which one company could easily defend, and at the same time guard the ferry boat. There is absolutely no other way of crossing this stream with certainty.

In this connection I may inform you that the fight with my command only committed the Indians to hostilities a little earlier, and probably under more fortunate circumstances for us.

A few minutes before the attack upon us, Father Joseph (Joset?) the priest at Coeur d'Alene mission, joined me and stated to me that most of the excitement among the tribes was due to mischievous reports that the government intended to seize their lands, in proof of which they were invited to observe whether a party would not soon be surveying a road through it. He added that the Coeur d'Alenes, Spokane and Flatheads had bound themselves to massacre any party that should attempt to make a survey.

I do not doubt in the least the truth of this statement, and make no question that Lieutenant Mullan's party has been saved from destruction by late occurrences. Of course, the present state of our relations with the northern tribes will make it impossible for Lieutenant Mullan to proceed with his survey.

Again Colonel Steptoe contributes to the information of General Clarke in these words:

Since my return to this post the Indians in this vicinity who began to show much restlessness have become quiet again. Reports were busily circulated amongst them were disposed to take advantage of our supposed condition.

I ought to advise you that, from the best information to be obtained, about half of the Spokane, Coeur d'Alenes and probably of the Flatheads, nearly all of the Nez Perces, with scattered families of various petty tribes, have been for some time, and now are, hostile.

It is impossible to say what force they can bring together, but, of course, they cannot keep together long a force of any size.

A good, strong column of three or four hundred infantry, with two or three companies of mounted men, would be able to beat them, I think, under all circumstances; or else to disperse them thoroughly, which would have nearly the same effect. It is unfortunate that such a call cannot be sent out before the season for gathering roots has passed.

There is much doubt on my mind where the Indians obtained their ammunition, of which they had an abundance. Some persons believe that the Coeur d'Alene priest furnished it, but I do not credit that; my impression is that it was obtained either from the Colville traders, or the Mormons. The priest, in conversation with me, alluded to the report so injurious to his reputation and added that it was a charge too monstrous for him to notice in a formal way.

Of one thing the general may be assured, and that is that the tribes through whose lands the proposed road to Fort Benton will run are resolved to prevent it, and even before a survey can be made they will have to be chastised.

# 8 Gregg's Letter

From out the Pennsylvania hills enclosing the Susquehanna valley, there emerged in 1851 a tall, angular youth, in whose body there was the element of muscular litheness which always suggests power with suppleness. The young man was en route to the United States Military Academy, to which he was graduated, being eighth in the order of credit standing. He selected the cavalry arm of the service and opened his military career with the straps of a brevet second lieutenant- a kind of provisional assignment. In 1855 West Point was turning out field officers faster than the army had regular places for them, a sharp contrast to the early months of 1898, when students were taken, undiplomaed, from the institution and thrust into active field service in the Cuban war.

A few months from graduation found the tall young Pennsylvanian with a full lieutenancy and regularly established with the First United States dragoons. Then followed work during various Indian campaigns, during which he was recognized by fellows, superiors and subordinates as a natural horseman, an intuitive cavalry officer, intrepid in action, quick to execute and unerring in comprehension of commands. A fellow officer has said that his lithe, long form was of just such fiber and proportion as nature intended for making saddle and remaining there. He seemed a centaur enlightened by the best military education and training.

At the outbreak of the War for the Union, this cavalry officer was adjutant of his regiment. He was a captain before Bull Run jarred the American people into the first awful realization that grim war was on in earnest. Before Grant had reduced Fort Donelson, the lithe and lone one had gone back to his native Pennsylvania to raise among her sons a regiment of volunteer cavalry. Next he wore the eagle and reappeared a colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania. Before '62 had run its course, he was a brigadier. Then for three years Virginia knew him. The northern valleys of the Old Dominion knew the hoof beat of his charger and the sweep of his saber. He was making history with the deeds of Gregg's brigade and Gregg's division. Sheridan acknowledged his services, and "Jeb" Stuart and Buford felt his prowess. In the summer of 1864, the government put another star in the shoulder straps of David McMurtrie Gregg, "for highly meritorious and distinguished conduct."

Second Lieutenant Gregg commanded a company in the ill-starred expedition to Steptoe, who mentions the fighting qualities displayed by the young man. He was with Colonel Wright in the subsequent campaign and was conspicuous in the battles of the Four Lakes and the Spokane Plains. In September of 1858, he was one of the detachment sent by

Lt. David McMurtry Gregg

Wright to the scene of the Steptoe fight and was again on the spot where he saw Gaston fall.

Writing from his home in Redding, Pa., in 1907, he having long since gone on the army's retired list, he expressed himself briefly, touching his recollections of a half-century earlier while in Washington territory. General Gregg said: "I am the only surviving officer of Colonel Steptoe's command that visited the Steptoe battlefield, when we pointed out the positions held by us at the several hours of the day."

No discussion, no explanation was vouchsafed by this old warrior. Then, looking back over the vista of years and through the smoke of those Virginia campaigns, he added: "When I was in the region of your city fifty years ago, our party was not hospitably entertained, our presence was not agreeable to the Spokane nation and we were compelled to leave; in a second visit a few months later, we went where we would."

But, returning to Fort Walla Walla after the repulse of the Steptoe column, Lieutenant Gregg wrote a private letter to a friend in which he gives more of detail than is to be found in the formal military communication of the commanding officer. Its chief and relevant portions are here given:

> "On the 6th instant Colonel Steptoe, with C, E and H Companies of the 1st dragoons and twenty-five men of the 9th infantry, with two mountain howitzers, left Fort

Walla Walla for Colville. The officers of the command were Colonel Steptoe, Captains Winder and Taylor and Lieutenants Wheeler, Fleming, Gaston and Gregg. After marching eight days we reached the Palouse river, and were about passing into the Spokane country when we were informed by Indians that the Spokanes would resist our entrance into the country. The Spokanes have always been regarded as friendly to the whites, and when we left Walla Walla no one thought of having an encounter with them or any other Indians on the march.

On Sunday morning, on leaving camp, we were told that the Spokanes had assembled and were ready to fight us. Not believing this, our march was continued until about 11 o'clock, when we found ourselves in the presence of six hundred warriors in war costume. The command halted for the purpose of having a talk, in which the Spokanes announced that they had heard we had gone out for the purpose of wiping them out; and if that was the case they were ready to fight us, and that we should not cross the Spokane river.

The Indians were well mounted, principally armed with rifles, and were extended along our flank at a distance of one hundred yards. After some talk the colonel told us we would have to fight, and we immediately put ourselves into position to move to better ground, determined that the Spokanes should fire the first gun. After marching a mile we reached a sheet of water; it was decided to encamp and hold another discussion with the Indians. Nothing resulted from this except the most insulting demonstrations on their part. We dared not dismount, and were in the saddle three hours until the setting of the sun dispersed the Indians.

On Monday morning we left camp to return to the Pelous, marching in the following order: H company in advance, C in the center, with the packs, and E in the rear. At 8 o'clock the Indians appeared in great numbers about the rear of the column, and just as the advance was crossing a small stream they began firing. In twenty minutes the firing became continuous. Seeing that we must fight and that the action must become general, I was ordered to move forward and occupy a hill that the Indians were making for, and upon which they would have a close fire upon the head of the column. After a close race I gained the hill in advance; on seeing which the Indians moved around and took possession of one commanding that which I occupied. Leaving a few men to defend the first hill, and deploying my men, I charged the second and drove them off.

At this time the action was general. The three companies, numbering in all about 110 men, were warmly engaged with 500 Indians. The companies were separated from each other by nearly a thousand yards and fought entirely by making short charges. At 11 o'clock I was reinforced by the howitzers, and the two companies began to move toward the position I held, the Indians pressing closely to them. As E company was approaching, a large body of Indians got between it and my company, so that having it between two fires could wipe it

out at once. Gaston, seeing this, moved quickly towards me having the Indians in his front, and when near enough, and I saw he was about to charge, I charged with the company. The result was that our companies met, having the Indians in a right angle, in which angle we left twelve dead Indians.

After getting together, we kept up the fighting for half an hour, and again started to reach water, moving half a mile under which our comrades Taylot and Gaston fell. We finally reached a hill near the water and occupied a summit. The Indians having now completely surrounded it, we dismounted and picketed our horses close together on the center of the flat inclined summit, and posted our men around the crest, making them lie flat on the ground, as the Indians were so close and so daring as to attempt to charge the hill, but although outnumbering us eight to one they could not succeed.

Towards evening, our ammunition began to give out, and our men, suffering so much from thirst and fatigue, required all our attention to keep them up. To move from one point to another, we had to crawl on our hands and knees amid the howling of Indians, the groans of the dying and the whistling of balls and arrows. We were kept in this position until 8 o'clock p.m., when, as night came on, it became apparent that on the morrow we must "go under," that not one of us would escape. It was plain that, nearly destitute of ammunition, we were completely surrounded by six or eight hundred Indians, and the most of these were on points which we must pass to get away. Therefore, it was determined that we should run the gauntlet, so that if possible, some might escape.

Abandoning everything, we mounted and left the hill at 9 o'clock, and after a ride of ninety miles, mostly at a gallop and without rest, we reached the Snake river at Red Wolf's crossing the next evening, and were met by our friends, the Nez Perces.

Captain Taylor was shot through the neck and Lieutenant Gaston through the body; they both fell fighting gallantly. The companies fought bravely, like true men. We brought our horses back in good condition, except about thirty, which were shot during the fight. The Indians made no captures. Before the battle was near over, the Indians picked up nine of their dead; how many of them were killed is not known, but I can count fifteen. They acknowledge having forty wounded.

"On the hill we visited this afternoon, we had built a little fortification about two feet high, of packsaddles, sacks of flour, bags of provisions, etc. Into this little shelter we had brought the wounded men and here the officers were in command. The soldiers were scattered out in the bunchgrass round about. Late in the afternoon Colonel Steptoe had directed me to collect all the ammunition from the men on the inner lines and redistribute it to the men on the outer line, who had the most firing to do.

When night fell, our position was desperate. Chief Timothy then went to Colonel Steptoe and volunteered to go out and see if there might not be some gap in the ring which he Indians had drawn around us. He came back after about an hour and said he had found an opening through which he thought we might escape. He reported that by crossing the creek and ascending a steep hill on the opposite side, the command could find a short cut to a point on the trail several miles distant.

One of the officers protested against this undertaking. He said that he believed that Timothy meant to lead the command into a trap. Colonel Steptoe said: "But gentlemen what can we do? Our ammunition is gone, we are surrounded and greatly outnumbered, and if we stay here until morning we shall be killed. I have confidence in Timothy and will let him try to guide us out of here."

Captain Taylor was the only one of those killed to be buried. We also buried the two howitzers and sunk the gun carriages in the waters of the creek. Fires were kindled to deceive the Indians into thinking that the command was still in camp; and then the order was given for each man to mount, taking nothing but his weapons. The severely wounded men who could not maintain themselves in the saddle were tied in place, and we slipped through the gap under Timothy's guidance and never stopped to rest our horses or to eat until we reached the Snake river.

"It will take a thousand men to go into the Spokane country."

It was Chief Timothy, the guide, to whom credit is given for saving the command. Thomas J. Beall, Steptoe's chief packmaster, standing fifty years later on the hill from which the command was led out under cover of darkness by the friendly Nez Perce, has told the story of the last few hours on that hilltop. The years have whitened his hair and beard. Many weary miles of canyon or along trail had stooped his shoulders. His life has been one which has many counterparts in the taming of the wild country. He is the son of Benjamin Lloyd Beall, hero of the Florida and Mexican wars, and grandson of Lloyd Beall, wounded at Germantown and later defender of Fort McHenry. But Thomas Beall's busy life lay always since manhood with the vanguard of civilization in its westward march. His story is thus:

The sergeant of that little rear guard, whose duty it was to maintain the fires, keep the mules stirring about and give the deserted hill the aspect of a real live camp for the space of an hour after the column had filed out, has retained very vivid recollection of the events of the sorrowful day and trying night. Sergeant Michael Kenny had been bereaved by the death of Captain Taylor in losing both his company commander and a warm personal friend. It devolved upon Kenny, after Lieutenant Wheeler had assumed command of the company, to pick three men and bury the officer's body. It lay down the hillside some distance from the little fortification which formed the rallying point late in the afternoon. When this little detail returned, one private was missing, James Lynch, shot while digging the grave. Later it fell to Sergeant Kenny to tell the widow and two children, who had but recently joined Captain Taylor after a long separation, whatever of comfort might be rescued from the cruel facts. Four months later, with Mrs. Taylor and the children, Kenny received the body as it was brought by Colonel Wright to Walla Walla and there reinterred with military honors in the little government cemetery. And to this day the sense of bereavement is shared by Captain Taylor's surviving daughter with old Sergeant Mike Kenny.

But that day and that night in 1858 brought tears to the gray eyes of Michael Kenny as he stood fifty years later on the same spot. Not of Captain Taylor's death and his part in the

burial did he speak in public, nor yet of the fighting or even of the dangerous duty assigned to that little rearguard. He told of the hard work of binding the wounded in the saddle, of the agony of the change of position, of the appeals to be shot rather than undergo more extreme suffering.

"We followed the main column without being seen by the Indians," Sergeant Kenny told the people of Rosalia. "One of the wounded men had been shot through the hips and could not walk. He had been tied in the saddle but had not gone very far before he fell over and had been lost in the darkness. When we came along, we found him, begging piteously to be shot, but we could do nothing to save him."

No one asked the old man why he broke down at this point and could go no further. Other statements herein made upon his authority were made by him in private conversation.

When four months had passed over the evacuated field, a cluster of United States soldiers stood on the hillside where red and white clashed in the last decisive victory ever won by natives in the Inland Empire. It was the detachment of cavalry under Major Grier sent from the command of Colonel George Wright. Lieutenant Mullan has left the following account of this pilgrimage:

> "This detached command started early on the morning of the 24th, passed over a series of rolling hills and in two miles reached a narrow strip of cottonwood, with a broad belt of pine timber to our right. This same character continued for a distance of eight miles, when we reached a prairie bottom some 300 yards wide, lined on either side by walls of basaltic rock 100 feet high, in which was the dry bed of a lake from which flows in the spring season, a small creek that flows into Ingossomen creek. At this point the pine timber had become more sparse and much scattered, save a few detached clumps where it was more dense.
>
> At eight and a half miles from the Lahtoo, this prairie bottom, which runs north and south, is intersected by a canyon running at right angles to it and fifty yards wide. It was at the southwest corner of this intersection that the rear guard of Colonel Steptoe's command, under Lieutenant Gaston, was fired upon in the retreat of May 17, 1858. The trail west of small dry willow creek, in a mile to the south crossed it to the east and ascended a hill some 250 feet high, where a first position of the howitzers was taken.
>
> Gaining the summit of this hill, we had a fine view of a large portion of the ground upon which Colonel Steptoe's command operated.
>
> Lieutenant Gregg commanding in advance, with Lieutenant Gaston on the hills to the left, Captain Taylor on the right, with Sergeant Williams in the rear, the retreat was made along the southern post of the hill, where they entered the valley of the Ingossomen creek. This last stream rises in a range of low prairie hills and flows in a northerly direction until, reaching the base of the hills, it makes a sharp bend to the south and west. This stream at this season has no current, is two feet deep, fifteen yards wide, and water lying in long canal shaped basaltic basins. From this hill westwards the pines continued in its valley and near its border; while to the south nothing but a few clumps of scattered cottonwood along the banks of the Ingossomen were to be seen.

# 9 Father Joset's Account

Father Joset

After the first flush of jubilation had surged over the Indians involved in the attack upon Steptoe there came a period of inactivity. Immediately the war department commenced the organization of an expedition of reprisal and punishment. But with the Indians there was inactivity, and inactivity begets meditation, even in the aboriginal mind. There were still voices for war. Kamiahkin came to the Spokane Valley, and his endeavor was to keep alive the spirit of revolt, but he found that he had some fences to fix if he were to preserve his league of opposition.

Sober second thought had overtaken many of those formerly active in advocation hostility. They found themselves in a position of desperation not unlike that of the miscreant lad brought face to face with the consequences of his wanton act. Taken all in all, Indian sentiment along the Spokane and in the Coeur d'Alene hills was a strange mixture of frenzy and penitence.

The first to discern the ultimate results to the Indians themselves because of their outbreak were the Coeur d' Alenes priests. Naturally they felt alarm for their charges. They had become the mentors and advisors of the natives. They had won a place in the Indian heart as accepted and unquestioned goodness. Father Joset had rebuked the advocates of hostility and had himself been the subject of threats for interference with the war spirit. Resolved to prevent, if possible, the attack on Steptoe, he found that his wards had deprived him of easiest means of transport to the expected battlefield.

Father Joset did see a part of the engagement, and exerted himself in behalf of the troops. In the month of June he journeyed to Fort Vancouver, to which post General Clarke had removed his headquarters, for the purpose of ascertaining the immediate plans of the government with reference to his charges. He rendered to his superior, Father Congiato, a circumstantial account of the condition of the native mind before the Steptoe expedition and gave his version of the happenings at the scene of the conflict. This letter was written at Vancouver and, though formally addressed to his superior in the J esuit Society, was doubtless intended for the perusal of General Clarke and did become a part of the official records connected with the campaign.

The letter is quaint in many of its expressions, as might be expected from a native of Switzerland speaking the French language in the outposts of the United States. It breathes a spirit of solicitude for the wards of the writer. It reflects the anxiety of a gentle priest. It is eloquent of the Indian manner of thought. It is the best description extant of the immediate causes of the attack on the troops. It gives a clearer insight into the real status of affairs than any other document. It portrays the tense strife among the red men themselves. It is a narrative and, at the same time, a discussion and a plea. Scripsit:

Vancouver, June 27th, 1858

My Reverend Father: I am going to try and satisfy the demand that you have made of me for a detailed relation of the events of the unfortunate 17th of May, and of the causes which have brought such said results.

Do not think, my reverend father, that I am beknowing to all the affairs of the savages, there is a great deal wanting; they come to us about the affairs of their conscience, but as to the rest they consult us but little.

I asked one day of Michel the question if a plot was brewed among the Indians? Do you think that there would be any one in it who would warn the missionary?

No one, he replied.

This was to tell me explicity that he himself would not inform me.

However, the half breeds should know it, added I, much less still than the father.

After the battle, Bonaventure, one of the best young men in the nation, who was not in the fight and who, as I

will tell later, has aided us a great deal in saving the lives of the Americans who were at the mission at the time of the battle, Bonaventure said to me.

Do you think that if we thought to kill the Americans we would come to tell you so?

You appear to think that we could do almost anything with the Indians, far from it. Even among the Coeur d' Alenes there is a certain number that we never see, that I do not know in any manner. The majority mistrust me when I come to speak in favor of the Americans.

Those who were present at the assembly called by Governor Stevens in the Spokane Prairie, will not have forgotten how much the Indians insisted that the troops should not pass the river Nez Perces (Snake) I have heard that the Indians insinuate several times that they had no objections to the Americans passing through their country in small numbers, but much to their passing in force, as if to make laws, Last winter Michel said to me:

Father, if the soldiers exhibit themselves in the country of the mountains, the Indians will become furious.

I had heard rumors that a detachment would come to Colville; it was only a rumor, and having to go down in the spring—having also written to you to that effect, I intend to go inform Colonel Steptoe of this disposition of the Indians. Toward the beginning of April it was learned that an American had been assassinated by a Nez Perce. Immediately rumor commences to circulate that troops were preparing to cross the Nez Perce to obtain vengance for this crime.

Toward the end of April, at the time of my departure, the chief Pierre Prulin told me not to go now, to wait some weeks to see what turn affairs are going to take.

I am too hurried, I replied to him I cannot wait, and as the parents of the young men I have chosen appear troubled, I will choose other companions and country.

Arrived at the Gomache prairie, I met the express of the great chief Vincente; this told me to return, his people thought there was too much danger at that moment.

I replied that I was going to wait three days, to give the chief time to find me himself; that if he did not come I would continue my route.

I said to myself if Vincente really believes in the greatness of the danger, however bad or however long the road may be, he will not fail to come. In the meantime I saw several Nez Perces. Their conversation was generally against the Americans; one of them said in my presence, we will not be able to bring the Coeur d'Alenes to take part with us against the Americans. The priest is the cause; it is for this that we wish to kill the priest.

Vincente marched day and night to find me; below are in substance the reasons he instanced to make me return:

Of the danger on the part of the Americans, I well know that there is none; neither is there any danger for your person on the part of the Indians. You would be able, however, to come back on foot, but we are not on good terms with the Pelouses and the Nez Perces; they are after us without cessation to determine us in the war against the Americans. We are so fatigued with their underhand dealings that I do not know if we will not come to break entirely with them. Their spies cover the country in every sense. When the young men go for the horses they will kill them secretly, and start the report that they have been killed by the Americans; then there will not be any means to restrain our people. We hear the chief of the soldiers spoken of only by the Nez Perces, and it is all against us

and to excite our young people. I have great desire to go to see him.

It was agreed that when I should go down I would take him to see the colonel; it is then I learned a part of the rumors which were spreading over the country. A white man had said, Poor Indians, you are finished now; the soldiers are preparing to cross the river to destroy you; then another five hundred soldiers will go to establish themselves at Colville; then five hundred others will rejoin them; then others and others until they find themselves the strongest; then they will chase the Indians from the country.

Still another white had seen five hundred soldiers encamped upon the Pelouse preparing themselves to cross the river.

All the above passed three weeks before the last events.

Among other things Vincente said to me; if the troops are coming to pass the river, I am sure the Nez Perces are going to direct them upon us.

I did not then pay much attention to this statement, but later I saw that he had not been deceived in his predictions, as difficult as it is for a white to penetrate an Indian, just so difficult is it for one Indian to escape another.

To return to the mission; I was not without anxiety about what might happen in case the troops should come into the country. I was almost sure of the dispositions of the chiefs and of the majority of the nation; but I knew also a part of the youths were hotheaded, not easy to be governed in the first moment of irritation; also that Kenuckin might make a great many proselytes. I had not forgotten the infernal maxim of Voltaire, "mutons toujours, il en restera quelque lieu," was true, and that there ought to remain something in the hearts of the people of the thousand and one stories of this horrible Indian. I do not know, however, yet that he repeated without cessation to the Indian the father is white like the Americans; they have but one heart; they treated the young Coeur d'Alenes like women, like prairie wolves, who only knew how to make a noise.

On the 15th day of May I received another express from Vincente. The troops had passed the Nez Perces; they had said to the Coeur d'Alenes that it was not for them that the soldiers wished. He desired me to go to aid him in preventing a conflict; he told me to be quick, the troops were near; I set out in an instant; I had enough trouble to stop these young men who were working at the mission; it was an excitement that you could scarcely imagine. The good old Pierre Vicent not only refused to conduct me in his canoe to the lake, but bluntly refused to loan me his canoe; never before was I in such a situation.

The distance from the mission to Vincent's camp was, I think about ninety miles; as the water was very high, I could only arrive on the evening of the 16th.

Vincent told me that he had been kept very busy to retain his young men; that he had been at first to the chief of the soldiers and had asked him if he had come to fight the Coeur d'Alenes; that upon his negative reply he had said: Well, go on, but to his great displeasure he had camped in his neighborhood (about six miles); that then he had made his people retire, still a blood-thirsty Pelouse was endeavoring to excite them.

Later other Indians confirmed to me the same report; they were Vincent and the Spokane chief who prevented the fight on the 15th. The chiefs of the different tribes and a quantity of other Indians collected around me. I spoke to them to persuade them to peace. I told them that they did not know with what intention the chief of the soldiers were coming, that the next day they should bring me a horse, and that they might accompany me till in sight of the camp of the soldiers; that I would then go alone to find the officers in command, and would make them to know what was not doubtful; they appeared well satisfied. I said still to Vincent to see that no person took the advance.

The same evening they came from the camp of the Pelouse to announce that one of the slaves of the soldiers (it is thus that they call the Indians who accompany the troops) had just arrived. The chief of the soldiers would have said, according to him: You Coeur d'Alenes, you are well to do; your lands your women are ours.

I told the Coeur d'Alenes not to believe it, that no officer ever spoke in that way; tomorrow I will ask the chief of the soldiers if he has said that.

The next morning I saw the Spokane's Tshequyseken "Priest" said he to me: Yesterday evening I was with the chief of the soldiers, when a Pelouse came to tell him that the priest had just arrived; he has brought some powder to the Coeur d'Alenes; do you see now the deceit of this people?

Said I, they go and slander us before the soldiers, and slander the soldiers here. When they had brought me a horse, I went to the camp of the soldiers; they were far off. I set out in their direction to join them. I saw Colonel Steptoe made him acquainted with the disposition of the Indians, the mistrust the presence of the troops would inspire, and how I had been kept from going to inform him in the spring.

He told me that, having heard by letter from Colville that the whites had had some difficulty with the Indians, he had at first resolved to go there with a few men, to talk with the whites and Indians, and to try and make them agree; but, having learned that the Pelouses were badly disposed, he had determined to take a stronger escort; that, had he known the Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes dreaded the presence of the armed force, he would not have come without having notified them; that he was much surprised the evening before to see the Indians that they had always talked peaceably to him, then to come to meet him with such hostile demonstration, he had well though they would come to blows; that he was happy to return without spilling blood.

I asked him if he did not desire to see the chiefs; upon his reply that his dragoons horses were too much frightened to stop long, I observed to him that they could talk in marching; he then said that he would take pleasure in seeing them.

I went to seek them. I could only find Vincent; him I conducted to the colonel; he was fully satisfied with him. One of the Indians who accompanied the troops gave Vincent a blow over the shoulders with his whip, saying: Proud man, why do you not fire? then accused one of the Coeur d'Alenes who had followed Vincent of having wished to fire upon a soldier. Vincent was replying to the Colonel,

when his uncle came to seek him, saying that the Pelouses were about commencing the fire. I warned the colonel of it, and then went with Vincent to try and restrain the Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes; when we had made them acquainted with the disposition of the colonel, they appeared well satisfied. Victor, one of the braves, who has since died of his wounds, said we have nothing more to do here, we will each go to his home. Jean Pierre, chief, supported the proposition of Victor; then Malkapsi became furious.

I did not at the time know why. I found out later that he wished all to go to the camp of Vincent to talk over their affairs. Malkapsi slapped Jean Pierre, and struck Victor with the handle of his whip, I seized the infuriated man; a few words sufficed to calm him.

I set out then with a few chiefs to announce at the camp that all was tranquil; a half hour or an hour afterwards what was my surprise to learn that they were fighting. I had well indeed to ask for a horse; there was in the camp only old men and women; it was about 3 o'clock when they brought me a heavy wagon horse. I set out, however, with the hope of getting there by night, when I was met by an Indian, who told me it was useless to fatigue myself, the Indian are enraged at the death of their people, they will listen to no one; whereupon I returned to my tent, the dagger in my heart. The following is the cause of this unhappy conflict as it has been related to me.

The parents of Malkapsi, irritated and ashamed of his passion said to him: What do you do? You maltreat your own people? If you wish to fight, behold your enemies (pointing to the troops): then saying, Oh, well, let us die, they ran towards the troops. I do not think there was more than a dozen of them.

The affair did not become serious until Jacques, an excellent Indian, well beloved, and Zacharia, brother-in-law of the great chief Vincent, had been killed; then the fury of the Indians knew no bounds. The next day I asked those that I saw; What provocation have you received from the troops?.

None, said they.

Then you are only murderers, the authors of the death of your own people.

This is true; the fault can in no way be attributed to the soldiers. Malkapsi is the cause of all the evil—they said.

But they were not all so well disposed. When I asked others what the soldiers had done to them, they replied to me:

And what have we done to them, that they should come thus to seek us; if they were going to Colville, said they, why do they not take road, no one of us would then think of molesting them. Why do they go to cross the Nez Perce so high up? Why direct themselves into the interior of our country, removing themselves further from Colville? Why direct themselves upon the place where we were peaceably occupying in digging our roots? Is it us who have been to seek the soldiers, or the soldiers who have come to fall upon us with their cannon.

Thus, although they avow that they fired first, they pretend that the first act of hostility came from the troops. I asked them if they had taken scalps. They told me no, with the exception of a small piece that had been taken by a half fool. I asked them, also, if they had interred the dead. They replied that the women had buried them, but that the Palouses had opened the graves that were at the encampment.

It is then, also that the Indians told me; We see now that the father did not deceive us when he told us that the soldiers wished peace. We forced them to fight; we fired a long time upon them before they answered our fire.

As to the actual disposition of the Indians (Coeur d' Alenes.) I think they can be recapitulated as follows: 1st, regret for what has happened; all protesting that there was nothing premeditated; seeing that all the chiefs and the nation in general were decided upon peace; it was an accident which brought to life the anger of the older men. 2nd. Disposition to render up what they have taken from the troops, in order to have peace. 3rd. If peace is refused them, determination to fight to the last.

I knew, from Colonel Steptoe, that his guide mistook himself so grossly, is absurd to suppose. It appears necessary to conclude that in conducting the troops straight upon the camp of the Indians, he had design. It cannot be supposed that he ignored the irritation that the presence of the troops would produce upon the Indians; and as for the rest, the intriguing of this guide is well known. I see no other way to explain his conduct, than to say that he laid a snare for the Coeur d'Alenes, whom he wished to humiliate, and that seeing afterwards the troops fall in the ditch that he had dug for others, he has done everything possible to draw them from it

The Coeur d'Alenes say also, that it was cried to them from the midst of the troops; Courage, you have already killed two chiefs; but one of the Nez Perces who had followed the troops, came back to say to his people: It is not the Coeur d'Alenes, but, indeed, the soldiers, who killed the two Nez Perces, because they said they wished to save themselves on the side of the Indians.

Neither of the Coeur d'Alenes, nor the Spokanes, not the Chaudries, the Pend d'Oreilles and the Tetes Plattes had split white blood; they pride themselves for it.

If the war commences now, it is probable it will terminate only by the extermination of all these tribes, for their country is so difficult of access that it will be impossible to terminate it in a year or two, and almost equally impossible that it continue without all these tribes, including the Pieds Noirs, taking part in it.

When Governor Stevens was to see the Pieds Noirs to make a treaty with them, they said to our Indians; until now we have quarrelled about one cow, but now we are surprised by a third; we will unite ourselves against him; if the Americans attack you, I will aid you; if they attack me, you will aid me.

The war will cost thousands of lives, and all for an affair unpremediated, and for which the Indians feel much regret. You will easily believe me, my reverend father, when I tell you I would purchase back with a life this unhappy event; not on my own judgments of man to me, when God is my witness that I have done everything in my power to preserve peace. Your reverence knows very well that we have threatened our Indians to quit them if they exhibit themselves hostile against the whites. They expect to see themselves abandoned I have told them positively we will go. To quit them actually would be to deliver them to

the deceit of Kenuokin, and to light, I think a universal war throughout the whole country.

What pains me is to see the ruin of so many good Indians. What breaks my heart, is to see Colonel Steptoe, the zealous protector of Indians, exposed to the blame which ordinarily attaches itself to bad success; however, in the eyes of reflecting men, who know his situation, his retreat will do him infinite honore. It is not, I think, the first officer who could thus have drawn himself out from so bad a situation, surrounded by an army of ferocious beasts, hungry after their prey; of Indians sufficiently numerous to relieve each other, and who had always the means to procure fresh horses. It appeared impossible that the troops could escape. Besides, the plan of the Indians was not to give them any rest until they had crossed the Nez Perce; the Spokane were to be there early on the morning of the 18th to relieve the Coeur d'Alenes. In a position so critical, the colonel deceived the vigilance of his enemies, and throwing them his provisions as an inducement to delay, he defeated their plan. He foresaw without doubt, that the Indians on the one hand had let him take the advance, and on the other tempted by the booty abandoned the pursu t; so that if the troops have escaped, they owe it to the sagacity of the Colonel.

At the mission they were on the point of having a tragedy. Four Americans had arrived there with some half breeds and Canadians. After my departure to go to see the colonel from Colville, they went to the Flathead country. On the evening of the 18th the news reached them of the battle, and of the death of Jacques, Zachary and Victor. Immediately the women commenced to cry that it was necessary to avenge their deaths. Our two brothers got wind of what was passing. Whilst Brother McGeon harangued then at his best to bring them back to humane sentiments, the good old Francois ran with all his might around the marsh, through the water and bushed, to their encampment, to inform them of the danger. They immediately hid themselves. The next day, the 19th, one of them came back to the encampment, saying that he would as soon die by the hands of the Indians as by starvation in the woods. The half breeds saved him by saying he was not an American, but a Dane.

The Indians were now ashamed of their conduct. Adrian, who had been one of the most faithful; he came to warn us when there was any new danger. The Indians told the half breeds to go and seek the Americans, who were miserable n the woods. One of the Indians opposed it. He since declared to me that his anger was not yet allayed, and that he was afraid of being carried away by his passion to commit some bad deed. In fact, the Americans who came in the evening were very near being killed. Adrian having warned them that his life was in danger, we made him come to our home. They are all in safety now No person has aided us in saving them more than the Indian Bonventure. When I had set out, he had gone to accompany them to Clark's river, showing them a new road, the ordinary road being still impracticable.

Je suis avec respect, mon reverend per votre tres humble serviteur,

P. Joset, S.J.

# 10 A Flathead Version

One of the most peculiar documents bearing on the Steptoe expedition is one which found its way into the hands of Albert Sidney Johnston, at the time in command of the department of Utah, and by him forwarded to army headquarters. The person to whom the letter was addressed is not known, but the writer was Father A. Hoecken, a Jesuit missionary to the Flatheads.

Taken in connection with other documents, it is one of the most curious products imaginable. Written confessedly to convey information, it is now known to be so full of error of statement as to convey misinformation. For a brief period the officers in Utah were misled, though without and unfortunate results The letter affords a puzzle, for which at the present day there seems to be no solution.

Ostensibly, Father Hoecken undertakes to translate for his correspondent the contents of an earlier letter written by Father Joset describing the Steptoe fight; in reality Joset is garbled, if one may assume that he would write to Father Hoecken the same statements he addressed to Father Congiato. It is incredible that Father Joset would commit himself to writing in so contradictory a manner. Furthermore, Father Joset lived for many years in Spokane, and during an intercourse covering years was known as a man of straightforwardness; and it is not believed that between May 24 and July 27 he would have written two letters on the same subject so varying in tone. It is true that on May 27 he may not have been prepared to tell Father Hoecken that Steptoe had not been annihilated before reaching the Snake.

It is hardly conceivable that Father Joset, even writing in French to his fellow priest, would so spell proper names that in their translation by a stranger even Yakima would become Yakama and Kamiahkin, Cama Yaken.

The French scholar of today readily understands that the language of the French Canadian is, and was, a patois. How far the educated Jesuit priests of half a century ago deviated from the French to the patois may not be known, but in some way that "exordum" of Father Joset became unrecognizable in Father Hoecken's translation. The French student of today would translate "Jamais encore depius que je manie la plume, je n'a eu de si mauvaises nouvelles a communiquet. Je descent en bas, pour savoir quelles seront les consequences de la folie des sauvages; puisse je effacer leur crime de mon sang," somewhat as "Never since I have handled a pen have I had so bad news to communicate. I go below to find out what will be the consequences of the folly of the savages; would that I might efface their own crime with my own blood!" rather than "An unhappy event has taken place which will produce sad consequences as it will be told in all shapes. I hasten to inform you of it; I do not think that anyone has seen the case as nearly as your servant."

Still, much of the body of the letter is consonant with the letter to Congiato, and it contains so many additional references of an illuminating character as to warrant reproduction, though the variations cannot be accounted for. The Hoecken letter:

June 17th, 1858

Dear Doctor:

Your kind favor, dated "Owen's ford," was handed to me a few days ago. I am much obliged for the interesting news you communicate in it. I would be glad if I could reciprocate and give you some good news from below, as I see your intention is to go down to Walla Walla; but alas! what I can say is of the contrary kind.

Early this spring (February 17) I got a letter from B. H. Lansdale, in which he tells me that the whole country below the Flathead valley is liable to break into open hostilities, and unsafe for a white man. Unhappily he has foretold the truth; since that time some white men have been killed; cattle have been stolen from the troops in Whitman's valley; which facts, with probably additional ones, have induced Mr. Owen and party to retrace their steps, being advanced on his route as far as the Spokane. He is now in the vicinity of Colville, where I do not believe him out of danger.

But the most afflicting was still to follow. The 8th of June I received a letter from Rev. J. Joset, dated Coeur d'Alene, May 24, the very exordium of his letter made me shudder.

"Jamais encore depuis que je manie la plume, je n'ai eu de si mauvaises nouvelles a communiquer. Je descent en bas, pour savoir quellas seront les consequences de la folie des sauvages. Puisse je effacer leur crime de mon sang."

As I believe the full relation will be interesting to you, I will give you as near translation of it in my broken English.

"An unhappy event has taken place at the Spokane on the return of Governor Stephens from the Blackfeet country, it has been a general voice among the Indian chiefs, to ask that the troops do not cross the Nez Perces river; they seem to foresee that it would be im-

possible to keep in their people. Last winter a faithful Indian said to me: "Only the sight of an armed force would be enough to make all the Indians of the country take up arms."

When the troops established themselves in the Yakima country, Cama Yaken and his party returned to his band, the Galousses, and has till now never ceased to excite the Indians; and he has particularly tried to gain over the Coeur d'Alenes, who are more prompt and are better armed than the fisher Indians. Cama Yakem, among others, has worked at this the whole winter. There is no kind of false rumor which has not been spread concerning Americans and missionaries. The chief and all who reflect soundly have not been ensnared, not even open proselyte has been made; but many bad impressions have been made-probably many suspicions of all those falsehoods.

Towards the end of April I undertook the route of the Dalles, I proposed to inform Colonel Steptoe of this fermentation of spirits. At the Camache prairie I met an express sent by the Coeur d'Alene chief, to tell me to return home, though my young men asked me to continue the route down. I did not wish to reject entirely the advice of the chief I answered that, unless the chief came himself to explain the reasons of his probition, we would continue down; that we would wait three days to give him time to come; in fact he arrived.

"The Nez Perces and Galousses," he said, "were amazed that we do not want to join them against Americans they have just stolen cattle of the troops; they have killed two Americans of their route to Colville. The Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes have testified their discontentment; it might happen that we come to hostilities with them; all kinds of rumors are afloat—that a great number of soldiers are coming; a white man has said that this spring the troops will pass the Nez Perces river to destroy the Indians; another has said that first 500 would come to station themselves at Colville; next, 500 more, then 500 more, till, seeing themselves strong enough, they will chase all the Indians out of the coutry. The Palouses and Nez Perces have the country full of spies; they will do you no harm, but they will let you return on foot, and will secretly kill the young men when they go to the horses; next they will make it to be believed that the Americans have killed them; then there will remain no means to keep in our people."

Fearing this, I returned home Saturday, the 15th of this month; a new express announced the troops near the camp of the Indians, who were digging roots; of course I hastened to run there; from all parts Indians arrived in bands; I arrived Sunday evening; the troops were camped a few miles further. The chief had a great deal to do to restrain his people; the sight of cannon had chiefly enraged them; whilst Vincent (the chief) sent his people off one way, a Galousse murderer brought them back another. As soon as I arrived the chiefs met together; I explained them the principles of war; "Whosoever kills by private authority is a murderer; whosoever engages a battle without the order of the chief is guilty of the evil which flows from it; it is the duty of the chief to examine when he has to wage war for his own defense.

I reminded them that it was Sunday, which many might have forgotten. After prayers it was announced that one of the slaves of Americans (a Nez Perces Indian guide to the troops) had just arrived. According to him, the chief of the soldier's said:

"You Coeur d'Alenes, you have fair play; your lands, your women are ours."

I told our people not to believe this; that next morning I would go to see the officer and learn his intentions. Ishequitsetias (Calispee Indian) just tells me:

"I come from the chief of the troops; whilst I was there a Galousse told him the black gown comes to bring powder to his people, and has told them to kill the Americans."

It is true that he had said so. Colonel Steptoe confirmed this to me the next morning; in this manner do the Galousses work to sow discord; accusing the Spokane and Coeur d' Alenes with the Americans, and vice versa.

The 17th was of sorrowful memory. As soon as I could get a horse I went on; the troops had moved and were returning. I had to gallop a good while before I could overtake them. I was determined to see the officer on account of the calumny heard the day previous. Colonel Steptoe received me most politely, calling me by name though he had never seen me. He told me he was astonished to see the Coeur d'Alenes and Spokanes coming to him with guns as they had done; that having received a letter from Colville, in which the whites complained of their difficulties with the Indians, he had resolved first to examine in person, with a small escort, the place; but hearing that the Galousses were ill disposed he had believed it necessary to take a larger escort it was far from being sufficient.

I explained to him all I know concerning the dispositions of the Indians.

"If I had known this," he said, "I would not have ventured so far without first conferring with the Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes. I wish to have an interview with the chief, go to Colville and return by the other side of the river. Yesterday I thought we were going to fight; I am happy to return without bloodshed."

I asked him if he did not desire to see the chiefs; he answered me that his pack animals were too wild to halt; I told him it was not necessary to halt. He said then he would see them willingly.

As I returned to bring them I found but Vincent, who accompanied me. The colonel spoke and satisfied him. Vincent was answering, when he was called back, as the Gallousses were on the point of firing. I took leave of the Colonel to go to speak to the Coeur d'Alenes. They received the news of the good disposition of the colonel with an evident joy. We were going to start when Jean Giene and Victor said they would return directly home. Molkopsi, furious, (I do not know why) insulted them both, —struck them. One of his relations asked him (as I heard since)

"What are you doing? You are striking our people; behold our enemies!" (Pointing to the Americans).

They fired on the troops. Unhappily I had gone with the two chiefs, and did not know what was going on. I had reached my camping place when the news arrived of the fight. It was too late when I could get a horse. I was on the road with a bad horse when the Indian told me it was useless; that the Indians would not listen to

me. I have since learned that the young men fired a good while before the troops fired.

The numbers of the aggressors was insignificant, till Jacques Zachary, being killed, and Victor mortally wounded, the rage of the Indians could not be restrained. Thirty Americans, among them three officers, fell on the spot, the others skillfully withdrew during the night. I believe that the Indians were more than one thousand. The plan was not to leave them any rest until the Nez Perces river. The Spokanes retired to return next morning with fresh animals. The troop left all their horses and mules tied to the camp, and concealed in this manner their escape. At midnight the Indians rushed on the camp, but found it deserted. They did not follow them. It is uncertain what has happened at the Nez Perces river. I fear that all have been murdered.

In the morning I stopped a moment to bury Zachary. I have hastened to leave this place of horror. Vincent arrived. I asked him what provocation they had received.

"None, all the fault is on our side."

"You are the murderes of your own people, not the Americans."

"It is true. I would rather die as the Americans as our people are dead. I had no intention to fight, but at seeing the corpse of my brother-in-law I lost my head. What will be the consequences? If we are pardoned, we will faithfully restore all that has been taken; if not, we will remain home, and if we are attacked we will defend ourselves to the last, and when we are all killed the Americans will have our land. Fools that we are, we always doubted the truth of what our Father told us; now we have seen it. The Americans do not want to fight us."

Besides what I have related concerning the guides of the colonel, I have other reasons to believe they were traitors. Towards evening they cried to our people.

"Courage! The Americans can do no more."

Moreover, why instead of taking the direct road to Colville and to avoid thus the Indians, why were they led to make a great detour, and brought just at a place where the Indians were gathered? And they well knew that the Indians would be furious.

Behold the entire relation. Since that nothing has come to my knowledge. I wish you a happy journey to a better country than this.

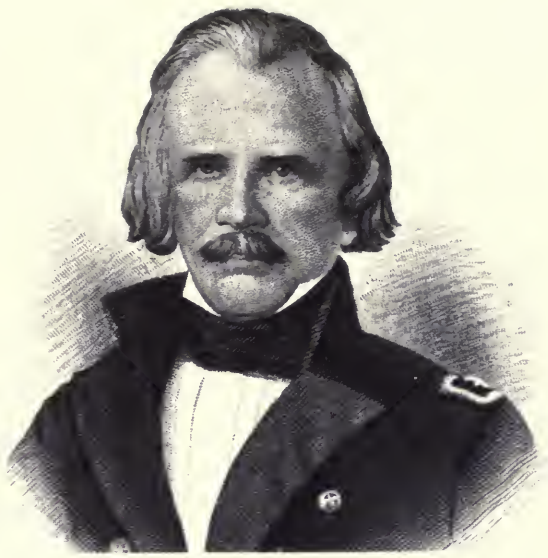
With respect, I am your humble servant,
A. Hoecken, S.J.

When the foregoing letter reached General Johnston at Camp Floyd Utah, it was regarded as of the greatest value as a piece of news. It was forwarded to the general army headquarters, accompanied by a letter and postscript as follows:

Headquarters Department of Utah
Camp Floyd, U.T. July 29, 1858

Major: I have, with respect to this command, nothing of importance to report, but enclose to you a copy of a letter written by the Rev. A. Hoecken, a Catholic priest of great excellence of character, now residing among the Flathead Indians containing the sad details of the onset made by a large body of Indians upon the small command of Colonel Steptoe. I do not doubt that the whole of the force has been destroyed; all the officers, I suppose, were killed in the first attack. News of this disaster has, I presume, reached the headquarters of the army; this letter is, however, particularly interesting, from containing reliable particulars, which would probably not be otherwise known.

With great respect, your obedient servant,
A.S. Johnston,
Colonel 2d Cavalry and Brevet Brigadier Gen.
United States Army, Commanding



Bvt. Brig. Gen. A. S. Johnston

F. S. Porter

Major Irvin McDowell,
Assistant Adjutant General
Headquarters of the Army, West Point, New York
July 29

The California mail which arrived in Salt Lake City last evening brings reports, current in Sacramento 12 days since, that only thirteen soldiers, and two officers, of whom Colonel Steptoe was not one, were killed.
F.J. Porter,
Assistant Adjutant General

It is interesting to note from the dates of the foregoing how very slowly information was transmitted a half century ago, when wilderness crowned the great west and settlements were far between. The attack on Steptoe took place on May 17. Father Joset's letter of May 24 did not reach the Flathead mission until June 8th. Johnston did not receive Father Hoecken's letter, though it was written on the 17th of June until the last days of July, and on the same day Utah headquarters received overland the news which Sacramento had learned twelve days earlier. It was on the 14th day of June that General Clarke in San Francisco, forwarded Colonel Steptoe's report to headquarters, and General Clarke had heard the skeleton news on June 2.

The names of Albert Sidney Johnston, Irvin McDowell and Fitz John Porter are familiar to every school boy and girl, as those or prominent actors in the Civil War, but it may not be generally known that a part of their military education was received while fighting Mormons in Utah in 1858.

Major Irvin McDowell

# 11 "An Incubus"

One of the revelations resulting from the Steptoe expedition was the discovery of the astonishingly strong arm equipment and apparently plenteous ammunition supply possessed by the hostiles. The army officers knew that for years the Hudson's Bay Company traders had furnished the Indians with musket and powder and ball. These were naturally desired by the Indians, but without them the Indians could not bring peltries to the trading posts. Many of the weapons were old, which had thus been furnished the natives, but on the Steptoe battlefield there were such numbers of rifles which carried well in the hands of the attacking party that it was patent that the weapons were not cast-offs.

No suspicion could rightly be directed by the government toward the "Honorable Company of Adventurers" or their agents. To be sure, many Englishmen looked with favor upon the Southern states, but that did not mean that the British government, through one of its corporations, was supplying antagonists of the government at Washington with the munitions of war. Not many years had passed since Lord Ashburton and Daniel Webster had settled boundary questions amicably between the two great nations. All must be quiet along parallel 49.

Dr. John McLoughlin

But the people whose activities placed them in touch with conditions along the designated boundary, knew that in the minds of many individuals there was dissatisfaction with the dividing line as determined by the diplomats. There were "home interests" which the pioneers of the zone affected found disturbed. With the formal settling of the dispute which had gone on since the question of title was first raised by the subjects of the two nations, the actual feeling on the part of the residents and tradesmen did not disappear. Dr. John McGloughlin had been dismissed, after a lifetime of eminent service in its behalf by the Hudson's Bay Company. His fault lay in loaning seeds to American settlers. In the tenents of the company, the act, and repetitions of it, constituted an unpardonable sin.

But the Americans did not take kindly to Dr. McGloughlin. He had been so long a faithful servant of the company that they doubted his sincerity in asking to become a citizen of the United States and of Oregon—many of whose early settlers owed to him and his generosity their very lives and those of their families. He applied for citizenship because he knew that that was the only course open to him in order to take title to land which he wished to preserve for his family. The fact that he was receiving pay from the coffers of the Hudson's Bay Company—even though it was but the amount allowed a retired officer—caused opposition. Shortly before he died, in 1857, he called to his bedside at Oregon City, L. F. Grover, twice Oregon's governor and for one term her United States senator. To him Dr. McGloughlin made final appeal:

"I shall live but a little while longer, and this is the reason I sent for you: I am an old man, and just dying and you are a young man and will live many years in this country, and will have something to do with affairs here, As for me, I had better been shot"—and he brought it out harshly—"I might better have been shot forty years ago, than to have lived here and tried to bring up a family and an estate in this government. I became a citizen of the United States in good faith. I planted all I had here, and the government confiscated my property. Now, what I want to

ask of you is that you will give your influence, after I am gone, to have this property go to my children. I have earned it as other settlers have earned theirs, and it ought to be mine and my heirs'."

Dr. McGloughlin lived eleven years in Oregon City. His case, though extraordinarily prominent, serves capitally to illustrate the strength of the feeling which was so hard to die out along the Columbia even after all controversy between the two governments had been settled. It was but natural that army officials in the far Northwest should be responsive to the suspicion that the alarming arsenals of Palouse, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene had some connection with the Hudson Bay Company post of Fort Colville. The old stockade on Marcus flats, on the Columbia river only a few miles south of the international boundary, was the last vestige of British authority south of the 49th parallel. It had been made so by diplomatic agreement. The Hudson Bay people were influential enough—pull enough, if you please—to obtain the insertion in the treaty agreements of a concession by which it could continue to operate upon United States soil. And it did so operate until 1871, when it withdrew and left its land and buildings to the family of McDonald, long in its service.

The old eagerness for trade was as active in 1858 as it had been in former years. The old spirit of commercialism with the natives endured. Army officers knew of the close relationship between the traders and the missionary priests. The home of the fathers of St. Francis Regis stood on the portage carry between the stockade and the Kettle Falls. This propinquity was an aid to suspicion that both priest and trader knew something of the origin of Coeur d'Alene and Spokane powder and ball. Investigation, however, speedily withdrew the priests from suspicion.

Colonel Steptoe had officially avowed his belief that the Indian ammunition "was obtained either from the Colville traders or the Mormons."

Direct, though unofficial, information, came down from Colville to Vancouver in the month of July of contraband trade between the Hudson Bay post and the Indians. One letter to General Clarke read:

"I met at Colville a Coeur d'Alene chief, with some ten others of the same tribe. They came well mounted on United States horses and mules. They are offering the mules for sale; some were bought by the Hudson Bay Company. I told the gentleman in charge that I had no orders to stop it, but I did not think it right to furnish a market for stolen animals to the enemy."

These animals were probably some of those taken from Fort Walla Walla in April, as reported by Colonel Steptoe, by a band of Palouse. It seems that they had been transferred to the Coeur d'Alenes. It is hardly possible that animals bearing the U. S. brand would stray across a wild country 250 miles. Here, then, was foundation for alleging an interchange, not only between the native tribes, but between the Indians and foreigners. Also, the Palouse understood business methods under the circumstances well enough to let the Coeur d'Alenes, the tribes most familiar to the traders, present the booty and transact the bargain.

A second letter to General Clarke conveyed the following interesting information:

"The Hudson Bay Company's train, some two hundred head of horses, starts in a few days for Fort Hope for the year's outfit. I think they are to bring some two thousand pounds of powder, with a proportionable quantity of ball. This, as a matter of course, will find its way into the hostile camp. The trade in ammunition might be stopped here; but, as, the gentlemen in charge here told me, we could not prevent the company trading at Fort Forty Nine, which is another post thirty miles above Colville."

It would seem that the Hudson Bay people did not respect the line of demarcation at other points along the 49th parallel. So frequently had been the visits of hunters from over the border in the vicinity of Winnipeg, where the Hudson Bay people maintained a trading post, into the country of the Red River of the North, that in 1858 the government dispatched a military expedition from Fort Snelling to Pemina. That the United States officials were annoyed by the frequency of these incursions is witnessed by the following notices posted by that expedition:

Camp at St. Joseph's, Minnesota

The undersigned, the commanding officer of a military expedition which arrived here today from Fort Snelling, via Lake Mini-Waken, has the instructions of the President of the United States to notify such of the inhabitants of the British Possessions as are in the habit of crossing the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain (49th parallel of north latitude) for the purpose of hunting and trapping, &c., on American soil, that s of hunting and trapping,&c., on American soil, that such depredations will no longer be permitted.

The undersigned, accordingly, hereby warns all such persons not to enter the territory of the United States for the above mentioned purposes.

C.F. Smith,
Lt. Col. 10th Inf. and Bvt. Col.
Commanding

Nearer to the sensibilities of the soldiers themselves came such a bit of information as Lieutenant Kip records during the period of preparation of the Wright column to enter the hostile country: "Dr. Perkins, who was at Fort Colville (the Hudson Bay Company's post) shortly after the battle with Colonel Steptoe's command, in his narrative states: "The sword of poor Lieutenant Gaton was waved in my face by the Indian who had taken it form him at the time of Steptoe's defeat. The saddle of Captain Taylor was also shown to me, covered with his blood. These things the Indians displayed with exultation, saying that the white soldiers were women and could not fight, and the more that should be sent into that country the better they would like it, for they would kill them all."

Upon receipt of this direct evidence of the course of the Colville traders, General Clarke did not delay or mulsify. James A. Graham, chief trader of the company, was then at Vancouver, but a short distance from Clarke's headquarters. To him the American soldier addressed the following spirited communication, simple but unequivocal:

Headquarters, Department of the Pacific
Fort Vancouver, W. T., August 6, 1858

If these things obtain, (and the authority on which they

are stated is reliable,) they present a state of affairs which neither your government nor mine has anticipated.

It must be that your agents have violated the spirit of your instructions. These could never have permitted them to purchase the property of the United States seized by Indians, nor to make preparations for large sales of ammunition to Indians in rebellion against the government.

It must be known to you that the privilege of trading was guarantied to the company only in articles that the Indians had a right to sell; that the Indians within the borders of the United States make no lawful captures in war and that unlawful seizures transfer no right of property.

It must be equally well known to you that while Indians are at war with the government, ammunition is contraband.

If your agents have, as stated, purchased from the Indians horses or other property, knowing it to have been seized by the Indians, they have acquired no title thereto and have, in addition, violated the obligation to respect the laws of the country.

Neither Great Britain nor the United States would permit citizens or corporations to supply arms and ammunition to Indians with whom they were waging war, and the latter government cannot be supposed to have secured such immunity to the Hudson's Bay Company by treaty.

The trade of the company in these articles would, under such circumstances, be stopped in British territory, and must be stopped here.

I therefore call upon you to give instructions to your agents, and to enforce them, neither to purchase from the Indians property of the government or of citizens of the United States taken by them, nor to furnish them with arms or ammunition during the continuance of hostilities, nor until this prohibition is withdrawn.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
N. S. Clarke,
Colonel 6th Infantry, Brevet Brig. General, Commanding
James A. Graham
Chief Trader Hudson's Bay Company
In charge at Vancouver, W.T.

General Clarke had enclosed copies of the two letters received from Colville, but had withheld the names of his correspondents.

Chief Trader Graham halted, and ruminated, but within twenty-four hours he placed his reply to the communication in General Clarke's hand. He did not confess any fault, he did not admit the charges; but he quickened as if United States guns were already trained across Marcu flats at the offending post. The communication was such as might be expected from the type of men high in the confidential service of the great company. These men were not merely traders or barterers-in-chief. They were trained diplomats, consuls, ambassadors, with all the powers of a mogul over his retinue. They were capable of inifinte pains, like a mathemetician; of a smile, like Talleyrand; of a dissembling, like Machiavelli; of a stubborn resistance, like William the Silent; of retreating, like a Parthian general; of courtly flattery, like a Raleigh. Of necessity they were men of astuteness. Their business and its exigencies required of them a polyhedral character. Mr. Graham's letter was as follows:

Vancouver, Washington Territory,
August 7, 1858

Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your communication of 6th instant, which I have perused attentively.

I regret that appearances should for a moment place us in a false position, or tend to break up the friendly relations that have ever existed between the Hudson's Bay Company and the military authorities of the United States, and would beg to submit to your notice the fact that no preparations have been made at Colville to make larger sales of ammunition that previously to the Indians, as no more than the usual year's supply has been ordered, if your informant is correct in his estimate.

In proof of the sincerity of our desire to do what is right, I promptly comply with your request regarding the stopping the supply of ammunition to the Indians at Colville, and furthermore will instruct our agent at that place to discontinue the trade in that article at the establishment on the Pend d'Oreille river, until he can receive advices from Governor Douglas, to whose department that fort properly belongs.

The trade of United States property and of its citizens taken in war shall also be discontinued, if it has ever been carried on, and should any of said property have unfortunately fallen into our hands, I now send instructions to cause its surrender, and I feel confident your government will not suffer us to sustain any loss therby.

Accompanying I send you a copy of my letter to our agent at Colville on this subject, which will, I trust, satisfy you that we wish to do what is right, and live in peace with all men. At the same time, as the lives of our employees and our establishment will be seriously endangered as soon as my instructions begin to be carried out, I beg to draw your attention to the fact that our means of defense at Colville are almost useless, the fort being even without pickets, and any damage we may sustain in consequence of your prohibition will be brought as a claim by the company against your government.

As I have no means of forwarding letters to Colville during these disturbed times, and am anxious that my instructions should reach that place at as early a date as possible, I should feel much obliged if you permit my dispatch to be forwarded by one of the expresses which, I presume, you make use of to communicate with your command in the field, if not contrary to regulations.

On the 4th instant I addressed Major Mckall officially, regarding the tearing down and removal of one of our old buildings at this place, by order of the Un.ted States quartermaster of this post To it I have as yet received no reply and in case it may have been overlooked, I beg to draw your attention to it.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

James A. Graham,
Chief Trader, Hudson's Bay Company

Colonel N. S. Clarke,
Brevet Brigadier General, United States Army,
Fort Vancouver, W. T.

By requesting the United States army to deliver his message to the post trader at Fort Colville, Mr. Graham divested himself of all responsibility for whatever might transpire until the actual arrival of the orders. The instructions given by Mr. Graham to Trader George Blenkinsop were as follows:

> Upon receipt of this you will stop altogether the issue of ammunition within American territory until the prohibition now enforced is withdrawn, and suspend the trade in that article at the Pend O'Reille Fort until advices shall have reached you either from Governor Douglas, the Western Board or myself.
>
> Should any animals or other property belonging to the United States or American citizens, which has been unlawfully acquired by the Indians, have been unfortunately traded by you or those under your orders you will deliver up such animals or property to the United States authorities when called upon to do so.
>
> Hereafter let no trade, either of animals or of other property unlawfully acquired by the Indians, be made by yourself or any of the company's employees attached to your district.
>
> I shall communicate immediately with the Western Board regarding you without loss of time as to your future guidance.
>
> Hoping that by good management and the exercise of prudence you may avert the peril, you and all at Colville will incur, by stopping the trade in ammunition."

Lieutenant John Mullan added to his qualities as a soldier and an engineer the faculty of a keen observer of events and a willingness to comment on them with a fearlessness which now seems remarkable in a lieutenant. Writing while enroute with the victorious Wright expedition later in the summer, Mullan thus unburdens himself on the subject of the Hudson's Bay Company:

> While on the road today we were overtaken by an express man from Fort Colville, bearing us the intelligence that the Indians in that vicinity were committing acts of depredation, and calling upon Colonel Wright for protection. A letter from Father Favalli to me set forth a fear of a general outbreak of the Indians among the miners and settlers of the valley, and represents an unpromising state of affairs among the people of that section. Now that there is great travel from Fort Colville to the northern mines of Thompson's and Frazer rivers, the Indians will doubtless annoy the line of emigrants (immigrants) destined to pour into that region by this route.
>
> But, would it not appear a little strange that a foreign corporation, such as the Hudson's Bay Company now is, in our midst, near the border of the territory of its own government, should call upon us for protection against Indians, many of whom come from Bristish territory for the purposes of agression and plunder?
>
> This foreign corporate body, be it said, however, with all respect for its many high-toned, generous and chivalric bourgeois and chief factors, exists in our midst as an incubus upon our American progress and advancement; that dries up the founts of prosperity wheresoever located; whose original entry and present stay in the country has been for lucre's sake; I say, would it not seem strange, that as these things could so glaringly exist, that we should be still further mortified by being called upon for a military protection.
>
> Were they our own citizens, did we feel that their residence in our midst was to our present or future advancement, then we might unquestionably act differently; for then it would not only be our duty, but this duty would be cheerfully and willingly performed. As pioneers in western settlement and civilization, they would be entitled to and would receive our special protection.

A Blockhouse Similar to one at Fort Colville

This spirit of 1858 has fled and gone in the levelling and laundering processes of half a century. The visitor to Marcus flats may look over the broad and placid bosom of the Columbia above the point where it dashes over the descents at Kettle Falls and have heed for neither Indian nor Britisher. At the old post trader's house he is welcomed by Donald McDonald, American born son of a later Hudson Bay trader than George Blenkinsop. The old quadrangular stockade, once the scene of festivities of gaily caparisoned voyageur and coureur du bois, once the storehouse and barter place of incalculable furs, once the halting place of brigades on their way to Jasper House or York Factory, is gone, with not a vestige remaining. Hardly a depression marks the lines where sharpened logs had been sunk into the earth. Only one of the square blockhouses, at the four corners, remains, a monument to the time-defying qualities of tamarack logs, hewed square.

On the summer's afternoon the sparks of a threshing engine slide off the steep roof originally designed to foil the attempt of fire-brand arrows to find lodgment. One may hear the rustle of the leaves in the orchard planted a century ago. And, strange to say, within that house he may place his hand upon an old brass cannon which spoke Montcalm-French to Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham; one may put his finger along the jagged edge of its muzzle and note the absence of a segment which was blown off by an overcharge of American powder on America's national birthday, as the later McDonalds were celebrating in true American spirit the glory of their American citizenship—odd vicissitudes of a piece of brass of three different centuries and of three different peoples.

# 12 Preparing to Strike

News of the repulse of the Steptoe column reached Walla Walla very quickly, perhaps through the agency of Indian channels south of the Snake River, though no note is made concerning the messenger in any records at hand. The fugitives reached the river at 10 o'clock of the morning following their escape, tired and exhausted. Indian guards were posted and men and animals enjoyed a rest during the day and the following night. They had scarcely turned their faces from the river and toward Walla Walla when they encountered Captain Frederick T. Dent and his company of infantry which had been travelling to their relief by forced marches.

Colonel George Wright, in command of the district of the Columbia with headquaters at Fort Dalles, next heard of the disaster. It was the 2nd of June before the department commander at San Francisco was informed of the facts. General Clarke at once determined to remove his headquaters nearer the scene of the coming conflict. He glanced at the situation in his own department and determined to send north seven of the ten companies of the Third artillery then on the Pacific coast. These troops had for several months been equepped as infantrymen and were in reality infantrymen. The prospect from the San Francisco headquarters early in June is thus represented:

Headquarters, Department of the Pacific
San Francisco, California, June 2, 1858

Sir: I go to Washington Territory, and have directed troops to follow me; arriving, I shall primarily have in view a retrieval of the ground lost by Colonel Steptoe, by occupancy of the point he suggests, and the recovery of the howitzers; and in order to check the hostile Indians also, to adopt such other steps as exigencies may demand.

Should a war become general by combinations of tribes, it will become necessary to concentrate a larger force of military. I suggest, therefore, a movement of troops as soon as possible from Utah, to operate against whatever tribes may be in hostility.

In reference to friendly Indians and such as may at a future day be disposed, I suggest authority be given to form such treaty stipulations as the nature of the case or cases may seem to demand. Doubtless, meantime, the hostiles will have learned the departure south of the Mormons who have, I believe, instigated them and who now abandon them. The moral effect upon them of such abandonment will probably dampen their ardor, and lead them to sober reflection upon the consequences of their rashness.

I repeat that such chiefs as may be disposed, should be invited to repair at the expense of the government to Washington. Doubtless on their return they would make a serious impression upon others of their people as to the folly of hostility to the United States.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. S. Clarke
Assistant Adjutant General

Such was the general view of a man kept posted as fully as possible through reports from the affected distict, but who was hundreds of miles from the actual front. One may obtain more detail from an officer on the very scene. Colonel Wright had had experience with the tribes now hostile as well as with others who were friendly. On hearing the news of the Steptoe fight, he posted off the following:

Headquarters, Fort Dalles, O. T.,
May 26, 1858

Sir: By the next steamer you will doubtless receive the report of Brevet Lieutenant Steptoe, recounting the unfortunate termination of his northern expedition. That all the Indians in that section of country have combined for a general war, there is not a shadow of doubt. They are numerous, active and perfectly acquainted with the topography of the country; hence, a large body of troops will be necessary if, as I presume, it is designed to bring those Indians under subjection and signally chastise them for their unwarranted attack upon Colonel Steptoe.

It is my opinion that one thousand troops should be sent into that country thus enabling the commander to pursue the enemy in two or three columns.

The posts east of the Cascades are small, and I do not think that it would be prudent at this moment to reduce them, as there is much agitation among the friendly Indians in consequence of this affair of Colonel Steptoe's; and south of us, distant seventy miles, there is a large body of Indians on the "Warm Springs" reservation; they are now perfectly friendly, but should they be tampered with by the hostiles and no military force at hand to overcome them it is difficult to say what their course would be.

The steamboat which was built to run on the upper Columbia unfortunately went over the cascades; this is a serious detriment to us, as well as to the owners; were she now running above the Des Chutes her services would be of the greatest importance. The supplies at Walla Walla

are at this moment very limited. In fact, a few days since they were entirely destitute of flour; however, a supply is now on the way to that place.

I think that we may now look forward to a protracted war, and it behooves us to prosecute it systematically, with an ample supply of the personnel and material, to guard against a possibility of failure.

Should the difficulties with the Mormons have been terminated, (as is rumored) probably a force could be drawn from that country to aid in the coming struggle.

Lieutenant Mullan with his party will remain near here until he hears from Colonel Steptoe, but there is no probability that he will be able to construct the road this year; in fact, it is said that this proposed opening of a road through the Indian country was a primary couse of the attack on Colonel Steptoe, and had Lieutenant Mullan preceded Colonel Steptoe his whole party would have been sacrificed.

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

G. Wright,
Colonel 9th Infantry, Commanding.

Major W.W. Mackall, Assistant Adjutant General, San Francisco, California

Arrived at Fort Vancouver, General Clarke designated Colonel Wright to take command of the projected operations and bade him attend to the actual preparations for the field, while General Clarke himself undertook the task of collecting all possible facts bearing on the territory about to be entered, the existing disposition of the Indians and the dozen and one considerations necessary but not directly bearing upon the details of equipping the troops, drilling them and gathering quartermaster and comissary supplies.

At this juncture came Father Joset, with his wealth of information and suggestion, based on his priestly contact with his elemental wards. There was some diplomacy necessary before the general came to a full and complete understanding with the priest. Father Joset's letter descriptive of the Steptoe fight, was dated June 27 and addressed to Father Congiato, then at Salem, Oregon. It did not take long for the general to be impressed with the credibility of the black robed priest; for on June 26th, a day earlier than the date of the Joset letter, the general delivered to the Jesuit his quasi-commission to investigate and report on the state of affairs among the Indians. The opening sentence indicates that oral discussion had already passed between the two, else the general could not have had time in which to formulate his policy with reference to terms and conditions of peace. Father Joset learned what were to be "the consequences of the folly of the poor savages," and it must have been with heavy heart that he travelled back to his mountain mission to persuade the natives of the inexorable conditions. Clarke's commission was as follows:

Headquarters, Department of the Pacific
Fort Vancouver, W. T., June 25, 1858.

Sir:- I am persuaded by your statement and by your assurance that the Coeur d'Alene Indians were misled by the misrepresentations of Kamiajkin and the Nez Perces; that by these parties they were deceived as to the objects of the march of Colonel Steptoe, and that the attack on him was even then the acts of a few insubordinate men of the tribe, acting in disobedience to the orders of the chiefs, and in opposition to the wishes of the tribe.

I am also satisfied that the Coeur d'Alenes are repentant, persuaded of their guilt, and ready to make atonement and submission. Believing this to be the case, and remembering that the Coeur d'Alenes have untill this time been peaceful, and belong to those Indians whose boast has been that they had never dipped their hands in the blood of the whites. I have decided that I will listen to them. You may say this to the chiefs:

Tell them I will receive them here and talk with them, or, as they may not be able to travel through the lower Indians with safety, I will authorize the officer in command of my troops to talks with them. And I will direct him to say to them:

"Coeur d'Alenes, I do not wish your permission to send troops through your country; this is already my right. I will use it when I please. They will not injure you or your wives, and you must not disturb them.

"He does not ask you to permit the road to the Missouri to be made, United States has this right, and will make the road when it is proper. Parties working on it must not be disturbed, and whites travelling through your country must not be molested. All these things must be done by you at all times.

"Coeur d'Alenes and Spokanes, you have committed a great crime. You have attacked the troops who were friendly with you, and have plundered the government property, and for this you must atone. You must restore the property you retain. You say that you were deceived by the lies of the Nez Perces, by the lies of Kamiahkin. Well, I am going to make war on these people. You must drive them out of your country, and not permit them to hide there from me.

"You say some of your tribe fired upon the troops in disobedience of the orders of their chiefs, and against the wishes of your people. If so, they must suffer for their disobedience, and atone for the guilt into which their bad acts have brought their people. You must give them up.

"If you come and see me and do these things I will grant you peace. If you go to my officer commanding the troops and do these things, I will tell him to give you peace.

"I am going to send my troops into your country; if you do these things they will enter your country and leave it without doing you any injury; if you do not, they will treat you as enemies. I will believe that it was not the lies of the Nez Perces that excited and misled you, and not the rashness of a few of the tribe that led to the attack on the troops, and I will use all my power to punish you as faithless Indians."

And now, sir, it only remains for me to thank you for your efforts in the cause of humanity, and to express my sincere wishes for your success in preserving a people among whom you have so long been a laborer.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N.S. Clark

Father Joset,
Catholic Priest, Coeur d'Alene Mission.
Delivered him Fort Vancouver, June 26, 1858.

Such was the ultimatum given the black-robed ambassador from the hills. It did not confer any extraordinary powers. The priest took it, and joined Father Congiato. Together they set out on their weary tramp to the far away mountains.

General Clarke did not expect the Indians to submit. On the fourth of July he gave Colonel Wright specific orders about getting his column into the field. On the 18th of July he sent troops to reinforce Fort Simcoe and gave final orders to Major Roberts S. Garnett, who was to head the expedition through the Yakima country, the home valley of

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A Chief of the Yakimas

the great Kamiahkin and of the notorious Owhi and Qualchen. He drew up provisional treaties which were to be taken by the commanders into the field. He formulated an agreement with the Nez Perces, with the special purpose of including the recalcitrant and uneasy ones, which he sent to Colonel Steptoe with instructions to negotiate as soon as possible. He had his tilt with Chief Trader Graham, and had hardly settled down before word came from Fathers Congiato and Joset touching the temper of the Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes. It was as follows:

Coeur d'Alene Mission,
August 3rd, 1858

General: We reached this place on the 16th of July and immediately went about in search of the Indians in order to discharge the mission we received from you. It took us over three weeks before we were able to see all the Coeur d'Alene and Spokane Indians, as they were scattered about in small parties at great distances from each other, some fishing, others gathering roots or fruits and making provisions for winter.

When we arrived the Coeur d'Alenes were as yet under great excitement and all their conversation was about war matters. We were not a little astonished to find them so different on this point from what Rev. Father Joset had left them when he went down to the Dalles. They were then, or so seemed to be, very sorry at what they had done, and asked for peace. Not so on our return. The poor creatures spoke as boldly as ever, and manifested the greatest desire to have another encounter with the troops. Some of them wore as yet the war garments, and their camps resounded with the war song day and night. We did not know how to account for this great change. We attributed it to the influence of Kamaykan, who has been living and still lives, among them.

But no sooner did we begin to speak to them of how matters really stood, and explained clearly to them-first, what the soldiers are; second, their peaceful and protectin mission; third the difference which exists between soldier and other citizens, or Americans, as they call them; and, lastly, their number and power, the many and terrible means they have at their command in order to subdue their enemies and punish those who do wrong to them, then their boldness began to cool down wonderfully. They cast away their war garments, and the war song was no longer heard. After this, we read to them the several papers you gave to us.

At first they did not say much. By little and little they began to express their opinions on the conditions offered to them, in order to obtain the peace they asked for. Some found them impossible to be complied with, as they have no form of government, and each one is responsible to himself.

Indeed, I could not find out that there is among them any really constituted authority to punish the guilty or give satisfaction for wrongs inflicted. The chiefs have no power at all, and the only thing which distinguishes them from the others is the mere name. But they do nothing and cannot do anything; and should they dare to exercise any authority, such as to punish a guilty party, they run the risk of being killed. This, as far as I know is the case among the Coeur d'Alenes.

Thus, Vincent, the great chief, is at present very much disliked, and very badly spoken of by a number of his people, because he made proposals of peace to the soldiers without first consulting the relations of those who were killed at the last battle, to whom only, they say, belongs by custom the right of making peace or declaring war; wherefore, he is now determined not to say a word on the subject of the war and, should his people declare themselves for it, not to take any part in the same.

Others say (in regard to the aforesaid conditions) that such is not the Indian fashion of making peace. We make peace with our enemies by forgiving each other and by making each other mutual presents.

Others, on the contrary, though not many, are for war to the knife.

Two things chiefly they find difficult to comply with in the conditions proposed to them for the peace; and these are, first; to restore the government property; second, to give up the authors of the attack made on the troops.

As to the first, they have already disposed of a great many things. There remain only some horses and mules, about which they have been quarreling a great deal among themselves. Most of these horses and mules have been branded, and have passed from hand to hand, and those who got them last are unwilling to give them up unless paid for, as they say they bought them. As to the latter condition, they are decidedly against it!

You have no idea, General, what pains we took to ascertain the feeling mostly prevailing among the Indians

concerning the war. The poor creatures see that they are in a bad scrape, are anxious to get out of it, but cannot agree as to the manner and means to employed. As far as we could gather from the speeches we heard of the most influential men among the Indians, and from the many conversations we held with them here is in a few words, in our opinion, how matters stand in regard to the war:

By far the greater majority dislike the war, and are strongly against it; but they show no disposition either to restore the government property or to give up the authors of the attack made on Colonel Steptoe's command; but, at the same time, should the troops come up, it would appear by their talking that they will not make any resistance, but will keep away and take to the mountains in small parties and disperse here and there. It may happen that some of them will dare to make warlike demonstrations, but very probably they will find no support or aid in their marauding.

I say all of this of the Spokane and Coeur d'Alenes. As to the Palouses, the two last mentioned tribes say they do not care anything about. They are regarded as the cause of all the trouble in which they (the Coeur d'Alenes and Spokanes) will leave them to take care of themselves.

As you will see from the letters they write, some of the Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes held a meeting. It took place August 3rd. There were very few present and most of the sentiments they express cannot be said to be the prevailing ones. I had a long conversation with the Spokane Garry.

He is strongly for peace, but he says he is for a general peace; that is, that all the nations which are at war with the government and have either murdered or plundered Americans, should be included in it. He is for a meeting of all the chiefs of those nations. He thinks a great deal of good would follow from it and there be an end put to the many murders committed by some of the Indians upon Americans and on miners.

Since my arrival to this mission I paid a short visit to Colville. The Indians there had become more quiet. From what I heard it would appear that, a few young men excepted, the most of the Indians there are for peace, and should the soldiers go thither they would encounter none, or very little opposition.

As to the Flatheads, Pend O'reilles, etc., they are all peaceful. Those Indians seem greatly displeased at the blow struck by the Spokane and Coeur d'Alenes against the troops. It seems that some of the two last mentioned tribes sent a word to Victor, the chief of the Pend O'reille urging him to join them in a war against the Americans, and that he answered that he had no reason for so doing. Alexander, the chief of the Pend O'reille d'en haut, to a similar proposal answered: That he not only would not join in the war, but kill any man who will take refuge among his people, after having joined the war party and fought the Americans. He added that last year in a journey he made to the Dalles, he had seen and learned a great many things about the soldiers, their power and their kindness, as well as about the Americans, and was not so foolish as to plunge his country in a war against such a people. Allow me here, General, to remark that all this confirms the truth of what you told me when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Vancouver, namely that a great deal of good would follow by sending to Washington from this country a number of the most influential Indians. What Alexander says is true. I took him last year down to the Dalles with me for the very purpose of impressing his mind, as far as possible, with the greatness and power of our soldiers and of our country. When at Walla Walla I requested Colonel Steptoe to show Alexander the cannons, as the Colonel kindly did himself, and I know that it made a great impression upon the mind of the chief, who related afterwards everything he had seen to his people.

I have, General, nothing more to say. We will continue to do everything in our power in order to open the eyes of these poor savages and prevent them from going to war Nobody can tell what they will do.

As all communications between this and the country below is broken and there is no means for sending down letters, I send to Walla Walla one of the Fathers whom I brought down with me from Colville for this purpose. He is well acquainted with everyting, and will give every information they may wish at Walla Walla.

Requesting you, General, to remind me to the kindness of Major Mackall, I have the honor to be, General, your most obedient servant,

N. Congiato, S.J.

P.S. Tomorrow I leave for the Flatheads.

As foreshadowed in Father Congiato's letter, the communications from the Indians chiefs expressed unwillingness to give up the disturbers. It is not apparent in what form these communications appeared; they are reproduced here as they appear in the printed documents of the time; they may have been transcriptions made by the priests.

The appearance of the name of the Spokane chief, Pohlatkin' as "Saulotken," is an instance of the difficulty encountered by those in frequent touch with the Indians to catch their vocalization in the same combination of letters. Pohlatkin had an ultimatum of his own, which he delivered to General Clarke in this form:

> The practice of the Indians is different from what you think; when they want to make peace, when they want to cease hostilities, they bury the dead and talk and live again on good terms. They don't speak of more blood. I speak sincerely. I, Saulotken, say let us finish the war; my language shall not be twofold; not, I speak from the heart. If you disapprove my words you may dispise them. I speak the truth; I, Indian, I don't want to fight you. You are at liberty to kill me, but I will not deliver my neighbors. If you disapprove my words you may dispise them. I speak the truth; I, Indian, I don't want to fight you. You are at liberty to kill me, but I will not deliver my neighbors. If it should be my practice, I would do according to it and deliver them. But that's a practice, I would do according to it but it is not my practice, it is of your own. Those Indians who are yet at peace are biting me with their words, and cause me to get angry. Should they hold their peace, my heart would already be good again. On account of the gold, maybe there shall be no end of hostilities. If you want peace, let peace be made with all Indians. When you know my words, if you say well that's finished, I will be glad to, but my land I will not give up.

Until now I used to go to war against the Blackfeet and the Crows; but now I won't move from my country.
Saulotken
P.S. One of my people went of his own accord to Walla Walla. Omtachen is his name. I would like to know what he told you.

Milkapsi, the same Milkapsi who on the Steptoe field had slapped one fellow tribesman and struck another with a whip handle, thus contributing to the excitablity of the Indians, expressed resentment at the course of the whites. He gave warning that the Nez Perce, Lawyer, was persona non grata to him and he repeated the sentiment that he would remain in the land of his fathers. Colonel Wright had occasion in the following autumn to remind Milkapsi of the defiance he flung, but at that later time Milkapsi was very anxious to get his name on the treaty. Milkapsi's message:

I feel unwilling to give you up my three brothers, for though I fought I won't begin to make peace. I want you to begin if you want to make peace, come in my country. I don't believe there is difference between us in the hostilities; if you want to deceive me, we won't have peace; if you don't want to deceive me, I will see you. If I see you, I will be glad. I desire to see you; When I see you I don't think it will be difficult to make peace, to avoid more bloodshed. You killed three of my relations; it weighs heavy on my heart; I don't like you to speak any of the things you have abandoned. It was by the deceit of other Indians that I have lost my relatives, and that you lost some of your people. Though you think I am poor, I don't think so. If you want to have peace, peace must be made with all the Indians of the country. It was not for your good's sake that I came to hostilities. As long as I live, I don't want you to take possession of my country. I don't disbelieve the words you sent me, but I don't set great value on the goods you have abandoned. If you come further than the place where we fought then I will disbelieve you.

My heart is made anew bad, for the news I receive. Tell your friends, the Lawyer's band, to be quiet; if you come with a good mind, let none of them be along; I want to have a good talk with the soldiers, but I can't when they are along; I don't want to hear any more of their lies. Your soldiers, you have good chiefs; we have some too; I hope that on both sides they will be unwilling of more bloodshed, and that things will come to a good understanding. I have no mind to deceive you. When I shall hear you, I shall tell you the truth and throw away my bow and gun. Only when you come here and see me in want, you will be kind to me, and let me have means to kill my game. I wish to hear of you as soon as possible.

Milkapsi

Spokane Garry took broader ground than either of his compeers. For the sake of supporting his position he goes into history and gives glimpses of the terms of the Stevens treaties and his view of them. In very diplomatic language, he proposed an amendment to General Clarke's plan for peace, but in Garry's creed there was no sanction for the act of giving up a fellow tribesman to the enemy.
Garry's letter:

You, General Clarke, you are my friend. I am very much sorry for the battle which took place. I think that you have fought for nothing. The blood of your soldiers and of the Indians has been spilled. If there should be a just cause for fighting, I would not regret it; though there should be killings on both sides, I would not be much sorry for it.

Now I am at a loss what to think of it, for you say, you white people, this is my country; you, American and English claim the land, and the Indians each on his side of the line you have drawn. Then you make a useless war with the Indians; you cause trouble to the whites living hereabouts, and you have nothing to gain from this war.

Now, I hear that somebody—you, perhaps, General Clarke want to make peace. I would be very glad no enmity would be left. I, Indian, am unacquainted with your ways, as you with mine. When you meet me, we walk friendly; we shake hands. Two years after you met me, you American, I heard words from white people whence I concluded you wanted to kill me for my land.

I did not believe it. Every year I heard the same. Now you arrive, you my friend, you Steven, in Whitman Valley; you call the Indians to that place, I went there to listen to what would be said. You had a speech, you my friend Stevens, to the Indians. You spoke for the land of the Indians. You told them all what you should pay for their land. I was much pleased when I heard how much you offered; annual money, houses, schools, blacksmiths, farms, etc. And then you said, all the Cayuses, Walla Walla and Spokanes should emigrate to Lawyer's country; and from Colville below all Indians should go there and stay to Camayaken's country; and by saying so you broke the heart of all Indians; and, hearing that, I thought that you missed it. Should you have given the Indians time to think on it, and to tell you what portion of their lands they wanted to give, it would have been all right.

Then the Indians got mad and begin to kill you whites. I was very sorry all the time. Then you began to war against the Indians. When you began this war, all the upper country was very quiet. Then every year we heard something from the lower Indians. I told the people here about not to listen to such talk. The governor will come up; you will hear from his own mouth; then believe it.

Now, this spring I heard of the coming of Colonel Steptoe. I did my best to persuade my people not to shoot him. He goes to Colville, I said, to speak to the whites and to the Indians. We will go there and listen to what he shall say. They would not listen to me, but the boys shot at him; I was very sorry.

When the fight was over, I was thinking all the time to make peace untill I was told that Colonel Steptoe has said "I won't make peace now the Coeur d'Alenes and Spokane, I will shoot them (he said) and then, when they shall be very sorry I will grant them peace."

Hearing that I thought it was useless for me to try to make peace; and when I hear now what you say, what you write here to the Indians, there is one word which won't do Until now you never came to an understanding with these Indians to let them know your laws. You ask some to be delivered up. Poor Indians can't come to that. But withdraw this one word, and sure you will make peace. Then, calling

a meeting of the chiefs, you will let them know your law, and the law being known, all those who shall continue to misbehave, red and white, may be hung. The Indians will have no objection to that.

I am very sorry the war has begun Like the fire in a dry prairie, it will spread all over this country, until now so peaceful. I hear already from different parts rumors of other Indians ready to take-in. Make peace, then American soldiers may go about; we won't care. That is my own private opinion. Peace being made, it won't be difficult to come to a good understanding with these Indians. You, General Clarke, if you think proper to withdraw this word, peace will be easy.

Please answer us, for we want it.

Garry.

These communications were received by General Clarke on the 18th of August, nearly two months after the two priests had started out on their embassy. The intelligence did not surprise the officer, who in acknowledging their receipt, found occasion to defend the harshness of the conditions by reiterating that "they were called for by the case, and less cannot be demanded or received." The general informs the priests of his collision with Chief Trader Graham and requests them to let the facts become known among the Indians, explaining that the company had no election in the matter of withdrawing trade. He also urges the priests to prevent the spread of any ammunition from the missions.

In the meantime the treaty of peace and friendship had been concluded with the Nez Perces. The presence of Colonel Wright at Fort Walla Walla, organizing his troops and putting the finishing touches to his preparations, caused Colonel Steptoe to "apprehend, from certain remarks of the Nez Perces, that they might suppose Colonel Wright and myself to entertain different sentiments," and the formal negotiations were conducted by the Colonel, rather than his subordinate, to whom, as post commander, General Clarke had originally sent the draft of conditions.

The treaty was merely a reciprocal agreement, neither party agreeing to bear arms against the other, pledging an offensive and defensive alliance and providing for a council in case of any misunderstanding between the tribesmen and the troops.

This act of Colonel Steptoe, in turning over to Colonel Wright the work of negotiating the treaty, has been interpreted by some as an act of pique arising out of the fact that Steptoe had not been selected to head the expedition planned to wipe out the effects of his own defeat. Wheather this was Steptoe's mental attitude or not cannot now be determined. It was but natural that Wright should be selected; it was also natural that Steptoe should have been required to remain at Fort Walla Walla, where he was thoroughtly acquainted with the Indians immediately surrounding. Steptoe was a major, commanding a battalion, though with a brevet rank of the next higher grade. Wright had successfully headed one expedition; he had been regimental commander for three years, during which time he was at the head of the Ninth infantry; he was at the moment commander of the troops in the district.

# 13 The Military Arm

Within six weeks of the time Steptoe's column was turned back in repulse toward Fort Walla Walla, the government began to bare its arm for the spanking which was to be administered to the recalcitrant natives. First up from San Francisco and across the bar at the mouth of the Columbia came the steamer "Columbia," with Companies A, C and M of the Third artillery and military stores, provisions and the indispensible army mule; the other commands followed as soon as provisions and equipment and transportation could be available.

General Clarke had arrived at Fort Vancouver on the 23d, and at once ordered Wright and Steptoe to report to him for a consultation. But the troops from California were arriving so quickly that they met those officers enroute between Vancouver and the Dalles. These officers and men had come into the hostile zone fully imbued with the certainty of heavy fighting. They had just received a new rifle--the old smoothbore arm, reamed out and rifled to accomodate a large caliber minie ball.

It was necessary to familiarize the men with this new weapon. Furthermore, the men had been accustomed to garrison duty, and were not used to service in the field. Even before Colonel Wright returned from Vancouver, energetic company commanders had commenced the work of getting their men accustomed to the new order of work. As to this work Lieutenant Kip on the 27th day of June made this memorandum:

> "At nine in the morning, we have dress parade; at 9:30 we drill for an hour; at 12 the men are practiced at firing at a mark and estimating distances; at 5 in the evening we have drill; and at 6:30 guard mounting. Drilling, too, is a very different matter from what it is at post in time of peace. Then, it is a sort of pro forma business, in which neither officers nor men take much interest; now, it is invested with a reality, since all are conscious that our success in the field depends perhaps upon the state of discipline."

But the Dalles were too far away from the Spokanes to serve best the purposes of whipping the expedition into the proper form, and Colonel Wright selected Fort Walla Walla

The Steamer Columbia

as the scene for perfecting his column. In transferring his headquarters, one company of dragoons and the six companies of artillery, with 30,000 rations were moved. The road was well known, and the length of the day's march determined accordingly. On the day of a long march, reveille sounded at 3 a.m.; on others days at 5 o'clock. But it took two hours to pack up and get the train in motion. The same precautions were taken, as a schooling for the soldiers, as if the column were marching through an admittedly hostile country.

The post at Walla Walla, already garrisoned by four companies of the First dragoons and two of the Ninth infantry, could not afford quaters for the newcomers. Colonel Wright selected a good camping grounds about a mile west on the fort as the dragoon cantoment and assigned the artillery to a point about midway between the two. Here the real preparations were made. Whatever the command did not have and would require on the expedition had to be made. Lt. White's company was put to work making gabions, because where a halt was to be made on the Snake River no wood available for this purpose could be found. Not a thing was left to chance or luck.

And at different times the men realized the grimness of the outlook by the receipt of such messages as:

> "The hostile Indians have made a league among themselves to carry on this war for five years. This they believe to be the last struggle in which they will have to engage, as in that time they can exterminate the whites."

Inasmuch as wagons might be used as far as the Snake river, a part of the column was started out earlier to cut a road and commence the work of fortifying the bluff at the junction of the Tucannon and Snake rivers, which had been recommended by Colonel Steptoe. This party had a glimpse of the possibilities when they found that the Indians had burned the grass in the dry, level prairies between Walla Walla and their destination. While diligently at work throwing up breastworks overlooking the crossing of the Snake, they were enlivened by the news that since they had left Walla Walla, Indian foray artists had stolen thirty six beef oxen from the herd collected at Fort Walla Walla. These introductions to the actualities of the campaign deepened the sense of seriousness shared by the members of the expeditions' vanguard. "We had wholesome respect for those Indians," chronicled one of them. And the feeling of uneasiness was not lessened in the least when a band of Indians crossed the Snake river and exchanged shots with the sentinels of the camp of the detachment.

"As soon as practicable after the first day of August," General Clarke had suggested as the date of the expedition's departure from Walla Walla. It was not until the 14th that Colonel Wright felt that all was prepared. His orders, issued on that day, show the completeness with which he had laid his plans. They indicate the greatest caution. They are also interesting as showing in detail under what conditions it was deemed wise to have United States troops march through the valleys of the Walla Walla, the Touchet, the Tucanan, the Palouse and the Spokane only fifty years ago: The orders:

> I. The residue of the troops for the northern expedition will march from Fort Walla Walla tomorrow, and unite with the advance at Snake River.
>
> II. Marching from Snake River the order will be as follows:
>
> 1. The dragoons
> 2. The mountain howitzer company.
> 3. The battalion of artillery serving as infantry.
> 4. The rifle battalion of 9th infantry.
> 5. Pack train of corps and headquarters.
> 6. One company of infantry as rear guard.
>
> III. The mounted troops will not precede the howitzer company more thanfour hundred yards, and on approaching canons or defiles where dragoons cannot operate on the flanks, they will halted and rifles advanced.
>
> IV. No firearms of any description will be discharged, either on the march or in camp, except in the line of duty, without the special authority of the commanding officer.
>
> V. No person except the employees of the staff departments and officer's servants will be allowed to accompany troops or to encamp with them without the written consent of the company's officer.
>
> VI. Habitually the guard will consist of one company, and mount at retreat.
>
> VII. It is announced for general information that a body of friendly Nez Perces have been engaged to serve with the troops. These Indians have been equipped in soldiers' clothing to distinquish them from the hostiles. Company commanders will caution their men particulary in regard to these friendly Indians.
>
> VIII. Whether in camp or on the march, the companies will parade with arms at retreat and revellie role calls the arms and ammunition will be inspected. The men will habitually wear and sleep in their belts.

Then the gray haired colonel, having theoretically marched his column out of Walla Walla and toward the unknown country sat down just one month less than forty years after he had first trod the lawns of historic West Point, and summed up the situation in the following dispatch to General Clarke:

> I march hence tomorrow against the hostile Indians beyond the Snake river, I have a body of troops, both officers and men, in the highest order, and on whom I feel that I can rely with perfect confidence; yet, with all these circumstances in my favor, I am greatly apprehensive that the results of the campaign may fall short of what is expected of me by the general and by the country.
>
> From all that I can learn, we must not expect the enemy to meet us in pitched battle although, haughty, insolent and boastful now, when I approach he will resort to guerilla warfare, he will lay waste the country with fire, and endeavor by every means in his power to embarass and cripple our operations. The season is too late for troops to operate in that country, the small streams and ponds are dried up and the grass can easily be burnt.
>
> I have had several conversations with persons well acquainted with that country, and with the Indians. They say that the Indians will suffer us to advance, probably as far as the Spokane, without firing the grass; that they will then burn the entire country in our rear. I have no doubt that such will be their policy, and if they can accomplish it, serious consequences may follow.
>
> With all these difficulties before me, I shall advance into their country and if possible, chastise them severely;

and should they burn all the grass in my rear, we can live on our animals; and if they die, we can take our provisions on our backs and march.

I have no doubt that we shall have some hardships to undergo; but I shall advance cautiously and prudently, and try to do all that can be done at this season of the year, without sacrificing the means of prosecuting the war another season, should it be necessary.

In the meantime, the other expedition planned by General Clarke, that of Major Garnett, had been preparing for the war with Fort Simcoe as headquarters. Like Wright, Garnett had been furnished with drafts of treaties and with general instructions. He was to pass up the Yakima valley and over the divide into the Wenatchee. Specific orders were given him concerning the treatment of the Yakumas who had disregarded the terms of pacification two years before. Members of this tribe had attacked a party of miners on the Wenatchee in June; the individual offenders must be caught, or the entire tribe punished.

"Arrangement for temporary neutrality are of no avail," wrote General Clarke. "Both parties live in a state of distrust and every accident is likely to produce war. This state of things can no longer be tolerated; the Indians must not only give promise to be peaceable under such regulations as the government may think proper to make for them, but they must give in hostages that the army may not again be needed to insure its performance. Kamiahkin and Qualchian cannot longer be permitted to remain at large in the country; they must be surrendered or driven away, and no accomodation must be made with any who will harbor them. Let all know that an asylum given to either of these troublesome Indians will be considered in future as evidence of hostile intention on the part of the tribe."

General Clarke also considered that the smaller expedition of Major Garnett, skirting the eastern base of the Cascade mountains, would tend to drive out the Indians, who would seek to join their allies east of the Columbia, where they would be cared for by the larger column of Colonel Wright.

Major Garnett encountered no large body of Indians and no battle was fought in the campaign. While surprising an Indian camp in the upper Yakima valley at 3 a.m. of August 15, Second Lieutenant Jesse K. Allen, commanding the attacking force, was killed. A large number of cattle and horses were captured, and seventy Indians, among them being three of the party which attacked the miners. These were shot as per orders of the general.

By the end of August Major Garnett was on the Wenatchee river. Of the twenty-five Indians wanted for the onslaught on the miners, he reported ten as having been executed, five at large in the Cascade mountains and the remainder as having joined Owhi, Qualchian and Skloom, who "are now opposite Fort O'Kanagan, some distance back from the river, and on their way, the Indians say, wither to the mountains north of that place, in the British possessions, or towards the Blackfoot country." Garnett was at a loss to know whether Colonel Wright's operations were likely to drive those Indians back toward himself or not. As a matter of fact, Garnett's operations drove them toward Wright, through the "Big Bend" and into the lower Spokane valley.

Colonel Wright arrived at the Snake river on August 18th and found that admirable progress had been made with the fortification. It was named Fort Taylor, in honor of the captain who had fallen with Steptoe. It was located on the bluff on the south side of the Snake and on the west side of the Tucanon. The bluff across the Tucanon was named in honor of Lieutenant Gaston, though it was not fortified. In digging for material with which to construct the earthwork

Fort Okanogan

many Indian relics were exhumed, for the place had long before been an Indian burial ground.

Lieutenant Mullan had been attached to the first division of the column and his memoir and journal furnish the only authentic description of the route travelled. In the subjoined excerpts from Mullan, the indicated omissions relate to details of the weather, condition of forage and the like:

> Having completed our arrangements by the morning of the 7th of August the first detachment of the command moved under Captain Keyes for the Snake River, there to select a crossing and choose a site for constructing a field-work in order to guard it, and, at the same time, keep open our communications with the post of Walla Walla. We moved up the valley along the Mill Creek, crossing it at the ford at the dragoon encampment, and following it for six miles on its right bank, we turned to the north, crossing a low prairie separating the bottom of the Mill from that of the Dry creek, and on an excellent wagon road at eight miles from the post we reached our camp upon Dry Creek, finding good grass, wood and water, which last is not running at this season but stands in shaded pools in the river bottom.
>
> Resuming our march on the morning of the 8th, up the right bank of Dry Creek, we entered a small prairie bottom, following it for three miles to some springs which would afford good camping ground.
>
> On our second day's march from Walla Walla, traveling over a comparatively easy road for eight miles, we reached the Kap-pe-ah, a small tributary to the Touchet, and flowing through a pretty valley. Following the valley of this stream and crossing it, we reached the Touchet which we crossed, and upon which, two miles from the crossing, we encamped. The valley of this stream of great fertility and is well wooded.
>
> Moving on the morning of the 19th, continuing still over a rolling prairie country at a distance of three miles, we reached the small stream of Reed Creek, which, rising in the prairie hills, flows through a flat prairie bottom, and, at this season, sinks into the ground; but during the spring flows into the Touchet, finding our teams quite heavily laden, and the road needing work, we made today only eight miles, encamping upon the Reed creek near its head, finding here good grass and water, but only a small quantity of fuel, as no timber, save for a few small willows, is found on its border.
>
> Moving early on the morning of the 10th, we continued over the rolling prairie, gaining at a distance of four miles a high table land whence we could see the country for miles on either side of the Snake River, which being burnt over by the Indians, with denuded basaltic rock presented an appearance of sad desolation. Travelling a distance of eleven miles from the Reed Creek, we struck the Toukannon three miles above its junction with the Snake River, finding an excellent wagon road. The Toukannon rises in the prairie hills, and, flowing west and northwest through a prairie valley half a mile wide, and bounded by prairie hills, discharges itself into the Snake river three miles above the mouth of the Palouse.
>
> Reaching our camp on the Toukannon at an early hour, Captain Keyes sent me, with a small mounted detachment to proceed down the stream to its mouth, and examine it, as also the mouth of the Palouse, as to the feasibility of the crossing of the Snake river and the general character of the country, and at the same time ascertain which afforded the greatest advantages in the selection of a site for the field-work. Finding the crossing at the mouth of the Toukannon good, wood and grass in abundance on its banks, my preference was given to it, which Captain Keyes the next day, upon a personal examination, confirmed, and which he selected as the site for "Fort Taylor", so called in honor of the lamented Captain Taylor who fell in Steptoe's battle of May 17, 1858.
>
> The valley of the Toukannon, at its mouth, is half a mile wide, and bounded by the high basaltic bluffs that we named "Taylor" and "Gaston" the one on the west being called "Taylor". The Snake river at the same point is 275 yards wide, very deep, rapid current, but the crossing is good.

With the arrival of Colonel Wright and Captain Kirkham, with the wagon train, pack train and the residue of the supplies, the entire column became a unit, except that Major F.O. Wyse, with one company of the artillery, was left behind to garrison Fort Taylor and defend the crossing in case of necessity.

The column was in camp nearly a week, making final preparation, arranging the ammunition and supplies for transport by packtrain only, for north of the Snake it was impracticable to use wagons. Beyond this point only one vehicle was taken, a light one to which was attached Lieutenant Mullan's odometer and which carried his instruments. His chronomenter which had been carefully adjusted and tested for accuracy, for upon it depended the usefulness of whatever observations were to be made, was carried by two men, alternately, they being detailed for this special service. One of the officers makes note of the display of pleasure made by Mullan's Nez Perce contingent with their uniforms. "Like all Indians," he commented, "they are particularly delighted with their clothes, and no young officer, just commissioned, thinks as much of his uniform as they do. They insist indeed upon having every minute portion, even to the glazed cap covers."

The Snake river formed a natural line of division, the crossing of which would be in effect considered by the Indians as a declaration of war. They had so taken it in the case of the Steptoe command. The natives had given warning of second time of their view. Some occurrences during the time the soldiers were at the mouth of the Tucanon served to remind the troops of the fact. For the troops to cross that river, was as clear a case of casting the die for war as was the historic act of a Roman general nearly two thousand years ago before in travorsing another river in another hemisphere. And every man in the column understood the significance, from the commander down. Glance now, at the orders given Colonel Wright by General Clarke, which were the warrant for his act of intentional hostility and which set forth the work he was expected to accomplish in the unknown land to the north of the river:

> The general's orders are as follows: That you proceed to Fort Walla Walla, assume command of the troops; leave Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe a sufficient garrison to secure practicable after the first day of August.
>
> The objects to be attained are the punishment and submission of the Indians engaged in the late attack upon the

command of Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe, and the surrender of the Palouse Indians who murdered two miners in April last; these men are known to Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe.

I enclose your memoranda (marked A) of a conversation had by the commanding general with Father Joset, a Catholic priest, and a copy ( marked B) of a letter given to him by the general.

From these you will find, first, that the Coeur d'Alenes and the Spokanes claim that they were misled by the Nez Perce, and finally engaged through the insubordination of some of the tribe. Second, the conditions on which the general has authorized Father Joset to tell them that their submission will be received.

The Catholic Priests Congiato and Joset are on their to the Coeur d'Alenes and Spokanes as may come to visit the general of either of the officers in command of the columns or posts intermediate.

Should any of the chiefs of the Coeur d'Alenes or Spokanes visit you for the purpose of offering the submission of their people, the paper above referred to and marked B will be your guide in fixing the terms. The delivery of the insubordinate Indians who fired on the troops, and the restoration of the howitzers abandoned by the troops, must be conditions precedent to any accommodation; these conditions complied with you are authorized to make such reduction as may seem to you proper on the spot.

I enclose a copy of the terms of a treaty that the commanding general has directed Colonel Steptoe to make if possible with the friendly Nez Perces; a similar one should be attempted with the Coeur d'Alenes and the Spokanes after their submission whether such a treaty be or not be made, hostages must be taken for their future good conduct.

If the offenders of the Coeur d'Alenes and the Spokanes are delivered up to you, you are directed to guard them securely and keep them safely until you return to Fort Walla Walla, where they will be placed in the charge of the commanding officer of that post, with these orders of the general for their safety and security.

The general gives you distinctly to understand that the arrangements contemplated with the Coeur d'Alenes and Spokanes are not to embarass your march for one moment; they will know the terms on which they can obtain peace; if they meet you and accept them, well; if not, you must make them as well as the hostile Nez Perces and Palouse, vigorous war; make their punishment severe, and persevere until the submission is complete.

Your column must enter the Coeur d'Alenes' country, whether this be done by force or peaceably, after the submission of these people; they must feel that in peace or war it is open to the army.

If it can be done without the sacrifice of more important objects of the campaign, visit the Colville miners.

You are authorized to employ as many of the friendly Nez Perces as you think judicious. Clothing of the old pattern and condemned, has been sent to Walla-Walla for issue to the Indians, this you can use, and you are also authorized to supply them with arms and ammunition for the campaign.

Your intention to declare martial law and to forbid whites to enter the Indians country as soon as you cross the Snake River, has been made known to the commanding general; the absolute necessity to which such an act must appeal for its justification, is not apparent, and the general forbids it.

The Hudson's Bay Company has the right of entry,

Fort Colville

guaranteed by treaty and this must not be denied on the mere suspicion that some of its employees are ill-disposed and our own citizens from whom no danger is to be apprehended, must not be injured in their interests.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant'
W.W. Mackall
Assistant Adjutant General

Something of the sinister aspect of the situation confronting the members of the expedition may be gained from the following dispatch sent back to Vancouver on the 19th of August by their commander as he planned to transport his column into the forbidden country.

Camp on Snake River, at mouth of Tukcannon,
August 19th, 1858

I reached this point yesterday, and Captain Kirkham, with the pack train and residue of the supplies, arrived this morning. The field work at this place is progressing rapidly, and will be ready for occupation within four days. On my march from Fort Walla Walla the weather was intensely hot, and the dust suffocating; the footmen suffered severely. The grass, for the greater portion of the way from the Touchet, has been destroyed by fire, but at this point and for miles up the Tucannon, we have had an abundance of grass, wood and water.

Fort Taylor is on the left bank of the Snake River, which is about two hundred and seventy five yards wide. I apprehend no serious difficulty in making the passage our military can cover the landing should there by any attempt made to oppose us. From the best information that can be obtained, the Indians are in considerable force, both on the Palouse and some five days' march further north. What their designs are, I cannot say. The friendly Indians say that they will fight, but I am inclined to the opinion that they will retire as we advance, and burn all the grass.

For several days past a large portion of the country to the north of us has been enveloped in flames. Possibly we may find sufficient grass left to subsist our animals. Should it prove otherwise, it would be worse than madness to plunge into that barren waste, the inevitable result of which must be the sacrifice of men and animals.

I hope that our anticipations may not be realized. It will be mortifying, after all our preparations, to fail in accomplishing the objects of the expedition; but we cannot contend against the elements. We have a lake of fire before us, but no human efforts will be spared to overcome all obstacles. I hope to march from the Snake river on the 25th.

# 14 Across the Snake

Owing to a severe wind storm which tossed the waters of the broad river into such a state of turbulency that it was not practicable to attempt to effect a crossing, the troops did not reach the north side of the Snake River until late in the afternoon of the 26th.

It is a singular fact that today one is unable to state with accuracy the definite number of men in Colonel Wright's command. The commander himself should know. But so should Lieutenant Kip, who in the following winter wrote his journal from his personal observations and from the records.

Colonel Wright thus describes his command: "Five hundred and seventy regulars, thirty friendly Nez Perces, one hundred employees, eight hundred animals of all kinds, with subsistence for thirty eight days."

Lieutenant Kip records: "Our transportation consists of six mules to a company and a mule to each officer, besides the 325 mules which the quarter master has in his train. Our entire train, therefore, consists of about 400 mules. Baggage wagons cannot go beyond the Snake river. We attempt to take only one light vehicle, which Lieutenant Mullan needs for his instruments. Now as to our fighting force: The dragoons number 190, the artillery 400, the infantry (as rifle brigade) 90. Total, about 680 soldiers, besides about 200 attaches as packers, wagon masters, herders, etc. Then we have 30 Nez Perces and three chiefs to ac as scouts and guides.

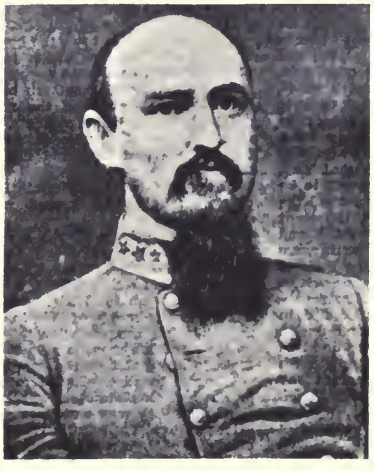
Attention is called to these varying accounts of the same subject by those supposed to be in a position to make authentic statements, not because the matter is of importance, but because a very apt illustration is afforded of the extreme difficulty which confronts him who would compile with exactness from sources only fifty years distant. It is not surprising that participants in the campaign, writing from memory after a lapse of half a century, should fail to concur as to details of their experiences; but it seems almost inexplicable that two officers writing simultaneously touching a contemporaneous fact should differ so widely concerning the number of men in a column.

The officers of the command, besides Colonel Wright, were Lieutenant Philip A. Owen, Wright's son-in-law, acting assistant adjutant general; Captain Ralph H. Kirkham, quartermaster and comissary; Assistant Surgeons, John F. Randolph and James F. Hammond.

First dragoons, Major William N. Grier commanding—Major Grier and company 1, Lieutenant Henry B. Davidson and Company E, Lieutenant William D. Pender and company C, and Lieutenant David McGregg and company H.

Third artillery, Captain Erasmus D. Keyes commanding,

Surgeon John F. Randolph



Hylan B. Lyon

Lieutenant Michael R. Morgan

Lieutenant Lawrence Kip, adjutant, Lieutenants Robert O. Tyler and Hylan B. Lyon and company A., Lieutenant George P. Ihrio and company B., Lieutenant James L. White and company D, serving the howitzers, Captain James A. Hardie and Lieutenant Dunbar R. Ransom and company G., Captain Edward O. C. Ord and Lieutenant Michael R. Morgan and company M.

Ninth infantry, Captain Frederick T. Dent commanding—Captain Dent and Lieutenant James C. Howard and company B., Captain Charles S. Winder and Lieutenant Hugh B. Fleming and company E.

Nez Perce contingent—Lieutenant John Mullan Jr., also acting as topographical engineer.

Some of these officers, like Grier, Kirkham, Hardie and Dent, had seen service in the Mexican war. Others, like Keyes, Tyler, Ihrio, Hardie, Ord, Morgan, Gibson and Dandy, were later to render conspicuous service to the Union cause; still others, like Davidson, White, Pender and Winder, were to fight under the Stars and Bars, 'neath which Pender and Winder gave up their lives.

In the column were three companies of dragoons which had suffered in May. Davidson had taken command of company E, a spirited man, willing to be revenged for the slaying of his fellow Southron, Gaston. Pender was in command of Captain Taylor's old company, C, while company H was still led by the intrepid Gregg. Captain Winder and Lieutenant Fleming and their infantrymen of company E remembered Te-Hoto-Nim-Me. Captain Dent and his men recalled their forced march from Walla Walla to the Snake to give support to Steptoe's unfortunates. The third artillery, officers and men, were as fine soldiers as their fellows. Of such stuff was the whiplash composed which was about to descend upon the loins of Kamiahkin's confederacy and administer a castigation to the Indians of the upper Columbia valley of such a severity that they never again raised their hands against the authority of the United States.

For three days no Indians appeared in sight of the advancing troops, even the eagle-eyed Nez Perces being unable to discern anything further than signs that the enemy had been recently along the line of march of the cavalcade. It is impossible, except in a general way, to indentify by landmarks of today the different stages and halting places of the column during the first days of its invasion of the hostile territory. Some certain natural features of the country, which have remained in their original state for the past fifty years, may be putatively recognized by one familiar with present day landmarks and who has at hand the description left by Mullan.

The expedition followed the old Colville trail until the trail divided in the country not far north of Cow creek. The most westerly of the trails then led toward the lower crossing of the Spokane river, where the La Pray bridge now is; and other bore to the east and led toward the ford on the upper Spokane where Spokane Bridge now is. But midway between the two lay another way which was sometimes used by the Indians who were travelling northward in the direction of Colville but who, for one consideration or another desired to reach the river more quickly than if they followed the generally used route to the lower crossing. It was over this little used way that Colonel Wright travelled after having decided on the 29th not to take the direct route to Colville. The march from the Snake river up to the morning of the 30th is thus described by Mullan, irrelevant sentences being omitted:

> All arrangements having been made and perfected by the morning of the 25th of August, Colonel Wright moved his command across the Snake river without loss or accident, the crossing taking place under the personal supervision of Captain Kirkham, which occupied the greater portion of the 25th and 26th, when, taking up our march on the 27th, we followed down the right bank of the Snake River till, reaching the mouth of a canyon and crossing it, we began the ascent of the high bluffs which here formed the southern edge of the table-land lying between the Snake and Palouse rivers. By travelling a quarter of a mile towards the east, we were enabled to cross this canyon quite easily, and thus once more gain the table-land, which gave us a good road for thirteen miles, when we came once more in sight of the Palouse, which, from its mouth to within two miles of where we struck it, was to our left and from one to two and a half miles distant, and flowing through a black, broken, columnar basaltic dalle, or canyon. To the west of this canyon of the Palouse was a second and equally large one known as the canyon of the Cheranno, up which passes another trail, leading to Fort Colville, and which was followed by Captain McClollan, United States Engineers, in 1858, returning to Fort Dalles. This stream as represented by him, drains a lake which the Indians call Sil-kat-koom(?) and which joins the Palouse nine miles above the mouth of the latter. It passes through the same black, dreary region that characterizes the Palouse near its mouth. Having travelled a distance of thirteen miles, we again came in view of the Palouse proper, which before, although distinctly marked by its canyon, still could not otherwise be seen.
>
> On the morning of the 28th of August we left the Palouse and moving northward across its valley in a quarter of a mile reached the valley of the Cow Creek, up which we

travelled for six miles, encamping at the end of this distance on its left bank.

Resuming our march on the morning of the 29th of August, over the hills to the east of camp, in one and a quarter miles we reached again the high table-land, where we met the old wagon tracks of Gibson's train, made in 1854, which we followed for six miles, reaching a small spring flowing from the basaltic rocks along the side of the hills, which here forms a basin shaped depression, lined on either side by basaltic rocks.

Springs of water occur along the line at six, thirteen and nineteen miles from Cow creek; a number of small lakes are also passed along the road. Our camp being on one of these at a small grove of aspen trees, received the name of the "aspen camp". Our distance traveleed was 19.8 miles, good road, with excellent grass, fuel and water at night. No hostile Indians in sight during the day.

"The country presented a forbidding aspect," wrote Colonel Wright with reference to his journey thus far completed. Such a statement is surprising to those who know the wealth of wheat produced by the farms which cover Whitman county hills at the present time. But in 1858 the country was raw and wild. The season of the year when the Wright expedition passed among the hills of the Palouse was the late summer, when the native grasses were dry, but a more desolate appearance than naturally presented in August greeted the soldiers. The Indians had burned the grass, hoping thus to hamper the progress of the invaders. It is true also that the members of the expedition passed generally through the coulees and along the water courses, from which the real possibilities of the country could not be viewed. And, it must be remembered, Colonel Wright was not conducting an agricultural colony on a tour of land inspection.

On the 30th of August, soon after resuming the march, the troops discovered small parties of Indians on the hills to the east. When the column encamped at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy drew near enough to exchange shots with the sentinels of the army. The officers of the command divined that the main body of Indians must be in the vicinity, but the scouts were unable to suggest any reasonable gathering place. The march of the 30th and 31st is thus described by Mullan:

> Leaving the aspen camp early on the morning of the 30th the trains passed over the bed of a small lake now dry, and travelling eastward for a mile and a quarter, struck the old wagon trail made in 1855 by the late Indian agent Bolen This we followed for six miles to a spring, whence commence a basin some eight miles broad and limited on either side by high rolling prarie hills In places it is somewhat rocky, but still practicable for wagons.
>
> Halting here to rest our train, we moved on for six and a half miles to a number of small springs, thence our road became somewhat more rocky and difficulty. In three miles more we reached a singular formation of basalt, which formed a defile at the trail a quarter of a mile wide and rising fifty feet above us, and broken off at different points, the whole formation looked not unlike the Giant's Causeway. Leaving this defile, we emerged into a broad, beautiful prairie, in which at many points were brushwood, indicating the presence of water.

Crossing this prairie, which extended far to the east and west, we descended into a lower and still more rocky basin, through which we travelled four miles, camping at a small lake surrounded by brush and bushes. On the march we passed a small, deep lake, along the edges of which was growing a wild parsnip, from the eating of which two of our men died. Our camp afforded us good grass, wood and water, but in a military point of view it placed us at great disadvantage. But necessity compelled us to halt here, as we could tell nothing of the character of the country in advance of us; and no better place had been reached on the march, and having travelled eighteen miles, we halted and encamped.

We had now entered the pine region which marks the northern portion of the Great Spokane Plain, or plateau. The highest point of this plateau is about twenty-five miles south of the Spokane River, lying along the southern portion of the river of that name.

Our march of the 31st of August continued over the same character of formation in which we had made our camp, which extended wither side to some two miles, and limited by lines of rolling prairie hills. Some of the small canyons to our right and left were rugged and difficult and densely clad with the pine and undergrowth, that afforded our enemies murderous and dangerous ambushes.

The character of the country becoming somewhat easier at the end of five miles, we reached a broad deep lake, settled within basaltic wlals from fifty to one hundred feet high, which we named the Walled Lake. From this point our road continued to ascend gradually for a mile, when we reached the highest point of the plateau, which for some miles northward is so generally level that water falling upon it is received in a number of small lakes, many of which we passed along the route. As seen from the summit of this plateau, the country to the right was a rolling prairie, with a few pine trees scattered here and there, while that to the left presented long skirts of timber, and in places rocky. Having travelled ten and a half miles, to the bed of two small lakes, now quite dry, the enemy made his appearance on the hills to our east, not so much with the intention to give us battle, as acting as the advanced spies of the main body, and were sent out to watch our movements, with a view to keeping their people posted.

Still, as they were in considerable force, the precautionary steps were taken by the Colonel to give them battle, but not approaching us nearer than their lookout points, we moved on through the timber, and at 12½ miles reached a small, open prarie spring, on the right of the trail, in a small spring, on the right often trail in a small willow thicket, that afforded us a refreshing drink. From this point we continued for six miles through the open pine forests, offeringly passing along the edges of small, open prairies.

When leaving the pines we entered upon the edge of a gently rolling prairie at a small pond, where we made camp for the night. This is the commencement of what may be called the Upper Spokane Plain proper.

During the entire day the hostile Indians appeared on the hills to our right, and increasing in numbers; about 4 p.m. while the friendly Nez Perces were spying the

country from the hilltops, they were charged by the enemy, and must have necessarily been overpowered, had not the Colonel, who, seeing it, immediately dispatched a strong squadron of dragoons, under Major Grier and Lieutenant Davidson, to the rescue, who drove them fro the field.

The march being resumed, the Indians again began to annoy us by attacking the rear of our column, but prompt and energetic preparation being made to receive them by Captain Keyes, then commanding the rear, by throwing out flankers on either side, who repulsed them and drove them again from our lines. Our column now moved quietly on to our camp, where we mustered and rested for the night.

During the day the grass was set on fire at many points, but which did not extend to our camp. On the morning of the 1st of September the enemy again appeared on the hills increased force, and evidently from signs and demonstrations, anxious to fight. The colonel determined to give him battle, which was done.

The camp of the evening August 31st marked the close of the 121st mile travelled by the troops since leaving Fort Walla Walla. Of the occurrences of the day Colonel Wright has left this record:

"The Indians were seen in small parties at the distance of two or three miles on the hills, and moving as yesterday, with their numbers gradually increasing and occasionally approaching a little nearer; but I did not deem them worthy of notice, only taking the precaution to halt frequently and close up our baggage and supply trains as compactly as possible. Our march this day was ten miles longer than we anticipated and for a long distance without water; and, at two miles from this camp, the Indians made a strong demonstration on our supply train, but were handsomely dispersed and driven off by the rearguards, and infantry deployed on either flank.

"My men and animals require rest; I shall remain here tomorrow; I have a good camp, with an abundance of wood, water and grass.

"The Indians in considerable numbers have been assembled on a high hill about three miles distant, ever since we encamped, about 4 p.m., untill now, 7 p.m., when they have retired. I shall look after them tomorrow, after my men have had a night's rest.

Those words of the commanding officer now nonchalant, though he doubtless knew that every mother's son in his column instinctively felt that the morrow contained a crisis in their lives. There were too many experienced Indians fighters in that camp not to have the sentiment prevail that the parties seen and the demonstration on the packtrain were but typical Indian warfare of the time. The small parties were decoys, displayed with a view to mislead the troops as to the strength of the gathered tribes. The feint on the packtrain was but a mettle-test.

"We knew that their main body could not be far distant," chronicled one officer.

Another recalls the effect of one lone Indian upon the camp in this language. "The camp was situated about a mile from a high, bald hill, on the summit of which an Indian sentinel showed himself, mounted and bearing a banner with a long staff. This sentinel remained visible untill the darkness of the night shut him out from our view."

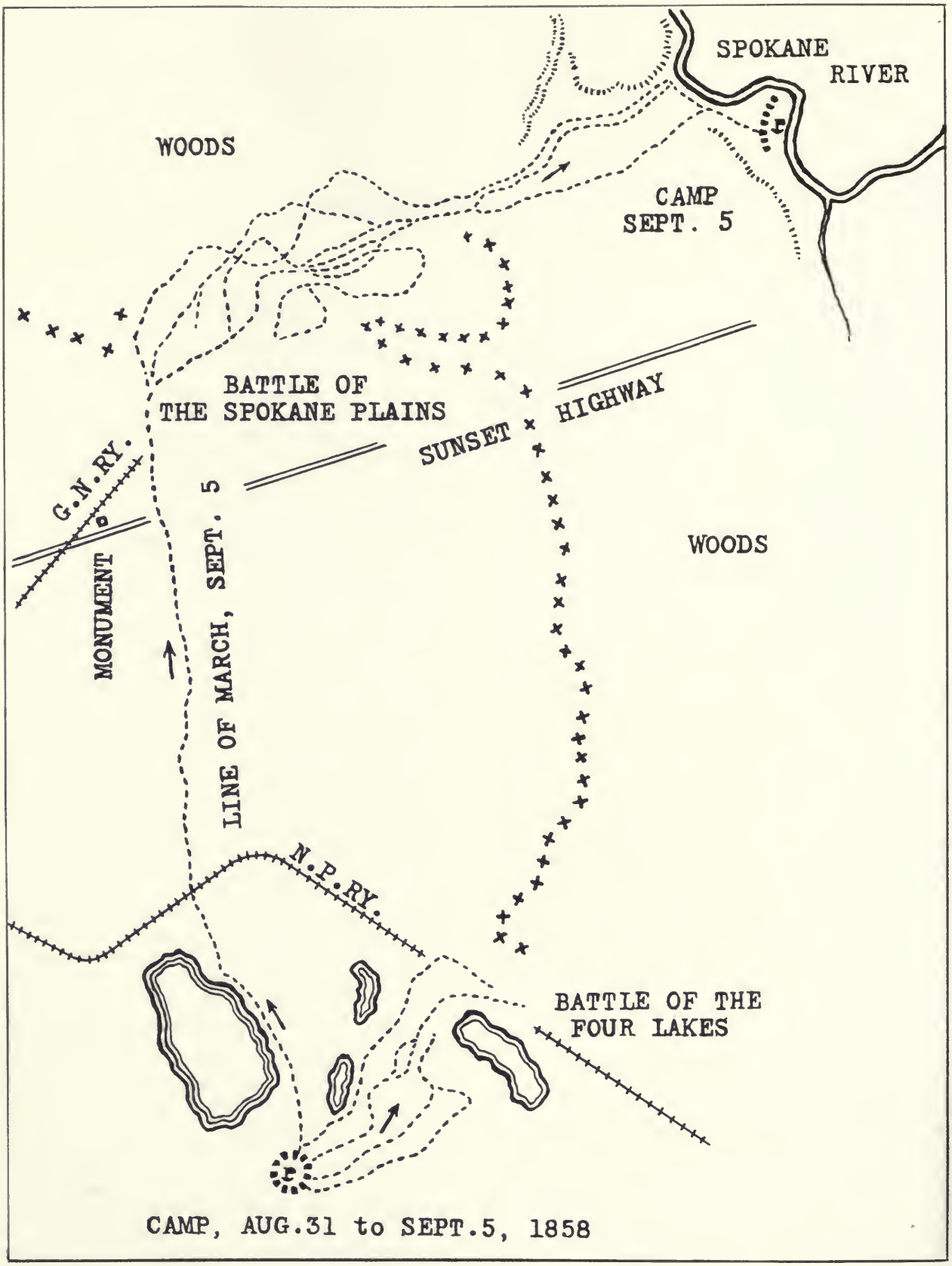
Thus was the camp at the Four lakes on the eve of battle.

# 15 Battle of the Four Lakes

A commanding officer, writing in a field tent at the close of a day of battle with an enemy in a hostile region and reporting the bare military facts to his superiors, never produces so vivid and inspiring a word picture of the scenes which transpire, as does a Kinglake, standing outside the lines and telling the story a little later to the multitude. Colonel Wright's report of the Battle of Four Lakes is a document strictly and punctiliously military. It mentions the points of vantage, observes that "a tyro in the art of war could not have hesitated a moment in his plan of battle," mentions the various charges and deploys, sums up results and compliments officers and men deserving it.

To Adjutant Kip, standing in the group of officers constituting the staff of the commander, was given the opportunity to subordinate the military moves, to bring into relief the spectacular and picturesque and to preserve the flashes of human life which always enlighten a field of battle. It is Kip's description, rather than Wright's report, to which the general reader would expectantly turn for satisfying information touching the events of the day. Kip wrote:

> At daylight we found the Indians increased in number, still posted on the hills overlooking us. Their manner was defiant and insolent, and they seemed to be inviting an attack. At eight o'clock orders were issued to have the artillery battalion in readiness, as it might be called out at any moment Shortly after, the dragoons, four companies of artillery, the howitzer battery under Lieutenant White, and the two companies of rifles were ordered out to drive the Indians from the hill and engage the main body, which we ascertained was concentrated beyond it. They were formed into two columns, one of dragoons numbering 100, the other of artillery and infantry, about 220 strong.
>
> One company of artillery, under Lieutenants Gibson and Dandy, a detachment of dragoons and the guard, consisting of about fifty men under Lieutenant Lyon, officer of the guard, all under command of Captain Hardie officer of the day, were left to defend the camp. As we did not know the strength of the enemy, and had 400 mules and extensive stores, it became necessary to leave this force to guard the camp lest it should be attacked in the absence of the main body.
>
> After advancing about a mile and a half, we reached the hill and prepared to dislodge the enemy from it. Major Grier, with the dragoons, marched to the left, while the party of our Nez Perces under the direction of Lieutenant Mullan wound round the hill and ascended at the right. The main column came next, with Colonel Wright and staff at its head, followed by Captain Keyes, commanding the artillery, the Third artillery, the rifles and the howitzer battery.
>
> As soon as the dragoons reached the top of the hill, they dismounted, one half holding the horses and the others acting as skirmishers. After exchanging a volley with the Indians, they drove them off the hill and held it until the foot soldiers arrived. On our way up, Colonel Wright received a message from Major Grier, stating that the Indians were collected in large numbers (about 500, it was thought) at the foot of the hill, apparently prepared to fight. Colonel Wright immediately ordered the battalion rapidly forward, ordering Captain Ord's command to the left to be deployed as skirmishers.
>
> My place as adjutant of the battalion, was, of course, with Captain Keyes. We rode to the top of the hill, when the whole scene lay before us like a splendid panorama. Before us lay "Four Lakes," a large one at the foot of the barren hill on which we were, and just beyond it three smaller ones, surrounded by rugged rocks and almost entirely fringed with pines. Between these lakes and beyond them to the northwest stretched out a plain for miles. Terminated by bare grassy hills, one succeeding another as far as the eye could reach. In the far distance was dimly seen a line of mountains covered with dark pine.
>
> On the plain below we saw the enemy. Every spot seemed alive with the wild warriors we had come so far to meet. They were in the pines on the edge of the lakes, in the ravines, on the opposite hillsides and swarming over the plain. They seemed to cover the country for some two miles. Mounted on their fleet, hardy horses, the crowd swayed back and forth, brandishing their weapons, shouting their war cries and keeping up a song of defiance.
>
> Most of them were armed with Hudson Bay muskets, while others had bow and arrows and long lances. They were in all the bravery of their war array, gaudily painted and decorated with their wild trappings. Their plumes fluttered above them while below, skins and trinkets and all kinds of fantastic embollishments flaunted in the sunshine. Their horses, too, were arrayed in the most glaring finery. Some were even painted, and with colors to form the greatest contrast—the white being smeared with crimson in fantastic figures, and the dark-colored streaked with white clay. Beads and fringes of gaudy colors were hanging from their bridles while their plumes of eagle feathers


SPOKANE
RIVER
WOODS
CAMP
SEPT. 5
BATTLE OF
THE SPOKANE PLAINS
SUNSET HIGHWAY
G.N.RY.
MONUMENT
LINE OF MARCH, SEPT. 5
WOODS
N.P.RY.
BATTLE OF THE
FOUR LAKES
CAMP, AUG.31 to SEPT.5, 1858

interwoven with the mane and tail, fluttered as the breeze swept over them and completed their wild and fantastic appearance.

By heavens! it was a glorious sight to see.

The gay array of their wild chivalry.

But we had no time for mere admiration. For other work was in hand. Orders were at once issued for the artillery and infantry to be deployed as skirmishers and advance down the hill, driving the Indians before them from their coverts, until they reached the plain where the dragoons could act against them. At the same time, Lieutenant White, with the howitzer battery, supported by company A, under Lieutenant tyler, and the rifles was sent to the right to drive them out of the woods. The latter met with a vigorous resistance, but a few discharges of the howitzers -with their spirited attack soon dislodged the enemy and compelled them to take refuge on the hills.

In the meantime the companies moved down the hill with all the precision of a parade; and as we rode along the line it was pleasant to see the enthusiasm of the men to get within reach of the enemy. As soon as they were within 600 yards they opened fire and delivered it steadily as they advanced. Our soldiers aimed regularly, though it was no easy task to hit their shifting marks. The Indians acted as skirmishers, advancing rapidly and delivering their fire, and then retreating again with a quickness and irregularity which rendered it difficult to reach them. They were wheeling and dashing about, always on the run, apparently each fighting on his own account.

But minie balls and long range rifles were things with which, now for the first time, they were to be made acquainted. As the line advanced, first we saw one Indian reel in his saddle and fall, then two, three, then half a dozen. Then some horses would dash madly forward, showing that the balls were telling on them. The instant, however, that the braves fell, they were seized by their companions and dragged to the rear to be borne off. We saw one Indian leading off a horse with two of his dead companions on it.

But in a few minutes, as the line drew nearer, the fire became to heavy, and the whole array broke and fled toward the plain. This was the scheme for which the dragoons had been impatiently waiting. As the line advanced, they had followed on behind it, leading their horses. Now the order was given to mount, and they rode through the company intervals to the front.

In an instant was heard the voice of Major Grier ringing over the plain, as he shouted, "Charge the rascals!" and on the dragoons went at headlong speed. Taylor's and Gaston's companies were there, burning for revenge, and soon they were on them. We saw the flash of the sabers as they cut them down. Lieutenant Davidson shot one warrior from his saddle as they charged up, and Lieutenant Gregg clove the skull of another. Yells and shrieks and uplifted hands were on no avail as they rode over them. A number were left dead upon the ground, when once more the crowd broke and dashed for the hills. It was a race for life as the flying warriors streamed out of the glens and ravines and over the open plain, and took refuge in the clumps of woods or on the rising ground.

Here they were secure from the dragoons. Had the latter been well mounted, they would have made a terrible slaughter. But their horses were too much worn out to allow them to reach the main body. For 28 days they had been on their march, the horses saddled all day, at night picketed, with only a little grass after camping. They were obliged, therefore, to halt when they reached the hillside, their horses being entirely blown.

Then the line on foot once more passed them and, advancing, renewed their fire, driving the Indians over the hills for about two miles. As we ascended, the men were so totally exhausted that many had fallen out of the ranks, and Captain Keyes was obliged to order a short halt to let them come up. When a portion had joined, we resumed our march

The great mass of Indians had by this time passed over the crest of the hill, and when we rode to the top but a few of them were visible. Without again attempting to make any head, they had taken refuge in the woods and ravines beyond the reach of the troops. A single group was seen at some distance, apparently left to watch us, but a shell from the howitzer by Lieutenant White bursting over their heads soon sent them to seek refuge in the ravines.

For a short time we remained on the hill but, no new demonstration having been made, Colonel Wright ordered the recall to be sounded, and we marched back to the camp. A number of our men had never before been under fire, but begrimed and weary as they were, we could see in their faces how much they enjoyed the excitement of the fight. Certainly none could evince better discipline or behave more coolly. We had been absent from the camp about four hours, and had driven the enemy from the point where the attack was first made, about three miles and a half.

As we rode back we saw on the plain the evidences of the fight. In all directions were scattered the arms, muskets quivers bows and arrows, blankets, robes, etc., which had been thrown away by our flying enemies, horses, too, were roaming about, which our Indian allies were employed in catching. It was amusing to see the troops returning with their trophies. One officer had two buffalo robes and a blanket wrapped around himself and horse.

What the Indian loss was we cannot exactly say, as they carried off their dead. Some seventeen, however, were seen to be killed, while there must have been between 40 and 50 wounded Among those killed, we subsequently learned, were a brother and brother-in-law of Garry, the head chief of the Spokanes.

Strange to say, not one our men was injured. One dragoon horse alone was wounded. This was owing to the long-range rifles now first used by our troops, and the discipline which enabled them so admirably to use them Had the men been armed with tose formerly used, the result of the fight as to the loss on our side would have been far differents, for the enemy outnumbered us and had all the courage which we are accustomed to ascribe to Indian warriors. But they ere panic struck by the effect of our fire at such geat distances, and the steady advance of the troops, unchecked by constant fire kept upon them.

Such is the story left to posterity by Adjutant Lawrence Kip, a native of New York, but, upon the accession of his fa-

ther to the Episcopal bishopric of California, schooled in the adventurous life of the Californian of the period, whose official duties on the day described afforded advantages for observation shared by a few on the field and who from notes made on the evening after the battle wrote in the following winter the story here reproduced.

"It affords me the highest gratification to report that we did not lose a man, either killed or wounded, during the action—attributable, I doubt not, in a great measure, to the fact that our long range rifles can reach the enemy where he cannot reach us," is the comment of Colonel Wright just prior to recording his "great pleasure in commending to the department the coolness and gallantry displayed by every officer and soldier engaged in this battle.

The Nez Perce allies exhibited an earnest of their fealty under the terms of the newly made treaty, for Colonel Wright observed:

"Lieutenant Mullan speaks in glowing terms of the conduct of the Nez Perces throughout the action; at one time charging the enemy in the brush and timber on the Spokane plain, driving him out and pursuing him beyond view; and again a small party under the chief Hutes-e-mah-li-kan and Captain John met and engaged the enemy which was endeavoring to attack our rear, recapturing a horse left by an officer while moving over the rocks and ravines."

Enlisted men of the dragoon squadrons came in for a mood of high praise by Major Grier. Some of these men distinguished themselves in the Union cause and received commissions.

There was First Sergeant James A. Hall, of Captain Taylor's old company, already with a mention for gallantry by Colonel Steptoe for his course during the fateful fight at Te-hoto-nim-me. He was a Texan and has seen service with the Mounted Rifles. In after years he was a cavalry captain and brevetted for gallantry at Todd's Tavern and Five Forks. He retired from the army on New Year's day, 1871, with the rank of brevet major.

There was Private Joel G. Trimble, of Lieutenant Gaston's old troop in the Steptoe fight. He received shoulder straps in 1863 and was assigned to the First cavalry, in which he served as regimental adjutant and comissary of subsistence. He distinguished himself at Trevillian Station and Cedar Creek. He retired in 1879 with a brevet majority. He is still living at Berkeley, California with the distinction of having served in no less than thirteen Indians campaigns.

There were First Sergeant William H. Ingerton and Sergeant William Dean of troop 1, Under Major Grier's immediate command. The first resigned an infantry captaincy in the midst of the Civil War to become lieutenant colonel of the Thirteenth volunteer cavalry of his native state of Tennessee and earned brevets at Shiloh and Murfreesboro, dying in 1864. Dean became a cavalry officer in 1862 and was brevetted captain and major for his gallantry at Trevillian Station and Five Forks. He died in 1870.

And there was First Sergeant Edward Ball who was reported as "missing" after the Steptoe fight. Ball was a Pennsylvanian who under the name of "David Rey" became a private in the Fourth infantry in 1844. Five years later he entered the First dragoons, and for over eleven years, to August of 1861 he was first sergeant of troop H. He then became an infantry officer but was soon transferred to the cavalry arm of the service during the Civil War. He was Captain Ball at the close of the great conflict . . . On being promoted to his majority, his service was with the Seventh cavalry, the old Custer regiment. Major Ball retired after forty years service in the army, in 1884 and died in October of that year.

Sergeant Michael Kenny explained why the "missing" Sergeant Ball of Steptoe became the "gallant and meritorious" Sergeant Ball of the Four Lakes:

As the sad sun sank into the west from the hill at Te-hoto-nim-me and it became apparent that the little command would "go under," arrangements were made to destroy such stores as would be used by the Indians. Dr. Randolph's medical supplies were carried by troop H. In the chest was a quantity of whisky, medicine to the troops but as inflammable as pitch to the Indian. As "top" sergeant, Ball was ordered to destroy the liquor. Ball had been fighting and marching all day. He would destroy some of that red liquor in person. Whether he did not have a guage, or over-estimated his own powers of resistance, may not be known; at any rate, the whiskey nearly destroyed Ball. As night came down Ball took himself outside the lines of the little safety zone of the beleagured soldiers. The proverbial luck of the drunken man was with him. He was not seen by the besieging forces as he lay down in a clump of bushes.

The sun was well up in the heavens next morning when First Sergeant Ball awoke from his sleep. His command was far away on horseback, hastening as rapidly as flesh and nerve could carry it to the safety afforded by Red Wolf's crossing on the Snake, but First Sergeant Ball knew it not. He peered through the bushes which enveloped him up at that hill. He saw a few boxes and some litter strewing the place where he expected to view a scene, probably of carnage. What he actually saw, and could not believe his senses, was a few elderly Indians and squaws rummaging through the visible debris. Watching them closely for a time, Ball concluded from their actions that they were not hostiles, but friendlies. They proved to be Nez Perces who fed him and saw that he returned safely to Fort Walla Walla, arriving there fourteen days later. The fact that he retained his first sergenacy and was not disciplined for his lapse, would indicate that Ball's usual soldierly qualities were of so high a grade as to make it possible for his superiors to overlook this one occasion when his nerves were not straight. Perhaps it was considered that the experiences of a lonely white for fourteen day among Indians, in times so disturbed as they were following the Steptoe repulse, constituted "punishment already served."

The episode did not deter him from fighting at the Four Lakes, for Lieutenant Davidson said of him, "I saw him charge upon some Indians, unhorse one of them, dismount himself and kill him."

# 16 On the Spokane Plains

"To our great satisfaction and to their great surprise," is the rather laconic phrase used by a survivor of the battle of the Four Lakes in describing the immediate results of that first conflict at arms between the expedition and the hostiles. In the lull which followed, Colonel Wright was enabled to allow the rest required by both his soldiers and his animals. But during the three full days of rest which followed, not an iota of vigilance was relaxed. Hour by hour the soldiers were reminded that they were in a hostile country by the appearance on the hill tops of bands of Indian lookouts. It was plain that the hostiles were not to give up after one fight.

The manner in which the Indians passed those three days is problematical. Doubtless councils were held to map out a further plan of action, made necessary by the unexpected repulse of the Four Lakes. The whites have never learned whether Kamiahkin was on the field or in the vicinity during the engagement of the 1st, but it is known that he was present during the battle of the Spokane Plains and there injured. According to Colonel Wright's reports the numbers of the hostiles had increased during the three-day interval. Even after the fight of the 5th the increase in the number of Indians throughout the Spokane valley was noticeable. Some days later a large band of horses belonging to the Palouse were in the valley, and there may be ground for the opinion, expressed by some, that Kamiahkin ultimately expected to coroner the expedition in the mountains of the Coeur d'Alenes and there destroy it through tactics of beleaguer and harry, participated in by all the warriors of his allied tribes.

If Kamiahkin entertained such a plan, he was not allowed time in which to concentrate his followers. The departure of Colonel Wright from his camp was noted by the hostiles and an attack was made before half a dozen miles had been traveled.

Colonel Wright, in his reports, gave no intimation as to his purposes or destination on quitting the camp at the Four Lakes. He had determined to leave the Colville trail some days before he arrived at the Four Lakes, but he did not vouchsafe his reasons for so doing. It may be that he recalled how Colonel Steptoe was "on the road to Colville." He probably knew that the Indians had declined to allow Steptoe the use of boats in which to effect a crossing of the Spokane. It is quite possible that Colonel Wright anticipated that the Indians had thought it to be foregone that his destination was Colville and that they would attack him where the old trail crossed the Spokane. It is known that the colonel did not determine to enter the Coeur d'Alenes directly until the 10th, and that occurrences and developments of those five days influenced him to a decision not to go to Colville.

Colonel Wright's story of September 5th, told in his official report is as follows:

> Sirs:-I have the honor to submit the following report of the battle of the "Spokane Plains", fought by the troops under my command on the 5th. Our enemies were the Spokanes, Coeur d'Alenes, Palouses, and Pend O'reilles numbering from five to seven hundred warriors.
>
> Leaving my camp at the "Four Lakes" at 6½A.M. on the 5th, our route lay along the margin of a lake for about three miles, and thence for two miles over a broken country, thinly scattered with pines; when emerging on to the open prairie, the hostile Indians were discovered about three miles to our right and in advance, moving rapidly along the skirt of the woods, apparently with the view of intercepting our line of march before we should reach the timber.
>
> After halting and closing up our pack train, I moved forward and soon found that the Indians were setting fire to the grass at various points in front and on my right flank, Captain Keyes was directed to advance three of his companies, deployed as skirmishers, to the front and right; this order was promptly obeyed, and Captain Ord, with company K, Lieutenant Gibson, with company M, and Lieutenant Tyler, with company A, 3rd artillery were thrown forward.
>
> At the same time Captain Hardie, Company G, and howitzers, under Lieutenant White, supported by company E, 9th infantry, under Captain Winder, were advanced to the line of skirmishers. The firing now became brisk on both sides-the Indians attacking us in front and on both flanks. The fires on the prairie enveloped us and were rapidly approaching our troops and the pack train. Not a moment was to be lost I ordered the advance. The skirmishers, the howitzers and the 1st squadron of the dragoons under Brevet Major Grier, dash gallantly through the roaring flames and the Indians were driven to seek shelter in the forest and rocks. As soon as a suitable position could be obtained the howitzers, under White, opened fire with shells; the Indians were again routed from their cover, closely pursued by our skirmishers, and followed by Grier with his squadron leading.
>
> At this time our pack train was concentrated as much as possible and guarded by Captain Dent, 9th infantry, with his company B, Lieutenant Davidson, 1st dragoons, with

his company E, and Lieutenant Ihrie 3rd artillery, with his company B, advancing; the trail bore off to the right, which left Ord and Tyler, with their skirmishers, to the left. A heavy body of Indians had concentrated on our left, when our whole line moved quckly forward, and the firing became more general throughout the front occupied by Ord Hardie and Tyler, and the howitzers, under White supported by Winder, with Gregg's troops of dragoons following in the rear, waiting for a favorable opportunity to make a dash. At the same time Gibson, with company M, 3rd artillery, drove the Indians on the right front.

An open prairie here intervening, Major Grier passed the skirmishers with his own and Lieutenant Pender's troop and charged the Indians, killing two and wounding three. Our whole line and train advanced steadily, driving the Indians over rocks and through ravines. Our point of direction having been changed to the right, Captain Ord found himself alone with his company on the extreme left of the skirmishers, and opposed by a large number of the enemy. They were gallantly charged by Captain Ord and driven successively from three table rocks where they had taken refuge. Captain Ord pursued the Indians untill approaching the train, he occupied the left flank. In this move ment Captain Ord was assisted by Captain Winder and Lieu tenants Gibson and White who followed into the woods after him.

Moving toward the Spokane River, the Indians still in front of Lieutenant Ihrie and Howard, with Company B, 3rd artillery, were thrown out on the right flank, and instantly cleared the way; and after a continuous fight for seven hours, over a distance of fourteen miles, we encamped on the bank of the Spokane; the troops exhausted by a long and fatiguing march of twenty-five miles, without ---(water?) and for two thirds of the distance under fire.

The battle won, two chiefs and two brothers of the chief Garry killed, besides many of lesser note either killed or wounded.

A kind providence again protected us, although at many times the balls flew thick and fast through our ranks; yet strange to say, we had but one man slightly wounded.

During the battle a chief was killed, and on his body was found the pistol worn by the lamented Gaston, who fell in the affair with Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe.

Again it affords me the highest pleasure to bear witness to the zeal energy, preserverance and gallantry dislplayed by the officers and men during this protacted battle.

This report does not mention the wounding of Kamiahkin, nor does it make any reference to him. That fact is brought out by General Dandy in his personal reminiscences, in a subsequent chapter hereof.

On the 23rd of September General Clarke from Vancouver forwarded Colonel Wright's reports of the two fights to army headquarters, "with gratification." The general observed, by way of comment, "that the success narrated in these dispatches is a surety of peace henceforth with these Indians."

It is only in such expressions as those just quoted that one finds the official reports of the campaign reflecting the degree of intense anxiety and tension shared by every army officer in the Pacific Northwest. It was known that the crafty Kamiahkin was putting forth every effort of which his intense hatred of the "Boston man" was capable to amalgamate all the tribes into opposition. Not knowing just how far he would be able to carry out his plans, the army felt itself face to face with an Indian war of years' duration. Two victories at the outset augured well.

But at Fort Vancouver it was not known that the last shot of the war had been fired. Even the officers and men encamped on the Spokane river at the close of an all-day fight did not so understand it. It seemed incredible and without the range of possibility that the war was over and not a man in blue killed. The soldiers composing the expedition gave way to no spirit of elation. They took cheer, that they had gone thus far into the enemy's country and had accomplished neatly thus much of the work laid out before them. But that they had demolished the great Kamiahkin's fabric of an allied federation, they were in no spirit to believe had it been told them.

General Clarke, prior to the receipt of the news of the Four Lakes and Spokane Plains reflected the preconceived notions of the campaign as follows: "If the Colonel crossed the Snake River on the day he announced his intention to cross it, he has now been twelve days in the field. I, therefore, take it for granted, no report having been received from him, that he has not encountered any serious obstacle or met the hostiles. If they have, or shall have, fled, as may be the case, to the mountains, the Colonel will probably proceed as far as Colville, whence he may forward intelligence of his movement and its results."

Turning again to Mullan's memoir, the only running account of the daily progress of the expedition, the following is cited:

Resuming our march for the Spokane River early in the morning of the 5th of September, our route lay along the eastern edge of the largest of the Four Lakes. About a mile from camp, on gaining the summit of one of the prairie buttes, we had a fine view of the Spokane plains; which to the northeast and west were bounded by lines of high timbered hills. The Spokane river running at the southern foot of the hills or buttes seen to our north. The southern portion of the plain is skirted by a strip of timber some five miles broad. This plain is rich and fertile, well grassed, with small clumps of timer, pine and cottonwood at detached points.

The Indians, after leaving the prairie, continued the fight in the timber, and we moved on, driving them before us, until we reached the Spokane river, no water being found on the whole line. Our march being scanty grass for our animals, but water and fuel in abundance. The latter part of our route was somewhat difficult, owing to the timber and rocks.

We found the Spokane where we struck it a stream fifty yards wide, lined on either side with strips and forests of pine, and flowing with a rapid current; water from three to four feet deep over a pebbly bed, with banks gradually sloping on either side to some fifty feet high, when the high water land, on what is here known as the Coeur d' Alene prairie, is reached.

Following through the timber for a mile along the left bank of the Spokane river, we encamped for the night. Our enemy no longer annoyed us, having been driven in dismay and discomfort for fifteen miles before us, leaving many killed and wounded on the field, with his property scattered

in every direction; and they now, broken in small groups for miles around, it became time for them to consider their position. Our men and animals much fatigued with a long march and harrassing fight, rested in camp on the 6th of September.

It should not be forgotten that the mission of Lieutenant Mullan on the Wright expedition was two-fold. One branch of his work related specifically to the business undertaken by the column of which he was a member. The other bore upon the future and the construction of the military road to Fort Benton, which he had already commenced.

A methodical thinker and calculator, Mullan had already called upon the navy department to establish beyond cavil the exact location of the government's new Fort Walla Walla. Commander Wilkes, U. S. N., had come up the Columbia with his nautical instruments and had determined the position of the new post as in latitude 46 degrees, 3 minutes and 18 seconds, longitude 118 degrees, 12 minutes and 36 seconds. The fact that such pains were taken to establish one point in the midst of the Inland Empire is but another indication of the paucity of specific information about the country.

With his own chronometer and instruments of observation corrected and readjusted, Lieutenant Mullan had only to safeguard his various mechanisms to be able to establish with accuracy the location of any point on the line of his itinerary. To the only wheeled vehicle taken by the expedition north ot the Snake river, he attached his odometer, while in its body were carried all other instruments save the chronometer, which was carried by soldiers on foot, thus obviating deviations from the jarring incident to wheeling over rocky inclined roads and pathways.

As thus established the camp at the Four Lakes lay in latitude 47 degrees, 32 minutes and 9 seconds, longitude 117 degrees, 32 minutes and 5 seconds. To the traveller of 1908 seeking to decipher from Mullan's jottings concerning lanscape features noted from day to day for the purpose of identifying scenes then with scenes now the process would be laborious and would result with as little satisfaction, except in certain instances, as would the task of an astronomer mapping from Xenophon's "enthuthen exelaunoi" the course of the ancient host across face of Asia minor.

The two fights of the Wright campaign were spread out from the camp at the Four Lakes. At the outset of attempts as calculation just where that camp was located with reference to localities well known today, one is met by different statements as to the distance of the camp from the hill mentioned as overlooking the plain on which took place the greater part of the fighting.

Colonel Wright suggests "three miles distant" in one report, and "about two miles distant, in another.

Kipp uses the words, "After advancing about a mile and a half, we reached the hill."

General Dandy's recollection is that "The camp was situated about a mile from a high, bald hill."

Evidently some other method must be applied to fix the location of the camp. Starting with the latitude and longitude as given by Mullan, two competent engineers of the present day, without conference, agree in fixing the point in the northeast quarter of section 27, township 24, range 41. So much for identification through mathematics.

Thirty-odd years ago, when Pioneer John McKay took up land southerly from what is now known as Silver Lake, he found "some diggings," on a part of his holdings. At the time of their discovery he did not know that he was in the vicinity of the camp of a military expedition, and processes of tilling the soil, pasturage and travel had obliterated the shallow excavations and other camp markings before he learned of the halt of the Wright column in the vicinity of the Four Lakes. Mr. McKay now says that these evidences of a camp were in his northeast quarter section, the same section as fixed upon by the computing engineers. From the eastern portion of this section rises a hill which has been known as "Wright's observatory," though no one can be found who knows how the appellation came about. Colonel I. N. Peyton of Spokane, for many years a landowner in the vicinity, agrees with Mr. McKay.

Upon these considerations, the statement may be ventured that the camp lay southeasterly from Silver Lake and westerly from Medical Lake. There are in reality within a short distance of the point indicated no less than six lakes, the two already mentioned and Clear, Granite, Medical and West Medical. It would seem that the two others which constituted the "four" of Colonel Wright were Granite and Clear. Indeed, it is highly improbable that, with virgin timber on the surrounding hills, either Medical or West Medical Lake would be visible from "Wright's observatory."

That the camp was southerly from "Big Lake" of Mullan's map is clearly shown by the route indicated thereon along the easterly side of the water. From Colonel Wright's report is taken the statement, "our route lay along the margin of a lake for about three miles." Mullan notes, "Our route lay along the eastern edge of the largest of the Four Lakes." Silver Lake is today the largest of the entire group lying in the plain. It was, also, thirty years ago when Pioneer McKay took up his land. The previous twenty years could hardly have wrought so great a change as to have witnessed another lake with a margin of three miles along one of its sides.

It is one of the astonishing features of the recorded progress of the past fifty years that the means of identifying locations are so meager. Were Wright's men encamped today in the same spot as that on which they rested for three days a half century ago, they could come into Spokane on either one of two electric trolley lines, learn the news of the day and be back in their tents in less time than it took them to whip the Indians in the battle of the Four Lakes. Were Major Grier's sqadrons to repeat today their charge in the battle of the Four Lakes. Were Major Grier's squadron to repeat today their charge in the battle of Spokane Plains, their saber would flash across the Hazelwood Farm and their ears would be greeted, not by Indian yells, but by the terrified squawking of farmyard fowl of high degree, the shrill squealing of registered swine and the scurrying of sleek and sedate cattle in whose veins flow the proudest dairy blood known to the world.

From the point on Mullan's map indicating where the column reached the Spokane river, it may be assumed that the soldiers marched along the course of Indian creek, undoubtedly dry at that season of the year.

The camp a mile and a half below the falls is readily recognized as the site of Fort Wright, named in honor of the commander of the expedition of 1858. "As to the location of

Colonel Wright's headquarters, at the first camp on the Spokane," writes General Dandy, "I think it was on the general flat some sixty feet above the river, where the parade ground now is. I was at Fort Wright a few years ago, my son-in-law, Captain Dean, adjutant of the Tenth infantry, being stationed there at the time. There was no good ground for a camp near the edge of the river, except at or near a bluff which overlooked the stream where there is a pleasure house and park. Probably the quartermaster's camp and corral were down in the woods near the edge of the stream, where the water pipe now crosses the river to Fort Wright and where there is now a footbridge for passengers."

Even the footbridge is little used by the later-day soldiers who make their home on that general flat, not in campaign tents but in substantial modern buildings of brick. When reveille sounds and the morning gun announces in an official rear the coming of another day, the soldiers look across the river, not at some Indian sentinels hovering warily among the pine trees, but at the substantial structures of Spokane's citizens and shaded streets stretching away toward the center of a city of 125,000 inhabitants.

# 17 In the Spokane Valley

The 6th of September was passed in camp. Colonel Wright was yet undetermined as to his future course. Scouting parties were sent out during the day to ascertain the lay of the land, watch the Indians and gather information concerning fording places. It was known that somewhere between the falls of the Spokane and the lake of the Coeur d' Alenes there was a ford, for the easterly branch of the Colville trail, that loading into the country of the Pend d'Oreilles.

Of the events of the 7th of September, the chief of which occurred in the very heart of the present limits of the city of Spokane, Mullan has left the following record:

> Finding that the Indians were to our east with their families and camps and that they evidently intended to take flight to the mountains, the Colonel determined to move up the river, and to this purpose the following day was spent, by this direction, in the examination of the river, in order to find a good ford to cross the command. But finding, at and below our camp, the stream not proving fordable, we determined to continue our march along the left bank of the Spokane to one of the principal fords above, our camp having been one mile below the mouth of the Lahtoo or Neduhuald, or Camass Prairie creek, and about two and a half miles from the Upper or Great Falls of the Spokane.
>
> To our north across the river lay the broad Coeur d' Alene prairie: to our east and south the high crusted hills, while to our west we had a series of extensive plains of different levels.
>
> The morning of the 7th September found us in motion along the left bank of the Spokane, through the timber for a mile, when we reached the Lahtoo, now dry, but which, by its cut banks and rocky bed, gave evidence of the volume and force of water that must course through it during spring or freshet season.
>
> This is a great fishing point for the Indians, as shown by the number of barriers in the bed of the river for catching salmon. The hills and plains around afford fine grazing for their large bands of stock. Fuel from the pine forests is had in abundance; while nature furnishes them with shoals of the fattest salmon. The salmon ascend this stream to the upper falls that are two and half miles above the Lahtoo; but, during the high water they pass even beyond these falls to the very mountains.
>
> The Spokane Falls are formed by the whole volume of the Spokane river dashing over and inclined ledge of rocks giving a total fall from forty to fifty feet. The river here is fifty yards wide, water clear and limpid, and flowing through a basaltic trough or dalle. In passing around the falls the view is shut out for some distance, when again coming sight of the river the effect is quite magical; for the stream which but a few moments before was far below us, is suddenly on a line with our feet, we in the meanwhile traveling on the same level plain. The pine, too, now gives place to fringes of cottonwood and willow, and the stream flows through as it were, a beautiful flat and extensive meadow land.

That last paragraph contains what is probably the first written description of the falls of the Spokane to appear in government records. The "basaltic trough, or dalle" is here today, but much of it is not visible because a dam has been thrown across its waist and the harnessed energy of the tumbling water is hauling city and suburban trolley cars, lighting cities and towns and operating drills in the silver-lead mines,

Spokane River

nearly 100 miles away in the heart of the Coeur d'Alene mountains.

The Latah creek still winds its sinuous way from the southeast, but it passes beneath bridges today, and in colloquial phrase it has another name, Hangman creek, less euphonious but distinctly reminiscent of the Wright expedition.

The Indian weirs and barriers have long since gone, and the visits of salmon are hardly noticeable. In season the caster of fly, or spoon lures the trout, but no longer is it a great fishing point at the mouth of the Lahtoo. The hum and the noise of industry was ever fatal to fishing.

It was in the midst of the transportation and warehouse district of the city of Spokane that Colonel Wright held his first personal conference with the Indians. The ford two miles above the falls is now spanned by huge railway bridges, and scores of electric passenger and freight trains pass close by where Garry and Pohlatkin first had personal converse with their conqueror, while behind the council place thunders the entire transcontinental business of the Northern Pacific. Colonel Wright thus reported the events of the 7th:

> Sir: I remained during the 6th at my camp three miles below the falls, as my troops required rest after the long march and battle of the previous day. No hostile demonstrations were made by the enemy during the day; they approached the opposite bank of the river in very small parties and intimated a desire to talk, but no direct communication was held with them, as the distance was too great and the river deep and rapid.
>
> Early on the morning of the 7th I advanced along the left bank of the Spokane, and soon the Indians were seen on the opposite side, and a talk began with our friendly Nez Perces and interpreters. They said that they wanted to come and see me with the chief Garry, who was near by. I told them to meet me at the ford, two miles above the falls.
>
> I halted at the ford and encamped; soon after Garry crossed over and came to me; he said that he had always been opposed to fighting, but the young men and many of the chiefs were against him, and he could not control them. I then told him to go back and say to all Indians and chiefs:
>
> "I have met you in two bloody battles; you have been badly whipped you have lost several chiefs and many warriors killed and wounded; I have not lost a man or animal; I have a large force, and you Spokanes, Coeur d'Alenes, Palouses and Pend O'reilles may unite, and I can defeat you as badly as before. I did not come into this country to ask you to make peace I came here to fight.
>
> "Now, when you are tired of the war, and ask for peace, I will tell you what you must do: You must come to me with your women and children, and everything you have, and lay them at my feet; you must put your faith in me and trust to my mercy. If you do this, I shall then dictate the terms upon which I will grant you peace. If you do not do this, war will be made upon you this year and next, and until your nation shall be exterminated.
>
> I told Garry that he could go and say to all the Indians that he might fall in with what I had said, and also to say that if they did as I demanded. no life should be taken. Garry promised to join me the following (yesterday) morning on the march.
>
> After my interview with Garry, the chief Polotkin, with nine warriors approached and desired an interview. I received them. I found that this chief was the writer of one of the three letters sent to you by Congiato; that he had been conspicuous in the affair with Colonel Steptoe, and was the leader in the battles of the 1st and 5th instant with us; they had left their rifles on the opposite bank. I desired the chief and warriors to sit still while two of his men were sent over to bring me the rifles.
>
> I then told this chief that I desired him to remain with me, with one of his men whom we recognized as having been lately at Walla Walla with Father Ravelle, and who was strongly suspected with having been engaged in the murder of the miners in April last. I told the chief I wished him to send his other men, and bring in all of them, with their arms and families.
>
> I marched at sunrise on the morning of the 8th, and at the distance of nine miles discovered a cloud of dust in the mountains to the front and right, and evidently a great commotion in that quarter. I closed up the train and left it guarded by a troop of horses and two companies of foot; and then I ordered Major Grier to push rapidly forward with three companies of dragoons, and I followed with the foot troops.
>
> The distance proved greater than we expected, deep ravines intervening between us and the mountains, but the dragoons and the Nez Perces under Lieutenant Mullan were soon seen passing over the first hills.
>
> The Indians were driving off their stock, and had gone so far into the mountains that our horsemen had to dismount, and, after a smart skirmish, succeeded in capturing at least eight hundred horses; and when the foot troops had passed over the first mountain, the captured animals were seen approaching under the charge of Lieutenant Davidson, with his men on foot, and the Nez Perces.
>
> The troops were then reformed and moved to this camp, I having previously sent an express to the pack train to advance along the river.
>
> After encamping last evening I investigated the case of the two miners; the fact of his guilt was established beyond doubt and he was hung at sunset.
>
> After sunset last evening I sent two companies of foot and a troop of horse soldiers three miles up the river to capture a herd of cattle, but they were so wild that it was found impossible to drive them in. Another attempt was made this morning, but they could not be obtained.

It turned out that this slaughter of Til-co-ax's horses was the crisis of the campaign. Beaten in two fights the Indians now saw the coming destruction of their most valued property, for an unmounted Indian was no warrior. From the heights of the surrounding hills the sentinels were dumbfounded witnesses to the cruelty of the invading whites. Gone glimmering was their hope of stampeding the entire train and recovering their own horses and perhaps obtaining those of the soldiers, who then might be disposed of when circumstances favored. The slaughter of the horses was an argument that the logic of an Indian could not withstand.

In their extremity, they appealed to Father Joset, who sent Big Star with a note to Colonel Wright, suing for peace on behalf of the Coeur d'Alenes. Big Star's visit to the shambles conveyed the first authoritative news that the backbone of the hostilities had been broken.

Mullan records that the lake on the shores of which the horses were captured was named in honor of Major Grier. This name has been lost to history because there were no white settlers in the region to hand it on. The lake was named for Stephen Liberty, the first settler to locate on its shores. Liberty was a native of Quebec, one of those daring spirits whose early days were intimately associated with opening the entire stretch of country between Lake Superior and the western ranges of the Rockies. Originally educated for the priesthood, the blood of the French adventurer rather than the blood of the priest of French orders asserted itself. In 1866 he was crossing the broad prairies of the Dakotas guiding a cavalcade of silver seekers bound for the mountains about Helena, one of whom was the late Judge W.E. Cullon, long prominent in Montana legal and political battles. In Helena Liberty fell in with the Clarks, ex United States Senator W.A. Clark and brother. With them Liberty contracted to deliver express and mail between Helena and Cabinet Landing, on the Pend Oreille river. Coming west on one of his trips, as far as the settlement then, as now, called Rathdrum, he married a native woman, and in 1871 made his home by the lake to which he has given his name. A close friend of Saltese, the chief of the Coeur d'Alenes, Liberty was given land on the Coeur d'Alene reservation by tribal rite and he is now a prosperous farmer.

It was not cruelty or a wanton spirit which prompted Colonel Wright to order the destruction of the horses. It was one of the stern realities of war. Should an attempt be made to preserve the animals, the acquisition meant more than doubling the number of horses to be cared for. Should the Indian provoke a stampede under cover of darkness, it would be impossible for the troops to keep them under control, and government horses might get away. It was not until after consultation with his officers that the slaughter was ordered.

"Two companies were ordered out to perform this duty," recites Kip. "A corral (enclosure) was first made, into which they were all driven. Then one by one, they were lassoed and dragged out, and dispatched by a single shot. About 270 were killed in this way. The colts were led out and knocked in the head. It was distressing during all the following night to hear the cries of the brood mares whose young had thus been taken from them. On the following day, to avoid the slow process of killing them separately, the companies were ordered to fire volleys into the corral."

The incident was not without its effect upon the soldiers themselves. Both General Morgan and General Dandy mention the incident in their reminiscences, contained in subsequent chapters.

It has never been difficult to locate the site of this camp. The visitor today may find some of the bones of Til-co-ax's ponies. Inter-urban electric trains whirr close by the spot. Many years ago, under the timber culture act, Samuel Walton set out a grove of trees there. Early settlers found the spot a veritable mine of calcareous matter and wagon load after wagon load was taken away by the farmers, to reappear later in the modified form of eggshells on the tables of the hostlieries and restaurants of the growing city of Spokane.

The arrival of Big Star, with the message of Father Joset, eliminated from the mind of Colonel Wright all thought of marching to Colville. The foundation of Kamiahkin's structure of resistance to the United States was crumbling. Garry and the Spokanes had expressed a desire for peace; and now, the tribe from which had expected the most stubborn resistance, the hardy tribe of the mountains, had read futility in the slaughter of the ponies of a Palouse chiefs.

Resuming Mullan's notes from the morning of the 9th:

"Travelling six miles from our camp of yesterday, we reached a ford, though deep. Here we halted and encamped on the left bank and, owing to circumstances that developed themselves at this point, the colonel determined not to cross the river here, but to continue for some miles above to a second ford, which was better, and the wisdom of his course the next day was shown; for, having started early on the morning of the 8th of September across the beautiful plain along the left bank of the Spokane, which is here in fact only a portion of the Coeur d'Alene prairie proper, it being divided by the course of the Spokane River, he came upon and overtook a camp which, with their large bands of stock, were fleeing to the mountains.

After a pursuit of eight miles and a slight skirmish,; the Indians were made to fly, leaving behind them some nine hundred horses and a number of stock. These last were taken without loss or incident. This occurred at a small lake in the prairie south of the Spokane River, which lake in honor of the veteran whose services here as elsewhere during the campaign were so marked and brilliant, we called Lake Grier.

The command, moving towards the Spokane river from Lake Grier, encamped upon its left bank for the night, after a march of fourteen and a half miles, finding good grass, wood and water.

It becoming necessary to remain in camp the 10th and 11th of September, we built a corral in which to kill the large band of horses captured from the enemy. It was not our desire to keep any, except a few of the best for packing and riding purposes, as this large band would only encumber us; but as our desire was to strike a blow that should teach the Indians a never-to-be-forgotten lesson, it was decided to kill them. So, driving them in a corral, eight hundred beautiful animals were shot, in addition to a number of horned stock captured from the enemy, together with burning a number of dwellings and barns of grain.

The formal report of Colonel Wright, touching the occurences of the 10th, is as follows:

Sir: I have this morning received a dispatch from Father Joset, at the Coeur d'Alene mission. He says that the hostiles are down and suing for peace; that there was great rejoicing among the friendly Indians when they heard of our two victories over the hostiles; had we been defeated all those who did not join the hostiles would have been sacrificed.

I have just sent off Father Joset's messenger. I said to the father that he could say to those who had not been engaged in this war that they had nothing to fear———that they should remain quiet, with their women and children around them; to say to all Indians, whether Coeur d'Alenes or belonging to other tribes, that if they are sincere and truly desire lasting peace, they must all come to me with their guns, with their families and all that they have, and trust entirely to my mercy; that I promise only that no life shall be taken for acts committed during the war. I

will tell them what I do require before I grant them peace.

I found myself embarassed with those 800 horses. I could not hazard the experiment of moving with such a large number of animals (many of them very wild) along with my large train; should a stampede take place, we might not only lose our captured animals, but may of our own. Under those circumstances, I determined to kill them all, save a few for service in the quartermaster's department and to replace broken down animals. I deeply regretted killing these poor creatures, but a dire necessity drove me to it. This work of slaughter has been going on since 10 o'clock of yesterday, and will not be completed before this evening, and I shall march for the Coeur d'Alene mission tomorrow.

# 18 With the Coeur d'Alenes

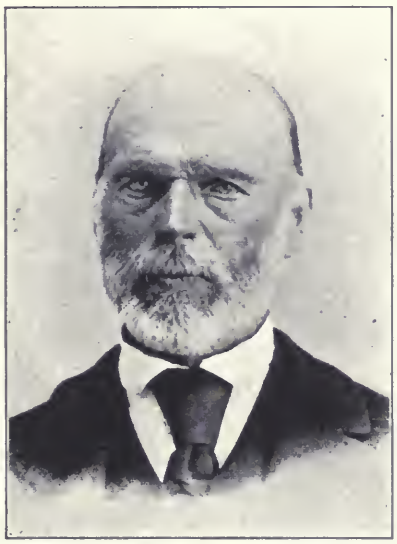
All now seemed tentatively ripe for the conclusion of treaties, but the stern and uncompromising commander to whom has been given specific instructions did not take so roseate a view of the situation as to accept the expressed will for the actual deed. Consequently his journey into the Coeur d'Alene mountains was "marked by slaughter and devastation." It is no wonder that the Coeur d'Alenes, witnessing the destruction by fire of the hoards of grain and vegetables they had gathered on the prairie near the outlet of the lake, shuddered as they saw the approach of that devastating column in blue. Some huddled abjectly beneath the shelter of the Jesuit mission; others scattered like a covey of quail to the dells and glens of the forest covered mountains.

This farm is situated on the site of "Horse Slaughter Camp"

Leisurely, but with open-eyed vigilance, the colonel proceeded from "Horse Slaughter camp." Engineer Mullan was constantly on the lookout for any bits of information which might have any possible bearing on his road. Indeed, from the ford near the camp of the dismal name to the Jesuit mission in the Coeur d'Alene mountains, he later laid his road over the route passed by the Wright expedition. Sherman street, the main thoroughfare of Coeur d'Alene City is but part of the Fort Benton road along which the earliest settlers of the city by the lake erected their first habitations. So up Wolf's Lodge creek and down Fourth of July Canyon passed the troops, to be followed later by Mullan's surveying party and still later by another surveying party, preliminary to stringing the wires of an electrical power transmission line between the falls of the Spokane and the mines of the Coeur d'Alenes. This later party found on the top of the divide a giant of the forest bearing upon its scarred side the blazed legend, cut deep through the bark, by Mullan's men in commemoration of their arrival there at the head of the canyon on Independence day of 1861.

Fort Benton

The indefatigable eye of the engineer took note of the cataract in the Spokane river twelve miles below the outlet of the lake, now known as Post Falls, as also the town which has grown up around them. When Frederick Post, a native of Germany, first began to operate a mill by the power of the descending water, the Coeur d'Alene tribe, through some now forgotten sentiment, lay claim to possession of the falls. During the misunderstandings which arose, Mr. Post kept on the friendly side of the natives and many a time earned their gratitude by gifts of provisions and other kindly acts. In still later years, when the government was negotiating the treaty by which the Coeur d'Alenes were to be placed upon



FREDERICK POST, WHO BUILT
THE FIRST FLOUR MILL
IN SPOKANE

the reservation they now occupy, the chiefs remembered the favors done them by Mr. Post and made a condition of the agreement that the ownership of the falls should rest in Mr. Post. He has sold his interest to a corporation which has harnessed the "beautiful sheet of white foam" to electric generators.

In the rapid mutations of half a century, engineers of the extreme periods have opposite ideas as to their utility. Mullan, always wide awake and given to peering into the future, considered the ledge of rock over which the waters of the Coeur d'Alene basin descend as an obstruction which resulted in the inumdation of rich land along the Couer d'Alene and St. Joseph River. He recommended blasting the rock out, that the level of the lake and its tributaries might be lowered and submerged ground be capable of producing crops. "When the day comes," he commented, that this mountain region shall become thickly populated, then probably an improvement of this character will become imperative." But Mullan counted not upon electricity as a powerful factor in the commercial world. He saw no further than any man of his time. Electricity has made advances as subtle and as subversive as is the fluid itself.

That rock has never been blasted and the lands never drained. Instead a dam has been constructed which backs the water further up along the shores of the lake, and the lands of whose release from submersion Mullan thought so kindly are deeper under water than ever. The landowners along the lakeside and by the waters of the sluggish Couer d'Alene and St. Joseph rivers, have brought litigation in the courts by reason of the demands of electricity, and some day there will come a decree from the bench of justice announcing whether that rock and its superimposed dam will have to pay for damages to farm land miles away at the head of Lake Coeur d' Alene; and the corporation which placed the dam there will pay the damages if need be, and once again will the age of electricity insistently thrust its demands deeper into the field of natural resourses as they lie farther and farther among the fastnesses of the mountain country.

Mullan's observations of the trip between the ford near the present Spokane Bridge to the Coeur d'Alene mission are embodied in the following:

> Here we received notification of the friendship of the people of Big Star. The Coeur d'Alenes having found themselves vanquished, now sued for peace through Father Joset, one of the Jesuit priests at the Coeur d'Alene mission. This and other things determined the Colonel upon his next line of direction, which was to cross the Spokane at its upper ford on the morning of the 11th, and continue along its right bank to the Coeur d'Alene lake. This led us over an easy prairie road for two and a half miles, where the road forked, one leading across the Coeur d'Alene prairie to the Clark's Fork of the Columbia, and the other through the open pine timber along the right bank of the Spokane River.
>
> Taking this last and travelling thirteen and one half miles, we reached the western end of the Coeur d'Alene lake, passing at a few points small patches of prairie sufficient for camping purposes. About twelve miles below the lake the river makes another fall, passing through a deep and narrow rocky gorge some thirty yards wide, in a beautiful sheet of white foam. Below this point it flows sluggishly for a number of miles. This is the case above the falls, forming here almost a continuation of the lake.
>
> On our route the river was hidden from view for seven miles, when we struck it again at some Indian fields, burning here also two or three barns of wheat, thus marking our lines by signs, the intent of which, the Indians

Coeur d'Alene Mission

could not mistake. From these fields to the lake was four miles, when, reaching a small prairie bottom, with sparse grass, we encamped for the night in the edge of the pine forest. We passed along the route a small Indian burial ground, where the marks of civilized and Christian influence were shown by the number of crosses erected over the graves; and though our march was one of devastation through the country, we left unharmed and untouched where reposed the lifeless dead.

Up to the end of the lake we had run our odometer line continuously from Fort Dalles without accident to our wagon, though it has passed through some ugly and difficult places; but by the uniform kindness of Captain Keyes and Dent, who often voluntarily sent their men to its aid and rescue, we were enabled to get it through thus far safely. But now we were about to enter a somewhat difficult portion of the Coeur d'Alene mountains, where the timber was thick, and where an Indian trail alone marked the route, and it was my purpose to leave it at this point; and in case we retraced our steps, to recover it; and in case we passed to the south of the lake, we could send some friendly Indians in their canoes who taking it apart could cross it, and we be thus enabled to resume our line.

We therefore abandoned it, but the hostile Indians coming upon our rear the next day, burnt it, and thus saved any further anxiety in the case. Our mountain howitzers, under Lieutenant White, that had also run on wheels thus far, had to be packed on mules, leaving behind only a prairie timber, which met with the same fate as the wagons. Resuming our march on the 12th September, we followed an Indian trail along the Coeur d'Alene lake about 3½ miles, where we began the ascent of a high steep limestone mountain, from which at different points were exposed large masses of beautiful marble. Gaining the summit of this hill we enjoyed a fine view of this Coeur d'Alene lake, which here is a beautiful sheet of water, three miles broad, with an arm extending south as far as the eye could see. Immediately along the shores of the lake the water is shallow, with a rocky or pebbly bottom, the water, however, becoming deep at no great distance. The lake is bounded on every side by high, rugged, pine-clad mountains that render the whole a unique picturesque panorama. Leaving this hill, our road passing alternately through open pine forests and rugged undergrowth, we reached a small stream heading in a spring along the road in a deep hollow, or ravine, which stream empties or flows into a small lake, which last is connected by a small stream with Coeur d'Alene lake.

Leaving this spring, into the forest about two miles, we reached a small beautiful prairie covered with rich luxuriant grass, through which flowed a considerable stream lined with willow; water cold and flowing rapidly. This prairie offered a good camping ground, and is the only one between the Coeur d'Alene lake and the mission. It is bounded on all sides by low pine clad hills or mountains, and affords in this immense bed of mountains a beautiful

Fort Dalles in 1867, as photographed by Carleton E. Watkins from across the Columbia River.

resting place, where we halted for the night. The stream flowing through this prairie is called the "Wolf's lodge creek."

Our animals having enjoyed at this point a rich feed of grass, in the morning of the 13th September, at an early hour, we resumed our march for the Coeur d'Alene Mission, our trail entering the pine forests along difficult side hills, which we followed for a distance of seven miles, passing a small stream or spring run, affording sufficient water for our men and animals. The road throughout this length was much obstructed by fallen timber.

Resting a short time at the end of these seven miles, we resumed our march, still continuing along the difficult side hills and over fallen timber, the last portion being along the sides or edges of rocky limestone, slate and sandstone spurs. At the end of this distance we were repaid by the view of the prairie where is situated the beautiful valley of the Coeur d'Alene mission. The timber along the road today was not of a large growth, but the forests here of fir, cedar and hemlock are very dense and the strong winds of winter throwing down the trees across the pathway, and the natural indolance of the Indians being such as not to allow them to remove it, of course it accumulates from year to year so as to from an entangling network of trees, crossing and re-crossing each other in every possible direction.

At sixteen miles from the "Wolf's lodge creek" we reached the mission, which here lies as a gem embosomed in the mountains and gives evidence of the labors of that indefatigable band of Jesuit fathers who, braving all dangers and surmounting all difficulties, have gone forth to the mountain fastnessess to proclaim the Gospel to the benighted heathen savage, as well as to improve his temporal condition. They have here erected a large and stately church, planned by and mostly constructed under the direction of the Reverend Father Ravalli, an Italian and a former professor of chemistry in the Jesuit college in Rome. Dwellings, mills, barns and enclosures, with Indian labor have been made, and everything bespoke an advancement in improvement and civilization that was truly refreshing to behold; all this, too, with the most scanty means and under difficulties before which the hearts of the bravest might truly quail.

This mission is in latitude 47-33-54N, longitude 116-13-54W approximate and built on the right bank of the Coeur d'Alene river, on a small hill looking towards the north, upon a ridge or spur of the Coeur d'Alene mountains running east and west, at the foot of which is a small but beautiful prairie one mile wide and from two to four long. In this prairie are large and rich fields enclosed, where wheat, oats, barley and vegetables of all kinds grow in the richest abundance. The mission was first established on the St. Joseph's river; but, as the valley overflowed,

the fathers found it necessary to remove to a more favorable locality, and in 1846 selected this site.

The Coeur d'Alenes number about 500 souls of which 130 are capable of bearing arms. During the difficulties of Colonel Wright and Colonel Steptoe only about 90 were actively engaged, the remainder being neutral. Though not numerous, they are brave and warlike, and, ensconced as they are in the heart of the mountains, they are capable of becoming some day -- unless measures are taken to preserve their friendship -- a formidable enemy. Their home is in a difficult bed of mountains, and the roads leading thereto are equally difficult to travel and, thus situated, they are capable of giving annoyance to a much larger force that might be arrayed against them. They have large bands of horses and horned stock that, living in the fine grass of the mountain valleys, present a fat sleek appearance. These Indians are industrious, and the fields of vegetables and barns of grain all bespeak an advance beyond the Indians of the plains. As a tribe, they are brave and warlike, but kind and generous. They are of an ordinary stature, and in appearance and general characteristics look not unlike other mountain bands.

The "father" is truly their father. In times of difficulty and danger -- in things temporal and in things spiritual -- he is consulted as the oracle of Delphos, and his views, judgments and decisions are nearly always followed; and if not, they are always made to regret it.

Previous to the outbreak and attack upon Colonel Steptoe the Indians told the fathers of their mood and of their plans they advised, cautioned and begged them to desist; but in this instance they followed the wild views of a few chiefs, and headlong rushed into a war, for which they have been made to pay but a too dear penalty.

At 10a.m. of September 17 the Indians, headed by their chiefs and attended by Reverend Father Joset and Minetree, were assembled beneath a council lodge prepared for the occasion when their chief, Vincent, asked to be heard. Arising, he stated "that his people met us in sadness, their hearts were sorrowful, and their heads bent down to hear a condemnation that justly awaited them; they knew, they felt that they had committed a great crime -- a crime which they truly repented of and they now presented themselves to abide by and suffer a punishment that their crimes so richly merited."

His speech was brief but impressive, and delivered in feeling, and in expressing his views he expressed the of all his people, Colonel Wright imposed his own conditions and made peace with them on his own terms; they willingly and apparently in sincerity submitted to his judgements and decisions, but the future alone can tell how faithfully these will be kept. During the difficulties that now terminated so happily for them and, possibly, for ourselves, the Coeur d'Alenes had taken an active, unexpecting and unlooked for part. But, truly, I believe they had been led on step by step to commit this overt act, I now judge them in charity, and if in years to come the readers shall, glancing at these pages, find the character of the Coeur d'Alenes to have become changed, all that could be replied would be—"Impute to all and excell of charitable credulity."

That the difficulties of penetrating with a column of troops and the necessary pack train through the mountain forests to the Coeur d'Alene mission was no easy task, is seen in the official report of Colonel Wright, written on the evening of his arrival September 15th:

> Sir: I marched from my camp on the Spokane river, 16 miles above the falls, on the morning of the 11th instant; after fording the river when I struck the Coeur d'Alene lake and encamped. Resuming our march on the 12th, we soon lost view of the lake on our right and struck into the mountains with a forest on either hand, and a trail which admitted only the passage of a single man or animal at a time. After marching twelve miles I found a small prairie, with a fine running stream of water, and encamped.
>
> Marching early on the 13th we found the trail infinitely worse than that of the previous day; passing through a dense forest, with an inprenetable undergrowth of bushes on both sides and an almost continuous obstruction of fallen trees, our progress was necessarily slow, having to halt frequently and cut away the logs before our animals could pass over. The column and pack train could only move in single file, and extended from six to eight miles, but it was perfectly safe; the front and rear were strongly guarded and nature had fortified either flank. No communication could be had with the head of the column and its rear, and thus we followed this lonely trail for nineteen miles, to this place. The rear of the pack train with the guards did not reach here until 10 o'clock at night.
>
> I found the Indians here in much alarm as to the fate which awaited them, but happily they are now all quieted. Father Joset has been extremely zealous and perservering in bringing in the hostiles. They are terribly frightened, but last evening and today they are coming in quite freely with the women and children, and turning over to the quartermaster such horses, mules they have belonging to the United States.
>
> The hostile Spokanes have many of them gone beyond the mountains and will not return this winter. The Palouses with their Chiefs Kamiahken and Til-co-ax, are not far off, but it is doubtful whether they will voluntarily come in. If they do not I shall pursue them as soon as I can settle with the Coeur d'Alenes.
>
> The chastisement which these Indians have received has been severe but well merited, and absolutely necessary to impress them with our power. For the last eighty miles our route has been marked by slaughter and devastation; 800 horses and a large number of cattle have been killed or appropriated to our own use; many horses, with large quantities of wheat and oats, also many caches of vegetables, kamas and dried berries, have been destroyed. A blow has been struck which they will never forget.
>
> I hope to march from this place on the 18th or 19th in the direction of Colonel Steptoe's battle-ground, having in view to intercept, if possible, the Pelouses, and also to hold a meeting with several bands of the Spokanes, if they can be collected.
>
> The troops are in fine health and spirits, I have provisions which by economy and slight reduction of rations, will last until the 5th of October. We shall soon feel the want of bootees very sensibly. The days are warm, but ice a quarter of an inch thick is made every night.

# 19 Treaty Making

It required two nights and a day for the Jesuit fathers to collect the scattered members of their tribes, so deftly had they hidden themselves in the mountain wilds. It is interesting to note that Colonel Wright entered upon his treaty negotiations with the Coeur d'Alenes, just forty years, within a few days, after he had entered West Point, a cadet from the Green Mountain state.

Writing his report while in camp on the headwaters of Latah creek, thirty five miles southwest of the Coeur d'Alene mission, at a point now within the borders of Spokane County, the colonel describes the treaty making in this language.

On the 17th instant the entire Coeur d'Alene nation having assembled at my camp near the mission, I called them together in council, I than stated to them the cause of my making war upon them. I made my demands specifically:

1st, That they should surrender to me the men who commenced the attack upon Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe, contrary to the orders of the chiefs.

2nd. That they should deliver up to me all public or private property in their possession, whether that abanoned by Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe, or received from an other source.

3rd. That they should allow all white persons to travel at all times through their country unmolested.

4th. That as security for their future good behavior, they should deliver to me one chief and four men with their families, to be taken to Fort Walla Walla.

After a brief consultation they announced their determination to comply with all my demands in every particular, in sincerity and good faith.

All the Coeur d'Alenes nation, with the exception of some six or eight were present at the council; and as an evidence that they had previously determined to make peace at any terms, they brought with them their families and all the property they had belonging to the government or to individuals ready and willing to submit to such terms as I might dectate.

The chiefs and headmen came forward and signed the preliminary articles of a treaty of peace and friendship, and in the course of the day fulfilled as far as practicable, my demands by delivering up horses, mules and camp equipage.

The chiefs and headmen expressed great grief and apparently sincere repentance for this misconduct, which had involved them in a war with the United States. I have never witnessed such a unanimity fo feeling nor such manifestations of joy as was expressed by the whole Coeur d'Alene nation, men, women and children, at the conclusion of the treaty. They know us, they have felt our power, and I have full faith that henceforth the Coeur d'Alenes will be our staunch friends.

I marched from the Coeur d'Alenes mission on the morning of the 18th, having with me the prisoners, hostages and many other Coeur d'Alenes as guides, etc. Our route lay down the right bank of the Coeur d'Alene river for thirteen miles, where I encamped at a point where the river has to be ferried. It occupied most of the 19th in crossing the troops animals and stores, assisted by the Indians with their canoes.

Leaving camp on the 20th, we pursued our march still in the mountains, and the trail obstructed by fallen trees, until we struck the St. Joseph river at thirteen miles and encamped. Again we found a river which could not be forded, and our two boats and the Indian canoes were instantly called into requisition. By sunset the general supply train was crossed, and the recommencing at daylight this morning, by 12 o'clock the rear of the column was ready to move.

I shall march tomorrow for the vicinity of Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe's battle-ground to obtain the abandoned howitzers, and in the expectation of meeting the Spokanes and Pelouses.

And examination of the text of the treaty which was forwarded by Colonel Wright with the foregoing report, would lead one to the opinion that Colonel Wright was as magnanimous toward the Coeur d'Alenes as the circumstances would permit. His instructions had been specific. He had laid a heavy hand on the tribe, as became an officer sent to inculcate a severe lesson. The treaty itself speaks more eloquently than any comment upon it can: -

PRELIMINARY ARTICLES OF A TREATY OF PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND THE COUER D'ALENE INDIANS

Article 1- Hostilities between the United States and the Coeur d'Alene Indians shall cease from and after this date, September 17, 1858.

Article 2- The chiefs and headmen of the Coeur d'Alene Indians, for and in behalf of the whole nation, agree and promise to surrender to the United States all property in their possession belonging either to the government or to

individuals, whether said property was captured or abandoned by the troops of the United States.

Article 3- The chiefs and headmen of the Coeur d'Alene nation agree to surrender to the United States the men who commenced the battle with Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe, contrary to the orders of their chiefs, and also to give at least one chief and four men, with their families, to the officer in command of the troops as hostages for their future good conduct.

Article 4- The chiefs and headmen of the Coeur d'Alene nation promise that all white persons shall travel through their country unmolested and that no Indians hostile to the United states shall be allowed within the limits of their country.

Article 5 - The officer in command of the United States troops for and in behalf of the government, promises that if the foregoing conditions are fully complied with no war shall be made upon the Coeur d'Alene nation: and further that the men who are to be surrendered, whether those who commenced the fight with Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe or as hostages for the future good conduct of the Coeur d'Alene nation, shall in nowise be injured, and shall, within one year from the date hereof, be restored to their nation.

Article 6 - It is agreed by both of the aforesaid contracting parties that when the foregoing articles shall have been fully conplied with, a permanent treaty of peace and friendship shall extend also to include the Nez Perce nation of Indians.

Done at the headquarters of the expedition against northern Indians at the Coeur d'Alene mission, Washington Territory, the 17th day of September 1858.

G. Wright,
Colonel 9th Infantry, commanding

Paul.
Bonaventure.
Cassimere.
Bernard.

Mil-kap-si
Sal-tize
Vincent
Joseph
Jean Pierre
Pierre Pauline
Louis Margeni
Cyproani
Augustin
Anthony
Leo
Patricia
Pierre
Jean Piere

WITNESSES

E. D. Keyes, Captain 3rd Artillery
W. N. Grier, Brevet Major United States Army
R. W. Kirkham, Captain and Assistant Quartermaster
F. T. Dent, Captain 9th Infantry
C. S. Winder, Captain 9th Infantry
J. F. Hammond, Assistant Surgeon United States Army
Jas. A. Hardie, Captain Artillery
R. O. Tyler, 1st Lieutenant 3rd Artillery
H. G. Gibson, 1st Lieutenant 3rd Artillery
Jno. F. Randolph, Assistant Surgeon United States Army
H. B. Davidson, 1st Lieutenant 1st Dragoons.
W. D. Pender, 2nd Lieutenant 1st Dragoons.

To the civilian mind, unused to the punctiliousness of the military, perusal of the foregoing treaty and comparison with the instruction given to Colonel Wright would suggest work well performed. At this period of time it would seem mere cavilling for General Clarke to make implied criticism of the terms of the treaty. But when the document was received at army headquarters it bore across its face this endorsement:

Headquarters Department of the Pacific
Fort Vancouver, W. T. October 7th, 1858

The 5th article in this treaty is disapproved, in so far as it accepts a conditional surrender of those Indians guilty of commencing the attack on the troops.

An unconditional surrender was demanded by me before the troops were sent into the field; less should not have been accepted afterwards.

A surrender of the guilty conditioned on their immunity from punishment is futile.

It is now to late to repair the error; the prisoners are but hostages and as such will be kept as long as it may be proper to do so.

The agreement to admit troops and citizens to pass through the country had better have been a demand than a part of the treaty but this matters not much, as we have the substance.

N. S. Clarke
Colonel 6th Infantry, Brevet Brigadier General,
commanding.

One need but glance at the names of the Indian signers -- in reality they merely fixed their mark - to obtain eloquent comment on the influence of the Jesuit fathers. The mission had been originally established on the St. Joseph river in 1842 by Fathers Ravalli and Joset, but experience of our years with spring freshets inundating their crops, caused the removal to the Coeur d'Alene valley, where the institution remains to this day.

During the stay of the troops at the mission, the officers had leisure for obtaining interesting information. Adjutant Kip picked up a bit which was even then history. His journal, written while at the mission contained the following:

We find, from conversing with the Indians, what was the system of tactics they had arranged for the campaign. They expected to be attacked first by the dragoons, whom they intended to fight as they did Colonel Steptoe, and expected the same results. To this purpose they devoted their powder and ball. Having disposed of the dragoons, they would have the infantry in their power, cut off from all succor in the midst of hostile country. They were then to keep riding around them, as they would have far outnumbered them, and shooting them with their arrows.

They well knew, too, that their first success against our force would have doubled their numbers. Indian runners would at once have spread the news throughout the country, the wavering and undecided would have cast their lot with them, warriors from the most distant tribes would have hurried to share in the spoil, and on both sides of the mountains we would have had on our hands a war of extermination of the whites.

The long range rifles upset this beautiful scheme. They expected they told us, that as soon as the infantry fired

they would retire and load again. They would keep this up. They were very much surprised therefore, to see them advance all the time, keeping up a steady and uninterrupted fire. They compared the soldiers to bears—advancing always to the spot where they fell, instead of retiring.

A very curious, almost ludicrous consideration exerted an influence over the Indians and to their bewildered and superstitious minds seemed portentous. It seemed to the native intellect that not only were the blue coats and long range rifles begotten of the evil spirit, but that the very heavens were in league with the invaders. Kip records the circumstances as follows:

> In the beginning of September Donati's comet appeared, and night after night it has been seen streaming above us in all its glory. Strange as it may seem, it has exerted a powerful influence over the Indians in our behalf. Appearing just as we entered the country, it seemed to them like some huge besom to sweep them from the earth. The effect was probably increased by the fact that it disappeared about the time our campaign ended and our treaties were formed. They must have imagined that it has been sent home to their Great Father in Washington, to be put away until required next time.

It was at this camp on the Ned-Whauld or Lahtoo, the present Latah Creek that the treaty with the Spokanes was made. In fact Garry, Pohlatkin and the sub-chiefs were waiting when the column arrived. The formalities of the council were very similar to that with the Coeur d'Alenes. The treaty negotiated contained the identical terms. Following is the list of signers. All being marked with an "X", save those of Pohlatkin and Garry, who were of sufficient education to sign their names.

| | |
|---|---|
| Pohlatkin | Its-she-mon-me |
| Spokane Garry | It-tem-mon-nee |
| Skul-hull | It-tem-mee-khh (son of Pohlatkin) |
| Moist-turm | Schil-cha-hun- |
| Ski-ki-ah-men | Meh-mah-icht-such |
| She-luh-ki-its-ze | Be-holt |
| Mol-mil-e-muh | So-var-ole-kim |
| Ki-ah-mene | Se-may-koh-lee |
| Hoh-hoh-mee | Sil-so-tee-chee |
| Huse-tesh-him-high | See-che-bue |
| Nul-shil-she-hil-sote | Ko-lim-chin |
| Che-lah-hom-sko | Ho-ho-mish |
| Hit-sute-tah | Ski-ime |
| Keh-ko | Se-ra-min-home |
| Qualt-til-tose-sum | We-yil-sho |
| Chey-yal-kote | Che nee-yah |
| Quoi-quoi-yow | Sho-moh-it-kan |
| In-sko-me-any | Quoit-quoit-il-n |

It was during this council that Milkapsi appeared. He had been absent when the Coeur d'Alene treaty was signed, having hidden until he received information as to what transpired. Then he made haste to fall into line and travelled all the way from the mission to take his seat in the band wagon. He was not allowed to place his mark on the document until after a complete understanding had passed. Colonel Wright took occasion before the whole council to remind him of the part he played in precipitating the attack on the Steptoe column and alluded in no mincing terms to the defiant tone of the letter he sent through the priest to General Clarke during the summer. Not until then was he permitted to put his name to the Coeur d'Alene treaty.

In closing the communication to General Clarke in which he sent forward the treaties, Colonel Wright took occasion to record his obligation to Father Joset for his efforts in behalf of peace, in the following language:

> I cannot close this communication without expressing my thanks to Father Joset, the superior of the Coeur d'Alene mission for his zealous and unwearied exertions in bringing all these Indians to an understanding of their true position. For ten days and nights the Father has toiled incessantly, and only left us this morning after witnessing the fruition of all his labors.

It was also from this camp that the detachment was sent to the Steptoe battlefield, the details of which trip have already appeared in a former chapter.

# 20 Executions at Hangman Creek

Headquarters Expedition Against
Northern Indians, Camp on the NedWhauld
(Lahtoo) River, W. T.,
September 24th, 1858

At sunset last evening the Yakima chief, Ow-hi, presented himself before me. He came from the lower Spokane river, and told me that he had left his son, Qualchew, at that place.

I had some dealings with this chief, Ow-hi, when I was on my Yakima campaign in 1858. He came to me when I was encamped on the Nahchess river, and expressed great anxiety for peace, and promised to bring in all his people at the end of seven days. He did not keep his word, but, fled over the mountains. I pursued him, and he left that country. I have never seen him from that time until last evening. In all this time he has been considered as semi-hostile, and no reliance could be placed upon him.

This man Qualchew, spoken of above, is the son of Ow-hi. His history, for three years past, is too well known to need recapitulation here. He has been actively engaged in all the murders, robberies and attacks upon the white people since 1855, both east and west of the Cascade mountains. He was with the party who attacked the miners on the Wen-at-che river in June last, and was severly wounded; but recovering rapidly he had since been committing assults on our people whenever an opportunity offered.

Under these circumstances, I was very desirous of getting Qualchew in my power. I seized Ow-hi and put him in irons. I then sent a messenger for Qualchew, desiring his presence forwith with notice that if he did not come I would hang Ow-hi.

Qualchew came to me at 9 o'clock and at 9:15 A.M. he was hung.

In such cold and businesslike language does Colonel Wright communicate to his superiors the information that the infamous career of the notorious Qualchian, the most dreaded marauder in all the Pacific Northwest, was at an end, and that his scarecely less execrated father was in military custody.

Owhi was a half brother of Kamiahkin and no less crafty, while he measured well up to the reputation of Qualchian. These two chiefs were among those driven out of the country west of the Columbia by Major Garnett. It was generally understood that Qualchian was the actual murderer of Agent Bolan. Bancroft, in his history of Washington, states that Bolan was killed by orders of Kamiahkin and by the hand of his nephew, a son of Owhi. This, in particular in addition to the reasons he gave in his report, induced Colonel Wright to congratulate himself on the capture.

From Colonel Wright's report one gathers but little of the dramatic setting surrounding the capture of these two notorious Indians. From Wright one obtains no suggestion that Owhi disowned Qualchian as the latter was on his way to the gallows or that the hand of Kamiahkin was lifted in treachery toward the doomed man.

One may look in vain through all the sources of information available for a statement of the considerations which prompted Owhi to enter the camp and give himself up. It may be that, in view of the complete overthrow of the natives, Owhi thought that it was about time for him to get under cover and make good his promise made in the Yakima valley. Colonel Wright knew that Kamiahkin, Til-co-ax and other chiefs were in the vicinity, but considered that they were not likely to surrender voluntarily. Owhi may have known of the course taken by Milkapsi and the success which met his tardy capitulation, and decided that if the Coeur d'Alene got off so easily he might have the same luck.

A description of the meeting between the Colonel and the renegade Chief has been left by Adjutant Kip, who, after reciting that a priest was summoned to act as interpreter, reproduces the interview. Thus is obtained a glimpse of Colonel Wright's methods, particularly the brusque manner in which he proceeded the business. The conversation is thus given:

Colonel: Where did you see me last?
Priest: He saw you in his country.
Colonel: Whereabouts in his country?
Priest: On the Natchess river.
Colonel: What did he promise me at that time?
(Owhi looked exceedingly pale and confused.)
Priest: That he would come in with his people in some days.
Colonel: Why d d he not do so?
(Aside: Tell the officer of the guard to bring a file of his men; and, Captain Kirkham, you will have some iron shackles made ready.)
Priest: He says he did do so.
Colonel: Where is he from now?
Priest: From the mouth of the Spokane.

Colonel: How long has he been away from here?
Priest: Two days.
Colonel: Where is Qualchian?
Priest: At the mouth of the Spokane.
Colonel: Tell Owhi that I will send a message to Qualchian. Tell him he too, shall send a message, and if Qualchian does not join me before I cross the Snake river, in four days, I will hang Owhi.

Colonel Wright decided to take Owhi with him to Fort Walla Walla and refer the disposition of his case to his superiors. His capture had been but an incident of the campaign, not one of its subjects. The chief was killed before he reached Walla Walla during an attempt to escape. General Morgan, in whose immediate charge Owhi was and who after being unjured by the chief commenced shooting at the fugitive, gives an excellent account of the incident in a succeeding chapter.

Private John Rohn of the Ninth infantry, now living near Walla Walla was one of the men of the detail which acted as Owhi's guard. He says the chief was a very wily old fellow whose eyes, beneath their apparent blinking, were ever on the lookout for opportunities to escape. The relationship of prisoner and guard brought the soldiers and chief into so close proximity that a few days after the trip was commenced, Owhi told Rohn of a large sum of gold he had cached away under a log near the mouth of the Walla Walla river and intimated that he would be willing to exchange it for freedom. Rohn was neither accepting a "pig in a poke" nor failing in his duty. He never had faith enough in the prisoner to go later to the Columbia and investigate the log.

The appearance of Qualchian in the camp has been a mystery. Colonel Wright merely states that Qualchian came in but does not assert that he came because of the delivery of and message either from Owhi or from the Colonel himself. Kip recites that Qualchian exhibited distress when he learned that Owhi was in the camp. Dandy says the Qualchian exhibithat Owhi was in the camp. Dandy says that Qualchian had seen the departure of the dragoons to the Steptoe battlefield and thought to find the camp empty. Hazard Stevens in the life of General Isaac I. Stevens, his father, says that the murderer of Agent Bolan rode into camp, putting on a bold face and fully expecting to be treated with the consideration formerly shown the Yakima chiefs.

Kip's suggestion of treachery may furnish the right explanation for the appearance of this famous chieftain in the camp of his avowed enemy. Kamiahkin was hiding about the camp. A man of his resources could easily be informed of the taking of Milkapsi into the fold. He understood very clearly that himself, Owhi and Qualchian were regarded as the foremost of the Indians in formenting trouble. The streets of the camp were open and all that transpired therein could be seen from the tops of the hills, and it would not have been difficult for the crafty old chief to have known that Owhi was a prisoner. With Owhi out of the way, if he could only get Qualchian into the white man's toils, Kamiahkin could plead that he would be a good Indian alone.

But Kamiahkin was destined never again to make his home in the Yakima valley. He fled over the mountains to the eastward with a party of the Palouse tribe who would not surrender. The flight took place within a day or two after Qualchian's execution, for part of Kamiahkin's crowd who did not follow him presented themselves to Colonel Wright on September 30th. For many years he roamed the mountains of northern Idaho and western Montana, but eventually returned and made his home near Rock Lake, on the border line between Spokane and Whitman counties. It was here that he died in 1873 and was buried in a mound overlooking the lake. When the government, in the 80's was removing the bodies of the Indian dead for reinterment on the Colville reservation, friends of the famous old chief desired to have his remains removed. When the rude grave was opened the skeleton was skullless. Two enterprising curio collectors of the Inland Empire each possess a "skull of Kamiahkin." In life he was undoubtedly two-faced and possessed some Cerberean qualities. It is only those who were famous that grow in estimation after death.

The appearance of Qualchian and his suite in the camp on the Latah fell on the 24th of September. The scenes enacted are thus described by Adjutant Kip:

About twelve o'clock today there trotted out from a canyon near our camp two Indian braves and a fine looking squaw. The three rode abreast, and a little way behind rode an Indian hunchback whom we had seen before in our camp. The three principal personages were gaily dressed, and had a most dashing air. They all had on a great deal of scarlet, and the squaw wore two ornamental scarfs passing over the right shoulder and under the right arm. She also carried, resting across in front of her saddle, a long lance, the handle of which was completely wound with various colored beads, and from the end of which depended two long tippets of beaver skins. The two braves had fifles, and one, who was evidently the leader of the party, carried an ornamented tomahawk, With the utmost boldness they rode directly up to Colonel Wright's tent.

Captain Keyes, who was standing at the time in front of the tent, pulled aside the opening, remarking as he did so, "Colonel, we have distinguished visitors here."

The Colonel came out and, after a short conversation, to his surprise, recognized in the leader of the party Qualchian, the son of Owhi and one of the most desperate murderers on this coast. For a few moments Qualchian stood talking with Colonel Wright, with his rifle standing by his side. His bearing was so defiant that Captain Keyes, thinking that he might meditate some desperate act, placed himself on his right a little in the rear, with his eye fixed on Qualchian's rifle, ready to spring upon him on the slightest demonstration.

In a short time Colonel Wright mentioned Owhi's name.

At this, Qualchian started and exclaimed, "Car?" (where)

The Colonel answered, "Owhi is over there."

When this was communicated, I was standing near him, and he seemed to be paralyzed. His whole expression changed as though he had been stung. He gazed about him and repeated mechanically.

"Owhi milite yawa!" (Owhi is over there!)

In a moment he had made a motion as if to use the rifle he had in his hands and advanced toward his horse. He evidently saw at once that he had run into the toils of the enemy. The guard, however, had by this time arrived, and he was at once disarmed. The guard, found on him a fine pistol capped and loaded, and plenty of ammunition. Colonel Wright told him to go with the guard, to which

he consented with silent reluctance, hanging back as he was pulled along, but evidently undecided what to do.

Qualchian was finely shaped, with a broad chest and muscular limbs, and small hands and feet, so violent were his struggles, though he had at the time an unhealed wound through the lower part of his body.

Fifteen minutes after his capture the officer of the day received an order from Colonel Wright to have him hung immediately. When his fate was made known to him, he began to curse Kamiaken. A file of the guard at once marched him to a neighboring tree, where, on attempting to put a rope around his neck, the contest was again renewed. Bound, as his arms were, he fought and struggled till they were obliged to throw him down on his back to fix the noose, he shrieking all the while,

"Stop, my friends; do not kill me; I will give much money, a great many horses; if you kill me, a great many Indians will be angry."

The rope was thrown over a limb and he was run up. Among those who assisted with great alacrity were two miners, now in the employ of the quartermaster who had been in the party which was attacked by Qualchian and his band some nonths before. His last words as the noose tightened were a curse on Kamiaken.

It is supposed by this that he was sent by Kamiaken into the camp as a spy to ascertain what we would do, and he looked upon him, therefore, as the author of his death. He died like a coward, and very differently from the manner in which the Indians generally meet their fate. So loud, indeed, were his cries that they were heard by Owhi, who was confined not far from him. The old chief, in disgust, disowned him, saying,

"He is not my son, but the son of Kamiaken" meaning that he followed the counsels of Kamiaken.

We have reason to believe that there was some treachery in his coming in, for he had not met the messenger sent out for him, but had either come in of his own accord, or had been lured by the little imp of a hunchback. His expression, especially that of his eyes, betokened a diabolical expression. As soon as Qualchian was placed in charge of the guard, the hunchback galloped to the upper end of the camp, where he related to his people with savage glee the part he had taken in guiding the chief to our quarters.

So notorious, however, was the character of Qualchian, that his execution met with the unanimous approval of the Indians themselves. When informed of it, their first exclamation always is; "It is right, it is right."

On the identity of the hunchback hinges the speculation as to the treachery of Kamiahkin. Hon A.J. Slawn, long a resident of the Yakima valley and familiar with lore from Indian sources, is the authority for the statement that one Le Quout living on the Spokane reservation who, according to Captain John McA. Webster, Indian agent, immediately after the Wright expedition joined the Flat heads and as an adopted son of the tribe fought against the Blackfeet. He became a real Indian soldier of fortune for some twenty years until in the 70's when he became farmer near the confluence of the Spokane with the Columbia. He, though now an old man, has very markedly stooped shoulders and a forward thrust of the neck which in youth might have given him the appearance of a hunchback.

Hon. A. J. Splawn

Mr. Splawn also says that the woman who accompanied Qualchian into the camp was his wife, daughter of Pohlatkin and that after the execution she fled with Le Quout and the others of Kamiahkin's party over the mountains, Le Quout ultimately marrying the widow. Captain Webster has never been able to obtain from Le Quout any sketch of his life. He declines to discuss his career, possibly because he thinks it yet might embroil him with the government.

There were other executions at the camp of the Ned-Whauld. On the evening of the day following Qualchian's end, the Palouse began to arrive to be recorded as peaceful. They told Colonel Wright that they had been in both battles with him and later had joined Kamiahkin's band when it was starting for the mountains. They seceded and were anxious for peace. Fifteen of this party were seized and relentlessly examined. Some had gone out of their natural territory to make war on the United States and one had killed a sergeant in Steptoe's command.

"I had promised these Indians severe treatment," chronicles Colonel Wright "and accordingly six of the most notorious were hung on the spot. The others were ironed for the march."

A detailed description of the scene of the execution of these men is to be found in the reminiscences of General

Dandy, in a later chapter and their conduct under the gallows was far more in accord with traditional Indian stoicism than was manifested Qualchian.

These executions on the Lahtoo, or Latah, are responsible for the appellation "Hangman Creek." While tradition preserved the fact that Indians had expiated crimes against the government on the upper waters of the stream, it did not hand down the proper number of executed individuals. In popular estimation the number ranged from a dozen to sixty, with seventeen as the figure most often quoted in conversation. The enacity of this number, seventeen, is directly traceable to the same source as the application of the name Steptoe to the highest eminence in all Whitman County—a noble peak, commanding a generous view of a remarkable country, but in no way related to the Steptoe repulse.

From Walla Walla, as a central point, the prospective settlers passed out in all directions, years after the events had taken place. At Walla Walla they heard that some twenty leagues beyond the Snake river Colonel Steptoe's expedition had been surrounded on a high hill and only escaped annihilation by a miracle. When the wagons and families and cattle had reached the vicinity of Colfax a solitary sentinel butte loomed far above the surrounding country.

Straightway the conclusion was drawn that on that peak the beleaguered soldiers of Steptoe had stood and fought, much as did Hooker at Lookout Mountain "above the clouds." Thus this grand landmark, some miles distant from the rude graves of Taylor and Gaston and Ingossomen creek, comes down across the pages of history and geography as Steptoe Butte.

"Colonel Wright's expedition cleaned the Indians out up north of here and he executed seventeen Indians," was the story heard by the first commers into the Spokane Country. When they discovered the spot, it was immediately invested with the awesome glamour of the grand total credited to the entire march of the column - - eleven while in the field and six after the return to Walla Walla. In a similar way the shambles at "Horse Slaughter Camp" has been converted in many minds through the medium of colloquial exchange into a terrible cavalry battle between a host of Indians and several regiments of United States regulars.

Until within recent years a huge pine tree stood on the northerly edge of Latah creek a short distance north and west of the crossing of the old Kentucky trails, now a dignified county road. Extending in a northwesterly direction from the trunk and about fifteen feet from the ground was a large limb in a nearly horizontal position. This was the gallows, tradition said, whereon Qualchian and the others died. General Dandy, in his reminiscences, uses the phrase, "trees selected for the purpose." Mullan absent on the side trip to the Steptoe battlefield at the time , returned to learn that a gallows had been erected for the purpose.

# 21 Close of a Remarkable Campaign

Vigorous war on the hostile Nez Perces and Palouse had been included in the program written by General Clarke for Colonel Wright to carry into effect. On the 24th of September, the day of the execution of Qualchian, Wright was in no quandary as to his course in the next few days. Within less than a month from the time he had crossed the Snake River and with solemn responsibility entered the enemy's country, the expedition had broken the back of Kamiahkin's confederacy and had drawn the glove of peace over the iron hand held out to the Spokane and Coeur d'Alenes.

The disaffected Nez Perces had been quieted before Wright left Walla Walla. The Palouse presented no formidable problem to the expedition. Less than 700 regular soldiers had established a prestige. The wealth of Chief Til-co-ax was decaying in and about the corral on the Spokane river. Kamiahkin had left the country for the seclusion of the valley of the Clark's Fork. Whatever Colonel Wright might desire to accomplish with the Palouse could be done as he marched his unbeaten column back to Walla Walla through the heart of the country of the Palouse. Even before leaving the camp on the Ned-Whauld opposition was shown to be dissolved. That Colonel Wright did not abate one jot or tittle from the severity meted out to the other tribes, is shown by these two reports written on the same day, from a camp on the Palouse river, four days after the summary end of Qualchian;

On the evening of that day many of the Palouse began to gather in my camp. They represented themselves as having been in both battles, and when Kamiahkin fled over the mountains they seceded from his party, and were now anxious for peace. I seized fifteen men, and after a careful investigation of their cases, I found that they had left their own country and waged war against the forces of the United States, and one of them had killed a sergeant of Colonel Steptoe's command, who was crossing the Snake River. I had promised those Indians severe punishment if found with the hostiles, and accordingly six were hung on the spot. The others were ironed for the march.

I left my camp on the Ned-Whauld (Lahtoo) on the morning of the 26th, and after a march of four cold rainy days reached this place last evening.

On the 27th I was met by the Palouse chief, Slow-i-archy. This chief has always lived at the mouth of the Palouse, and has numerous tesitmonials of good character, and has not been engaged in hostilities. He told me that some of his young men had, contrary to his advice, engaged in the war, but that they were all now assembled and begging for peace. Slow-i-archy had five men with him, and he dispatched two of them the same day he met me high in the Palouse to bring in the Indians from that quarter, whom he represented as desirous of meeting me.

After I encamped last evening, Slow-i-archy went down the river about two miles and brought up all his people, men, women and children, with all the property they had, and early this morning a large band of Palouses numbering about 100 came in from the upper Palouse. These comprise pretty much all the Palouse left in the country. A few have fled with Kamiahkin, who is represented as having gone over the mountains and crossed Clark's Fork.

The second report, written also on the last day of September, is as follows:

I have this moment finished with the Palouses. After calling them together in council, I addressed them in severe language, enumerating their murders, thefts and war against the United States troops.

I then demanded the murderers of the two miners in April last. One man was brought out and hung forthwith.

Two of the men who stole the cattle from Walla Walla were hung at my camp on the Ned-Whauld, and one of them was killed in the battle of the Four Lakes. All the property they had belonging to the government was restored.

I then brought out my Indian prisoners, and found that three of them were either Walla Wallas or Yakimas. They were hung on the spot.

One of the murderers of the miners had been hung on the Spokane.

I then demanded of these Indians one chief and four men, with their families, to be taken to Fort Walla Walla as hostages for their future good behavior. They were presented and accepted.

I told these Indians that I would not now make any written treaty of peace with them, but if they performed all that I required that next spring a treaty should be made with them.

I said to them that white people should travel through their country unmolested; that they should apprehend and deliver up every man of their nation who had been guilty of murder or robbery. All this they promised me. I warned them that if I ever had to come into this country again on a hostile expedition I would annihilate the whole nation.

Across the intervening fifty years, one may almost hear the traditional pin drop on the banks of the Palouse river. Those Indians had just seen some of their number executed. They saw five of their friends en route to Walla Walla as a peace offering of good will. At hearing the fare-

well address of a commander whose march has been attended by "slaughter and devastation", those poor Palouses must have been "visibly affected." A few months later Slow-i-archy was appointed keeper of the ferry across the Snake at the mouth of the Tucanon.

In addition to making the two reports just reproduced, Colonel Wright found time at the camp on the Palouse to review the accomplishments of his expedition. At the moment he was not far distant from the Snake river, whence only a short month before he had expressed himself to General Clarke in terms of apprehension as to the outcome of the expedition. The interim had been filled with successful endeavor, unaccompanied by catastrophe or galling experience.

By direct and soldierly effort he had scattered the elements of what was understood by all conversant with the situation to portend a protracted war. In a few days he would expect to resume the routine duties of post commander at The Dalles, with supervision over the military district of the Columbia. Glance over his shoulder as he wrote in his tent on the Palouse:

Headquarters Expedition against Northern Indians
Camp on the Palouse River, W. T. Sept. 30, 1858

Sir: The war is closed. Peace is restored with the Spokane, Coeur d'Alene and Pelouses. After a vigorous campaign the Indains have been entirely subdued, and were most happy to accept such terms of peace as I might dictate.

Results

1. Two battles fought by the troops under my command, against the combined forces of the Spokanes, Coeur d' Alenes and Pelouses, in both of which the Indians signally defeated, with a severe loss of chiefs and warriors either killed of wounded.

2. The capture of one thousand horses and a large number of cattle from the hostile Indians, all of which were either killed or appropriated to the service of the United States.

3. Many barns filled with wheat and oats, also several fields of grain with numerous caches of vegetables, dried berries and kamas, all destroyed or used by the troops.

4. The Yakima chief, Owhi, in irons, and the notorious war chief Qualchen, hung. The murderers of the miners, cattle stealers, etc, (in all eleven Indians) hung.

5. The Spokanes, Coeur d'Alenes and Palouses entirely subdued and most abjectly for peace on any terms.

6. Treaties made with the above nations; they have restored all property which was in their possession, belonging either to the United States or to individuals; they have promised that all white people shall travel through their country unmolested, and that no hostile Indians shall be allowed to pass through or remain among them.

7. The delivery to the officer in command of the United States troops of the Indians who commenced the battle with Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe contrary to the orders of the chiefs.

8. The delivery to the officer in command of the United States troops of one chief and four men, with their fammilies, from each of the above named tribes, to be taken to Fort Walla Walla, and held as hostages for future good conduct of their respective nations.

9. The recovery of the two mounted howitzers abandoned by the troops under Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe.

Colonel Wright was a military man, and his view of the results of his expedition related only to the events of the immediate. Of the broader results he could not forsee; it was not his duty to consider them. He had plowed the ground. The harvest was to come after — years after; for the ground lay fallow until the Civil War had been ten years in history. Through all these years only one noxious growth survived — Smohallism.

The Wright expedition separated on the banks of the Snake river. A part of the column, including the artillery marched away to the lower forts on the Columbia. The infantry and dragoons repaired to Walla Walla. The return of the troops to their station was devoid of incident except that of the attempted escape of Owhi, the details of which are related by General Morgan in his reminiscences in a subsequent chapter.

Arrived at Fort Walla Walla the contingent ordered to that post had but one duty to perform, and the expedition was over. The bare military records contain no reference to the ceremonies of October 7th, and recourse is had to Lieutenant Kip's journal:

"At ten O'clock took place the burial of Captain Taylor, Lieutenant Gaston and the remains of the man which had been found on Colonel Steptoe's battlefield. It was from this post that they had marched forth and here they were to be laid to rest. They were of course buried with military honors, the ceremony being invested with all the pageantry which was possible. to show respect to the memory of our gallant comrades.

All the officers, thirty nine in number, and the troops at the post, amounting to 800 (reinforcements having arrived since our departure) were present and took part in the ceremonies. The horses of the dead, draped in black, having on them the officers' swords and boots were led behind the coffins. The remains were taken about half a mile from the post and there interred. Three volleys were fired over them and we left them where day after day the notes of the bugle will be borne over their graves."

A feeling of great relief came now over the people of the Pacific Northwest. It was accepted as fact that those Indians who had fomented trouble were out of the way. This sentiment was prevalent among both the settlers and the military, and the latter at once commenced to give attention to plans for the settlement of the country.

General William S. Harney succeeded General Clarke in command of the department of the northern Pacific in October, at which time the Department of Oregon the forerunner of the Department of the Columbia came into being. General Harney requested views on the outlook for the future from Colonel Wright, who responded with the following retrospective and suggestive comment:

Sir: I have at this moment received your communication of this date.

With regard to the present disposition and feeling of the various Indians with whom I have been brought in contact during the late campaign, I can assure the general that we have nothing to apprehend. The Nez Perces, Spokanes, Coeur d'Alenes, Palouses, Walla Wallas and other tribes residing on both banks of the Columbia river and its tri-

butaries, are now regarded as entirely friendly. Written treaties have been made with the Nez Perces, Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes, and verbal treaties with the smaller bands. The Palouses were severely punished. Ten of the worst of them were executed, and a chief with four men, with their families, carried to Walla Walla as hostages. I have also taken hostages from the Spokanes and Coeur d'Alenes and retain them at Walla Walla.

With regard to the Indians in the neighborhood of Colville, there are doubtless some bad men among them who should be punished. Their acts are confined to robbing and stealing, but I have no information that any murders have been recently committed. A gentlemen residing in Colville valley wrote me a few days since, he says nothing of the miners having been driven off, or of the Indians having committed any hostilities. I would recommend that an expedition be sent through that country next spring, and such Indians as deserve it severly punished; and then I think we shall have no more trouble in that quarter.

I am not in favor of establishing permanent posts in advance of Walla Walla. Annual expeditions, at little expense, can be made through the Indian country, north, east and south of Walla Walla, and in this way I think that tranquility and peace can easily be maintained.

Should it be desired to establish a post in the Colville valley, it would be well to defer it until another season, after an expedition has been made, and the localities well examined. It is too late now, the ground will be covered with snow before the troops could reach that country.

Even more strongly suggestive of the growing intrusion upon the military authorities of considerations of a civic character, is the report of General Clarke to army headquarters made after his return to San Francisco:

In my report of the 10th instant, I promised to the department my views on the Indian relations of Washington and Oregon. Relieved from the command in those territories, I hesitated as to the propriety of speaking further on the subject.

After reflection suggested that having been in command for sometime in those territories and for as long a time having had these affairs under consideration, it would not be a work of superrogation to state to the department the policy I thought ought to be pursued and the military means by which that policy could be made effective.

Sometime since I was persuaded that the treaties made by Governor Stevens, superintendent of Indian affairs for those territories with the Indian tribes east of the Cascade range, should not be confirmed. Since then circumstances have changed and with them my views.

The Indians made war and were subdued; by the former act they have lost some of their claims to consideration and by the latter the government is enabled and justified in taking such steps as may give the best security for the future.

The gold discovered in the north in the past year will carry a large emigration along the foothills of the eastern slopes of the Cascades, and not improbably gold will be mined from every stream issuing from those mountains. This emigration must graze and cultivate the valleys and at times with great suffering.

That the country will soon be filled with emigrants, led on by the irresistable temptation of mining, admits of no doubt, and as little that the Indians will then be dispossessed by force if not by treaty.

The pacification now made to be lasting must now be complete; the limits of the Indians should now be drawn, not to be again disturbed.

Influenced by these views I decided to urge on the department the immediate confirmation of these treaties, or modifications of them, the payment of the stipulated price, and the opening of the lands to settlers.

I was prepared to summon a council of all the tribes at Walla Walla in the spring, notifying them that the tribes not sending delegates would be considered as enemies. When assembled I intended to make known to them the views of the government and show them my sufficient means to enforce them.

The force I proposed to assemble was a regiment of infantry, one company of artillery and four of dragoons; this force I proposed to assemble at Walla Walla previous to the time of assembling the Indians, and to make it the winter garrison of that post.

Had the Indians refused compliance with the demands of the government, I would then have been fully prepared to enforce them.

If, on the other hand, they rendered compliance I would have sent one portion of this command to cover the road party to Fort Benton, and at the same time to visit the fishing and camas grounds of the Coeur d'Alene, Spokanes and Pelouses; another to observe the emigrant road to Fort Hall and to relieve and protect the emigration; and a third, consisting of the garrisons of the Dalles and Simcoe, to skirt the western bank of the Columbia and the slopes of the Cascades as far north as the 49th parallel.

For this country, summer excursions are preferable to advanced posts; they give large forces at the points requiring an effort, and are better for discipline and instruction, and much more economical.

The system of small posts necessary on some of our frontiers is here mixed evil.

When, if ever again, the tribes unite for war, small posts, even if found self sustaining, are useless for offense.

On this frontier we must have peace or extensive combinations requiring prompt suppression by a respectable force.

Better means than these proposed may suggest themselves to others; these are the result of my reflection, and on these I would have fully relied for the quiet of the frontier.

I recommend the establishment of a large post between Fort Laramie and Fort Walla Walla for the better protection and relief of emigrants.

On this route the emigration is likely to be large, and the security should be as perfect as may be.

But one looks in vain for a suggestion of the reality which came after. General Clarke may not be blamed for suggesting gold in the hills about Colville as the loadstone for attracting settlers, when the reality has shown the richest silver-lead mines in the world pouring their wealth down the Coeur d'Alene river and past the Jesuit mission house where Colonel Wright negotiated his treaty. Looking into the future

General Clarke could not see that the railroad was to supersede the wagon as a means of immigration, and, even if he did know of General Steven'a preliminary survey for the Northern Pacific railroad, he had no grounds for believing that the Great Northern and St. Paul were to cross the Rockies, or that the Oregon Short Line would traverse the country from near Fort Laramie to Fort Walla Walla.

No clear collection of the records of the Wright expeditions of 1858 would be complete without some biographical reference to the man who would have received the stigma of failure had he not planned well and carried forward his plans to a successful completion.

George Wright was a native of Vermont and graduated from West Point in 1822 and was at once commissioned second Lieutenant in the Second Infantry, in which he served until 1836, five years of which he did duty as regimental adjutant. In 1838, being a captain, he was assigned to the Eigth infantry and it was while with this regiment that he participated in the Seminole war in Florida, being brevetted "for meritorious conduct, zeal and energy." He was commissioned major on New Years day of 1848 and at the same time was transferred to the Fourth infantry, his promotion being in recognition of his services in the Mexican war. In addition to this substantial token, he received a brevet Lieutenant Colonelcy for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Contreras and Churubusco" to which was added the rank of colonel by brevet for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino de Rey." He first wore the eagles of a colonel in on the 3rd of March, 1854. Following the Mexican war his services in the army were almost entirely confined to the states and territories of the far west.

Although an elderly man at the outbreak of the Civil War, his work was still performed with that same and gallant and meritorious conduct which seems to have been part and parcel of him in his prime, and his work lay as brigadier general of volunteers. In 1864 having then been at the call of his country for 46 years, he was brevetted a brigadier in the regular establishment and sent to his old stamping ground in the Pacific Northwest as commander of the department of the Columbia. Still in the military harness, General Wright took passage from Vancouver on July 30th, 1865 on the ill-fated steamer "Brother Jonathan," bound for San Francisco, and with it went down in the treacherous waters of the Pacific off the mouth of the Columbia, in the valley of which he had served so long. The beautiful modern, military establishment at Spokane, Washington, erected on the very ground on which he encamped on the evening of September 5, 1858, after the battle of Spokane Plains, is a tribute to his memory and his important services to the community.

For a brief estimate of General Wright's personal character the reader is referred to General Dandy, in the succeeding chapter.

The Steamer "Brother Jonathan"

# 22 Dandy's Reminiscences

(Being a monograph written from memory during the summer of 1907 by G. B. Dandy, sometime second lieutenant of artillery, who participated in the Wright campaign of 1858. At the time of writing these reminiscences General Dandy was 73 years old.)

In the latter part of 1857 I was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco, being then second Lieutenant in Company M. Third artillery. This company, commanded by Captain E. D. Keyes, was at that time the only military force stationed near San Francisco. There was little to do except what pertained to ordinary garrison work in time of peace, and San Francisco was socially and in every other respect a pleasant place and easily accessible, being but four miles distant from the Presidio.

But in May, 1858, there were heard rude alarms from the frontier. A steady increase in the immigration of the whites into Washington Territory, the home of the Spokane, Yakimas, Couer d'Alenes, Calispels, Pend O'reilles, Palouses and other warlike Indian tribes had bred a feeling of hostility in the Indian mind towards the white settlers, which in 1855 had shown itself in active warfare on Puget Sound: and some of our people had been attacked, despoiled and slaughtered by the Indians of that region.

Our troops stationed in that country to defend the settlers had active work there for a time, in which they had some casualties in their contact with a determined foe. The principal Indian chief who led the tribes in this war against the whites was Kanasket, a Klickitat chief, a man of great renown among all the tribes in the northwest. Other hostile chiefs were Leschi, Kitsap and Quimelt. Pat Kanim a noted chief, remained friendly to the whites. Kanasket, the principal chief of the hostiles, having been killed while making an attack on our troops, the war on Puget Sound languished and come to an end in 1856; and there seemed to be prospect of peace with the northern Indians.

This prospect, however to be illusive. In May, 1858, Colonel Steptoe of the Ninth infantry, stationed at Fort Walla Walla, crossed the Snake river with a force of dragoons about 150 strong, and marched toward Fort Colville his intention being to arrest some Indian outlaws who had been stealing cattle from the white settlers, and committing other depredations. Colonel Steptoe believed that the Indians in that region were friendly to him, and that there was no danger of an attack from them. He had but inferior arms - smooth bore carbines then used by the dragoons - and took no sabers with him. he believed that he could pass through the Indian country without being opposed or molested by the tribes. In this he was mistaken.

Most of the tribes concentrated and made an attack on him at a point about three days' march north of the Snake River, in which, after a stout resistance lasting all day, he lost two officers - Captain O. H. P. Taylor and Lieutenant William Gaston -- and several of the rank and file killed and wounded. The troops retreated to the Snake River in the night and by good fortune crossed it in the morning, after a hard march of at least 70 miles, leaving their dead in the hands of the enemy.

This was a great blow to Colonel Steptoe. He was a Virginian, proud of his profession, brave and chivalrous in temperment, and highly esteemed by all who knew him.

As soon as Colonel Steptoe's defeat became known, Colonel Newman S. Clarke, the commander of the department of the Pacific with headquarters at San Francisco immediately commenced preparations to send forward to the scene of conflict all the available troops in his department, Captain Keyes, with two companies of the Third artillery, left the Presidio a few days after the order for the expedition was issued and arrived at the Dalles of the Columbia river about the middle of June. Two more companies arrived soon after and for nearly three weeks the time was occupied in discipline and drilling the soldiers for the service in which they were sure to be very soon engaged. The troops had been but recently supplied with a new weapon - the old smooth-bore musket, reamed out and rifled the bore being adapted for the use of a heavy minie ball, with an accurate range of a thousand yards.

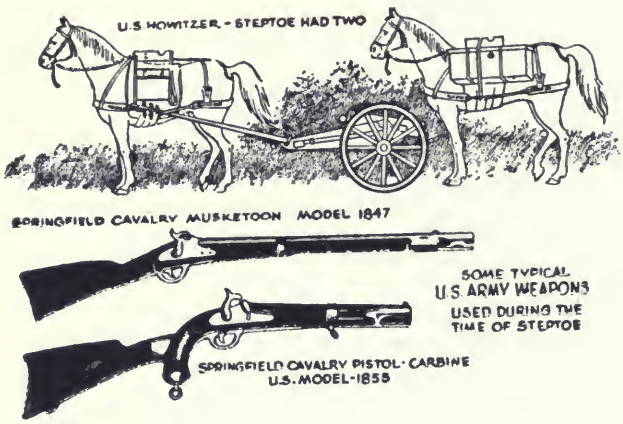
As soon as all the forces from the south intended for the expedition had reached the Dalles, the march to Fort Walla Walla was commenced, the troops arriving there about the 20th of July. Colonel George Wright of the Ninth Infnatry was assigned to the command of the expedition, composed - if my memory serves me correctly - of the following troops and officers, viz:

Two squadrons of the First dragoons, commanded by Major W. N. Grier, assisted by Lieutenant D. McGregg, Lieutenant H. B. Davidson.

Two companies of the Ninth infantry, officered by Captain C. S. Winder, Captain F. T. Dent and Lieutenant Fleming.

A batallion of six companies of the Third attillery, commanded by Captain E. D. Keyes, assisted by Captain E. O. C. Ord, Captain James A. Hardie, Lieutenants H. G. Gibson, James L. White, R. O. Tyler, M. R. Morgan, George P. Ilv-

rie (Ihrie), D. R. Ransom, G. B. Dandy, Lawrence Kip, and H. B. Lyon.




A Mountain Howitzer.

The mountain howitzer company was commanded by Lieutenant James L. White.

A detachment of 33 Nez Perces Indians, as scouts, guides and interpreters was commanded by Lieutenant John Mullan, second artillery and topographical engineer of the expedition.

Lieutenant P. A. Own, Ninth Infantry, adjutant general of the expedition, on the staff of Colonel Wright; Lieutenant Lawrence Kipp, Third Artillery, adjutant on the staff of Captain Keyes; Doctor J. F. Hammond, surgeon U. S. Army, chief medical officer; Captain Ralph W. Kirkham, quartermaster and commissary.

All the detachments together numbered about 900 men. Some time was occupied after all the troops reached Walla Walla in organizing the expedition and in drilling the troops in skirmishing and in target firing.

The Tucanon river was selected by Colonel Wright as the point for crossing the Snake river, and entering into the hostile Indian territory. This is a small stream flowing into the Snake river about 50 miles noth of Walla Walla. Here the troops were encamped while a small stone fort was constructed, and a garrison of one company of artillery under the command of Major F. O. Wyse stationed there to command the crossing.

On the day of the arrival of the command at this point, the troops captured a Palouse Indian who had evidently crossed the river as a spy, and was trying to escape observation by hiding. When questioned, he would give no account of himself, and was held as a prisoner. A rather amusing incident of this capture happened at this time.

The prisoner, thinking to make his escape, broke away from his captors and rushed for the river, plunging in to swim across. Lieutenant Mullan, who was riding up at the time, put spurs to his horse and reached the river just as the Indian was about to strike out for liberty. Leaping from his horse, Mullan rushed into the water and grappled with the Indian, but a loose stone turned under his foot and threw him down, and the two had a lively tussle. The Indian was naked except for his breech-clout and his body was so slippery that he could not be held, so Mullan escaped to the shore half drowned. The prisoner, though many shots were fired after him, gained the other shore and escaped.

Some days after this incident, an Indian was seen on the opposite bank of the Snake, observing our camp. He was naked, except for the usual breechclout, and was reclining on a clay bank in color so like his own skin that it was difficult to make him out. A call was made to him from the camp, to which he seemed to pay no attention; nor did he move until a few rifle balls, falling near him, seemed to wake him. A small detachment kept him covered with rifles and a boat was sent over to bring him to our camp. Nothing of importance was elicited when he was examined. He was evidently sent forward by the hostiles to note our movements and keep them informed.

The troops and supplies of the expedition crossed over the turbulent and swift water of the Snake river about the 27th of August, in canvas boats formed by stretching the canvas on wooden frames. About 700 horses and mules were crossed by swimming the streams, being guided by our Nez Perces scouts, who kept the heads of the leaders in the right direction by slipping off their backs, seizing and holding on by the ends of their tails, swimming alongside and splashing water in their faces, when necessary to keep their heads upstream towards the point of landing. Finally everything was transported safely, and we camped in the hostile Indian territory for the first time.

The next morning the command started to seek the hostiles. The latter, we learned from accounts of people fleeing from the country, had great hopes of destroying us, as they had so easily overcome Colonel Steptoe, and were boasting that if we once crossed the Snake river not one of us would ever return. They greatly outnumbered our forces, and they believed that they could subdue us.

After about four days' march, Indian signs began to be noticed by our scouts. The savages first appeared in small scouting parties, and on the 31st of August —I think— they skirted our line of march, a ridge of low hills running between them and our troops, set fire to the dry grass and under cover of the smoke fired upon our rear guard. This attack was easily repulsed, and the Indians were driven off. There were no casualties.

Soon after this the command encamped, and picket guards and sentinels were established. The camp was situated about a mile from a high, bald hill, on the summit of which an Indian sentinel showed himself, mounted and bearing a banner with a long staff. This sentinel remained visible until the darkness of the night shut him out from our view.

## THE BATTLE OF THE FOUR LAKES

In the morning it became quite evident that the savages intended to fight at this point, as our Nez Perces scouts reported that they were in force on the plains just beyond the bald hill. A number had also appeared on the summit and seemed to invite our troops to battle. Beyond the hill, in the valley, their forces were assembled and engaged in chanting their war songs.

This cermony the chiefs and head men always engage in for the purpose of inspiring and encouraging their warriors on the eve of battle. I have heard these chants, consisting of grunts, whoops, yells and other hideous and discordant sounds; and I have found their effect on our men, especially those who hear them for the first time, to be rather creepy and exciting. The Indians themselves are greatly worked up by this savage music, which seems to give them courage and daring to attempt the boldest exploits.

The challenge of the hostiles to battle was promptly accepted by our veteran commander, and, having left camp and pack train carefully guarded, he marshalled his forces for the attack. The Nez Perces scouts, Gregg's troop of dragoons and Captain Ord's company of artillery led the advance up the hill, and soon drove the hostiles from the summit. Then followed Colonel Wright and staff, the battalion of artillery acting as infantry, and two companies of the Ninth infantry. When our troops reached the top of the hill they saw before them a great plain and four lakes bordered by forest trees, the whole making a beautiful and inviting prospect.

A thousand or more savages were moving about in view and passing at great speed to and from the woods and ravines into the valleys. They were armed with the ordinary Hudson's Bay smooth-bore guns, and the usual equipment of spears, bows and arrows.

The point of attack having been indicated by the commander the troops advanced and opened fire on the hostiles. The latter at once showed that they were surprised and astonished at the long range of our rifles, and their formation was broken almost immediatley; but they continued to fight in a desultory way, falling back slowly under fire of our infantry. Then the dragoons, under Grier, passed to the front and charged the retreating savages. But our horses had been hard worked, and were tired, and could gain but little on the Indian ponies. No grain forage had been available, and they had to subsist wholly on grass. The Indian ponies would fatten on this food, but the dragoon horses were not used to it, and had become thin and weak. The Indian horses were fresh, and our horses were tired from constant marching from the fort.

In spite of the disadvantage, some of the Indians were overtaken by the dragoons and killed, Lieutenant Gregg having personally overtaken one and killed him with his saber. The loss of the Indians could not be ascertained, as, when possible, they carry off their dead and wounded. Our new arms, our perfect discipline and drill made us impregnable to the attacks of the Indian warriors, with their obsolete arms, and only and ambuscade of our troops could have given them a chance of success. Subsequent inquiry among the Indians and information from other sources brought the conclusion that not less than 50 of the hostiles were killed or wounded. Our own loss was trifling, only a few of our men having been wounded.

Thus ended the Battle of Four Lakes, and our troops marched back to camp. Our Indian scouts returned much excited by our victory, and immediately proceeded to have a scalp dance in honor thereof. They exhibited a number of scalps that they had taken, which they dried in the sun for preservation. The locality of the "Four Lakes", where the engagement took place, is now, I believe, well known. Medical Lake is not very far from the City of Spokane, being one of the four lakes which suggest the name of this engagement.

Our troops remained in camp for rest and recuperation until September 5th, when our march was resumed. Our road lay along an old, well worn trail, leading to a great prairie known as the Spokane Plains.

## THE BATTLE OF THE SPOKANE PLAINS

We had entered this prairie when our scouts announced that the enemy was in sight. In a few minutes their advance was seen by the troops. Under the leadership of their medicine men, they were setting fire to the dry grass which grew high and thick all about us. This act was accompanied by horrible yells, war whoops and battle cries of a hideous nature, at least to our new recruits. The wind was high, and the flames came down from the windward and nearly surrounded the command. Our efficient packers, under the direction of Captain Kirkham, soon found a spot of some extent where the grass was the shortest; and the troops by counter-burning and stamping, put out a portion of the flames sufficiently for us to get through the line of fire and smoke, behind which the savages were massing their forces for an attack on the pack train.

But the packers and troops were quick to obey their officers, and saved the train. If the enemy had succeeded in stampeding and capturing this train, we would have been left in a desperate condition. The medicine men, who appeared to lead in this attack, were dressed quaintly and guadily; their horses, mostly white, being painted with native pigments in red and dark colors, and in rudely shaped figures of men and beasts. A strong point in the strategy of Indian warfare is the attempt to stampede the animals of the opposing force, rendering them frantic and unmanageable. In this state, they rush away in any direction and are pursued and captured by the savages. It was only by the very great coolness and courage of the officers and men that the calamity of a stampede was averted in this case.

Major Grier and his dragoons leading, the hostiles were soon engaged and for a short time they showed a bold front, firing upon us from all directions. The Spokane plain, in general a level prairie, was interspersed with patches of rocky hillocks covered with trees, which afforded a good defense for the savages as long as they were able to remain within their shelter. These defensive points were numerous and some of them quite extensive area; and the troops were obliged to charge these points frequently to drive the enemy from them into the open prairie. Thus, after the first attempt to overwhelm us, we became engaged in a running fight of many miles, in which we had to drive the enemy from one shelter to another. When they were forced into an open, the dragoons were always in a position to charge them as they fled, and many were killed and wounded in this manner.

Lieutenant White and his howitzer company did good service in scattering the hostiles when they showed attempts to concentrate their forces. One of his shells tore a limb from

a large tree under which some Indians were grouped, which descending, wounded a number of them; among whom, as afterward ascertained, was the great chief Kamiakin of the Yakima tribe, who was severly hurt. The Indians, in talking with me afterwards, professed a great fear of artillery. They said that they did not like "the guns that went off twice."

The fight did not end until we had driven the enemy across the Spokane river, fully 20 miles distant from the camp which we had left in the morning. This river supplied us with the first water that we saw during the entire battle, and our troops arrived on its bank almost exhausted from thirst and fatigue. Thus ended the battle of Spokane Plains. The Indians had probably a thousand warriors opposed to us. Their losses although evidently considerable, for reasons before stated could not be ascertained. They were not able, with their archaic weapons to stand before us. Had Steptoe possessed those rifles of ours, he would never had met with his disaster. Our own loss was inconsiderable, only a few men wounded.

On reaching the Spokane river, our troops did not cross, but encamped on the south side, where we remained until the 8th. We then resumed our march toward the Coeur d'Alene mission.

We had proceeded about nine miles when, on the side of a low mountain, we discovered a great band of Indian horses endeavoring to escape into the valley beyond. On arriving at the summit of a range of hills, we found that this band had been captured by Grier's dragoons. There were about 1200 of these animals in the band, and they belonged to a chief named Til-co-ax.

Our possession of this band at this time, when we were still in pursuit of the hostiles, involved a dangerous responsibility; as an attempt was sure to be made by the Indians to recover them. This might easily be undertaken at night by a stampede, and if attempted successfully, our own horses and mules might also be stampeded, and our expedition left afoot on the prairie.

Colonel Wright consulted his officers, and finally appointed a board to consider the question of their disposition. This board decided that it was too dangerous to retain the animals, and they were ordered to be killed, except a few that were allowed to be selected by the officers and our Nez Perces allies. Each of these was allowed to select two horses. The remainder were enclosed in a corral of cottonwood logs, and destroyed by shooting. This took place at our camp on the Spokane river, about 15 miles east of the present city of Spokane. I was a witness of this shooting, and found it a pitiable sight; but it was undoubtedly a necessity of war.

Twenty years later, when stationed at Vancouver as chief quartermaster of the Department of the Columbia, I had occasion to visit Fort Coeur d'Alene and, returning to Spokane in a spring wagon, I stopped for a short time at this spot, to view the bones of Til-co-ax's horses on the banks of the river. Many had disappeared, but many still remained, and, as I stood there on the site of our old camp ground, the past was brought vividly to my mind. I fancied that I could hear the report of the rifles and the whinney of the mares for their colts as they were shot down.

About the time we were in camp on the upper Spokane river, Colonel Wright received a message from Father Joset, the superior of the Coeur d'Alene mission, appealing to him for clemency toward the hostile Indians, who were all now desirous of peace, being completely humbled by our victories.

We crossed the Spokane river on the 11th and passed into a fine agricultural country containing many Indian huts and great stores of unthreshed wheat; also many caches of native provisions intended for supplies of food for the coming winter. The dragoons took what grain they need for forage, and the rest was destroyed. The caches of food were also unearthed and demolished.

After two days' march along the border of Coeur d'Alene lake, we arrived at a Jesuit mission, situated on a small stream flowing into the lake. Here we found two priests, two laymen, and a rude chapel of logs. Here, was their mission, we were informed, was established in 1848. The savages were mostly under the influence of the mission and many of them, both male and female, were good practical Catholics and adept in all the observances of the church. This chapel, while rough in its exterior, was embellished within with somewhat rude paintings representing scenes in the life of Christ, his apostles and disciples. The superior, Father Joset, showed genuis and shrewdness in adapting all these decorations to the capacity of the Indian mind. Every evening while we were encamped here, we could hear the Indian men and women at or near the chapel, intoning vespers, and their voices, while sounding somewhat wierd, were sweet, and their chanting agreeable to the ear. The hostiles who ventured to come to our camp, having been treated with forbearance, took heart and became humble suppliants for peace. Large numbers of them, although shy at first, soon gained confidence and visited the mission daily.

Near the middle of September a council was assembled by Colonel Wright. About 100 chiefs and head men attended this council, and with them a large following of squaws and papposes. A treaty having beed arranged, it was approved and signed by Polotkin, chief of the Palouses; Vincent, chief of the Coeur d'Alenes, and some others. This treaty was strictly kept by the tribes involved.

The war being now at an end, we left this wild and savage country and commenced our return to Fort Walla Walla. On the 22nd we encamped on the Edwall, a small affluent of the Spokane river. Here we were visited by chiefs and representatives of the Kalispels, Palouses and Spokanes, with whom a treaty of peace was signed. These treaties with the Indians were mild in their provisions, but required the surrender of well known murderers and thieves. Six, I think, were surrendered at once, and immediately thereafter hanged by order of Colonel Wright. The execution of these six I witnessed.

The packers employed to do the work, brought only three ropes, so that three of the six had to wait for their turn while three of their companies were suspended from the limbs of the trees selected for the purpose. Herein was opportunity observe some traits of the Indian character. The savage loves his life and will not risk it unnecessarily. But, pinioned and all hope of escape gone, he is cheerful and shows great courage and fortitude. During the scene just referred to the three Indians who were obliged to wait while their comrades were being dealt with, conversed clearly and calmly with one another and smiled cheerfully as they looked up at those who were suffering the agonies of death. Then they took their places with apparent indifference when summoned; and when the ropes were adjusted about their necks, they

commenced dancing and hopping up and down, each singing his death song. This occupied but a few minutes, and then they went cheerfully to their fate.

On the 22nd of September a well known and prominent chief of the Yakimas rode into camp alone. This was Owhi, connected by marriage with the noted chief Kamiakin, and father of Qualchin, a young savage who was very hostile to the whites and had committed many murders and depredations among them. Owhi did not keep his word with Colonel Wright in his campaign of 1856 in the Yakima country. He had promised to bring in all his people, but was either unable or unwilling to do so. Colonel Wright turned him over to the guard and directed him to be placed in irons.

Two days after, his son, Qualchin, rode into camp, accompanied by a young and handsome squaw, and followed by an Indian hunchback. They were elaborately dressed and decorated with Indian finery, and presented the dashing air of important and princely members of the Indian nobility. Qualchin carried a rifle and a highly ornamented tomahawk. As he rode up to the colonel's tent and dismounted from his horse, his companions moved aside, but did not dismount. Colonel Wright soon recognized Qualchin and informed him that his father, Owhi, was a prisoner in camp. This information appeared to surprise and frighten him. A guard was ordered to take him prisoner and iron him, and this was followed by a written order to the officer of the guard to hang him at once. Thus, within less than an hour from his entrance into camp, he was executed.

On the 26th of October we left camp on the Edwall or Lahto, and marched for Walla Walla.

Leaving the river on the 3rd, our prisoner Owhi, was placed under charge of the usual guard of infantry soldiers. He was mounted on his own horse, and the precaution was taken to fasten his ankles together by a chain under the cinch, or saddle girth. Lieutenant Michael R. Morgan, Third artillery, was the officer of the guard and became responsible for the prisoner during the march. He was mounted and rode with his prisoner, the foot guard following. Owhi conducted himself quietly and without apparent excitment, and rode along until the command reached a brook, a branch of the Tucanon, At the crossing there was a ford where the stream broadened; and a short distance above it was spanned by a narrow bridge of logs for the footmen. While the soldiers were crossing the bridge, Lieutenant Morgan led the Indian's horse across the ford and released the reins when the opposite bank was reached. As soon as this was done, Owhi struck his own horse a fierce blow and attempted to escape. Morgan drew his pistol and followed, firing as he pursued. The Indian horse was badly wounded by these pistol shots and gradually slackened his pace, which enabled the officer to ride up abreast. Then Owhi struck Morgan's horse over the head with a heavy handle of his whip and the officer himself across the face with the lash. But the prisoner's horse was unable to continue much further, and finally halted at the mouth of a blind canon in the foothills. Here a few dragoons came up and opened fire. The prisoner received a bullet in the head, which ended his life in a few hours. Thus, father and son, famous not only in their own tribe but throughout the Northwest as the most deadly and unrelenting foes of the settlers in Washington territory, had, within a few days of each other, departed this life; and, let us hope, are now in the happy hunting ground of their fathers.

Our command arrived at Walla Walla on the 5th of October, and the campaign against the Northern Indians was at an end. The Indians who were executed during this campaign by the authority and under the orders of Colonel Wright, were outlaws and criminals, from the point of view of our government. They were mostly of a class that robbed and murdered of their own volition and for their own personal benefit and advantage. Doubtless the majority of the chiefs and warriors, in attempting to drive out our settlers and to keep the country for their own use regarded themselves as patriots. They banded together, believing that they could rid their territory of an invading enemy who, if not driven out, would take possession of their ancient lands. build roads through their hunting grounds, destroy the game on which they subsisted and revolutionize the mode of life in which for many years they had been contented and happy. This was to them ample cause for war. They got the worst of it, and had to submit to the penalty which always comes to the conquerer.

As nearly as I can now remember, there were eleven Indians hanged by order of Colonel Wright, eight of whom were delivered over to the expedition by the tribes, as well known robbers and murderers. The provision of the treaties made in the final councils of Colonel Wright with the tribes sanctioned the surrender to these criminals. Qualchin came into our camp on the Edwall voluntarily, and, being recognized by Colonel Wright, was hanged by his orders as a murderer. Two others were captured by the troops, and were hanged as spies. Thus, eleven were executed by hanging, under usual customs of Indian warfare. Owhi, the father of Qualchin, while a prisoner of war, was shot and killed on trying to escape, as before noted. The grand total of the hostiles killed during the expedition, other than those killed in battle, amounted, therefore, to twelve.

Of the personnel of the expedition, little can be said except that most of them have passed away. As I now remember the officers, all of whom I knew personally, I can vividly recall personal traits of many.

Colonel George Wright had a fine social side. When not engaged in the strict performance of duty, he was genial, whole-souled, kind and hospitable; full of wit and possessed a keen sense of humor. One could not be in his presence long without feeling charmed by his personality, his refinement, as well as a just and impartial commander. In person, he was of medium size, manly appearance and of rather handsome features. He was a fine looking soldier and a thorough gentleman. During the late Civil war he was appointed a brigadier general of volunteers and given command of the Department of the Columbia. He lost his life by drowning while travelling to some point in his department in a steamer, which was wrecked near the mouth of the Columbia river

Major William N. Grier was a brother of Justice Grier of the United States Supreme Court, and was a fine dragoon officer. He was a jovial and agreeable man, and greatly liked in the army. He has been dead for many years.

Lieutenant D. McM. Gregg became colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry served in the war with the South as a general officer and commanded a division of cavalry with great distinction. This division became famous under his leadership. He resigned from the army in 1865, and now lives at Reading, Pennsylvania.

Lieutenant William D. Pender was a very efficient cavalry

officer in the Confederate service. He was killed in action during the war.

Lieutenant Henry B. Davidson was also a Southern man, and an efficient cavalry officer. He resigned from the service in 1861 and became a Confederate brigadier general. Of his subsequent history, I have no information.

Of the artillery officers, we had some noted men.

Captain E. D. Keyes, who commanded the battalion of infantry under Colonel Wright was an officer of talent and ability. He was made a general officer after the First Battle of Bull Run and commanded the fourth corps of the Army of the Potomac in the war of the Rebellion. I served in his company at the Presidio of San Francisco and in the Spokane expedition as second lieutenant, and knew him quite intimately. He resigned from the army at the close of the war and died at Nice, France, in 1895.

Captain E. O. C. Ord was something of a genius, and wound up his career in the Civil War as major general commanding the Army of the James. He was the successor of General B. F. Butler in this command. Sometime after the war, he retired and went to Mexico, where he remained for a while. Returning by way of Havana, he died on the steamer of yellow fever before reaching New York.

Captain James A. Hardie was a very highly esteemed officer. He had been major in Stevenson's California regiment during the Mexico war, and afterward became adjutant of the Third artillery, under command of Colonel Gates and Lieutenant Colonel Merchant. After the Southern war he was appointed an inspector general of the army, and died several years ago, while, I think, still in active service.

Lieutenant D. R. Ransom was a bright, active officer, and very popular with his regiment. He served, I think, in the Civil War, but I have not heard of him since.

Lieutenant M. R. Morgan was in every way a superior officer. His service during the war of the Rebellion was important, and in 1894 he was appointed comissary general of subsistence, with the rank of brigadier general. This post he held until his retirement in 1897.

Lieutenant R. O. Tyler was a fine officer. He commanded a regiment of Connecticut artillery during the Southern war, and afterwards, until his death, served, with efficiency, in the quartermaster's department of the army.

Lieutenant H. B. Gibson was a very valuable officer. He served in the artillery during the Rebellion and was noted for gallantry. He was colonel of the Third artillery in 1883 and brigadier in 1904. He is now on the retired list.

Lieutenant Lawrence Kip served during the Southern war, first on the staff of General Sumner, and afterwards as aide to General Sheridan. He was an efficient officer, and resigned after the close of the war.

Lieutenant George P. Ihrie was an active officer and did his duty faithfully. He resigned in 1859 and was afterwards commissioned in the pay department of the army. Subsequently he left the army, and I have not heard of him since that time.

Of the infantry officers attached to the expedition:

Captain F. T. Dent of the Ninth infantry was a brother-in-law of General Grant, and a very efficeient officer. He died some years ago.

Captain S. C. Winder was of the Ninth Infantry and had a good reputation as an officer. I think he resigned in 1861 and went South, but of this I am not sure.

Lieutenant Fleming, also of the Ninth infantry, had a good reputation as an officer.

Lieutenant P. A. Owen, Ninth infantry, was a son-in-law of Colonel Wright and was a native of Alabama. He resigned in 1861 and went South.

Doctor John F. Hammond was a noted man in the medical corps and very efficient in the field.

Captain Ralph W. Kirkham, of the quartermaster's department, had a high standing in his corps, and managed skillfully his department in the Spokane Expedition. No one could have done better.

## EFFECTS OF THE EXPEDITION

This campaign, called the Spokane Expedition, had most far reaching effects, inasmuch as it completely humbled and subdued the hostile Indians who had for some time been most aggressive toward our settlers, and had committed many depredations upon them, stolen their cattle, burned their houses and butchered their women and children, as well as the husbands and fathers who were seeking homes in the territory. This aggressiveness had been more violent after the government had detailed Lieutenant John Mullan to survey a wagon road from Fort Walla Walla through their territory. Here were their homes, their subsistence and everything upon which they depended. Lieutenent Mullan had been for sometime engaged in making this survey, and this action had aroused in the natives a fierce hatred and opposition to our people. The defeat of Steptoe had confirmed their belief that they could defeat any force that could be sent against them; and, hence, there were but few clans or chiefs who did not join them in forays against the whites, and, lastly, to oppose us in the expedition happily terminated.

This expedition had made possible the "Empire of the Columbia" by completely subduing the hostile tribes who had divided it among themselves and hoped to exclude all others. It may be truthfully affirmed that but for this conclusive victory over these tribes, and the valuable lessons it taught them, the country would have remained for many years a howling wilderness, instead of the happy and prosperous country it has since become. It would still have resembled an unweeded garden instead of a "land flowing with milk and honey", containing prosperous modern cities and towns, the homes of wealth, cultrue and refinement -- enabling every man to sit under the shadow of his own vine and fig tree. With none to molest or make him afraid.

G. B. Dandy Bvt. Gen. U.S.A., Retired.

A few days after General Dandy had forwarded the foregoing notes, he sent the following.

"Since sending you my monograph, I have found some notes relating to the Spokane expedition which, for the truth of history, should be made known, viz: That two days after the return of the expedition to Walla Walla, Colonel Wright had a talk with the Walla Walla Indians. He told them that he knew that some of them had engaged in the recent fights.

"This was so acknowledged by about forty, and of these, four are selected and turned over to the guard, and were hanged at once. These were proved to have been engaged in many murders of the settlers in that region. The foremost of these criminals was an Indian named Wyecat.

"This will increase the number of Indians hanged during the Spokane expedition to sixteen, including one Palouse Indian hanged by order of Colonel Wright of the Palouse, as a murderer, few days before our arrival at Walla Walla after the close of the expedition.

"I find, also, that I have omitted mention of one artillery officer who served during the expedition, viz: Lieutenant James Howard Third artillery. He was appointed from Maryland, was a fine officer, and resigned in 1861 and joined the Confederate service. Since the war he has served his state as adjutant general.

# 23 Morgan's Recollections

(A contribution prepared during the summer of 1907 by M.R. Morgan of St. Paul first Lieutenant of Ord's Company of artillery during the Wright campaign; later Grant's comissary general, and one of the survivors of that historic group which in the McLean house at Appomattox witnessed the surrender of Lee)

In the spring of 1858, and for some months previous, I had been in command of a detachment of the Third regiment of artillery, in which regiment I was a first Lieutenant, and stationed at None Lackee Indian reservation, some 21 miles in the interior from Tehame, California. From this duty I was relieved in the spring of 1858 and turning over my detachment to the proper officer at regimental headquarters Benicia Calif., I proceeded to join my proper company K, at Fort Miller, on the San Joaquin river, where I remained only long enough to be convinced that it must be the most disagreeable military post in the United States when we received the news of the defeat of the troops under Maj. E.J. Steptoe, Ninth infantry, brevet Lieutenant Colonel, United States Army.

Then came orders to the commanding officer, Fort Miller, Capt. E.O.C. Ord, Third artillery, to break up the post, leaving the acting quartermaster to do this while he, Captain Ord, and I proceeded with our company to report to Colonel Wright at Fort Dalles, Oregon. At this time ten companies, all of the regiment but the two light batteries, C. Braxton Bragg's and E. Thomas W. Sherman's, Third artillery were on the Pacific Coast in California or Oregon, and were equipped and armed as infantry, I may mention that I was well pleased to be ordered away from Fort Miller, believing any change would be for the better.

We marched to Stockton, where we embarked on a boat for San Francisco, and there took the steamer for Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory on the Columbia river.

Coming on board the steamer in San Francisco I saw ex-Capt. William Tecumseh Sherman, at the gangway, look at us of his old regiment, marching on board and going up to Washington Territory to discipline those savages, Spokane, Coeur d'Alene etc., who killed our comrades.

Six companies of the regiment were gathered up from various posts in California and sent to Fort Dalles under Colonel Wright. From this point we marched to Fort WallaWalla, where we found companies of the First Dragoons and Ninth Infantry.

After due preparation we marched for the Snake river, at the crossing of which, on the north bank, the hostile Indians seemed to be assembled in force. On leaving Walla Walla, and from there to the Snake river, the Indians had burned the grass in front of us, which, however, caused us very little inconvenience.

We remained at the crossing of the Snake river several days, until we had built fort Taylor and got our pack train, in charge of Capt. R. E. Kirkham, A.Q.M.U.S. Army, ready for use. Leaving Fort Taylor with a garrison of one company of the Third artillery under command of Brev. Maj. O. Wyse and Lieut. Gabriel H. Hill, we crossed the Snake river. Before crossing, the Indians had appeared, as before mentioned, on the opposite high bluff, daring us to come over and with disrespectful gestures intimated that they entertained a great contempt for us. This feeling was further exhibited after we had landed on the north bank of the united Spokanes, Coeur d'Alenes, Pen d'Oreilles, Palouses, etc. Keeping at a good distance in front of us, firing at such a distance that we were not disturbed they certainly showed none of the bravery that was so destructive to Steptoe's command.

In this so-called "Spokane expedition" we had, if I remember correctly, leaving Major Wyse behind at Fort Taylor, five companies of the Third artillery, armed as infantry, and as fine looking soldiers as ever stepped in shoe leather, the companies, each numbering not leas than sixty-five men, under the command of the senior captain, Erasmus D. Keyes; two companies of the Ninth infantry, under Capt. Frederick T. Dent and Charles S. Winder; with four companies of the First Dragoons, all commanded by Brev. Major W. N. Grier, who had with him Lieut. Henry B. Davidson, William D. Pender and David McM. Gregg. I believe these were all the officers of dragoons present in the expedition under command of Col. George Wright.

Lieutenant John Mullan, Second artillery, had command of a band of friendly Nez Perces, who served as scouts.

Lieutenant James L. White, Third artillery, had charge of the two mountain howitzers and detachment to serve them.

I depend on my memory for what I write. We had a very wholesome respect for those Indians who had so thoroughly defeated Steptoe's command. We were constantly armed, even sleeping on our arms.

We crossed the Snake River at Fort Taylor late in August, the Indians hanging around us from the start. On the 30th of August we had a harassing day, because of the heat, the absence of water along the trail and because of the enemy hung close to us, but doing us no damage. We suffered greatly from thirst. I remember passing a small marsh where you

could wet your throat by getting down on your face and sucking up the moisture.

After we had passed this place, the column pushing on rapidly with the pack train to get into camp and being closely pressed by the Indians who were firing upon us, my captain told me that two of his men had fallen out to visit that marsh and wished that I would go after them and bring them in. I knew that if any few men had fallen to the rear and were not then with the column, they very likely had been scalped. I fell back alone and kept going until I reached the rearguard and saw the savages firing at us. I knew that if those two men had not returned to the column, they would never return. When I reported to my captain where I had been and had not seen the men, he told me, "It's all right; the men are here." This reminded me of a story I had heard of an occurrence in the Florida war, of an inexperienced captain ordering a young lieutenant in the Everglades to go forward alone and draw the enemy's fire.

The next day, August 31st, we remained in camp for "muster." September 1st we marched out and engaged the Indians in the Combat of the Four Lakes, driving them before us to our great satisfaction and to their great surprise. Of the subsequent engagement I remember but very little. I suppose Kip's book "Army life on the Pacific," which I have somewhere but cannot lay hand on just now, has the entire campaign described.

In one of these combats my captain sent me off alone to draw the enemy's fire, after the manner of the Florida war captain; that is, to get so near the enemy that he would be tempted to fire at me, so that we would know that he was there; and, although I might be shot, the rest of the command would be warned and saved. I came out all right, and my captain was thence forward complimentary of my soldierly qualities. He wanted me brevetted captain, but they at Washington did not at that time appreciate what it was to be in an Indian fight . . that the hole made by an Indian-fired bullet was just as large as one made by a white man.

My captain was a brave man. He had no fear for himself. While at Fort Miller a friend of his was bitten by a rattlesnake. The captain, with a mount in bad condition, proceeded at once to suck the wound. The friend was saved and the captain did not suffer. Some years later, the captain, then major general, was wounded in front of Richmond. I saw him on a hospital boat on the James river, lying on a bed with his face downward. He had not been shot in front; he was on his way home to get well of his wound.

I said to him; "I congratulate you".

He asked: "Why so?".

"Because you are going home," I answered I said "I wish I had your wound that I might go home".

He laughed heartily and seened to agree with me that after four years of war it was not a bad thing to get ordered home.

On our march through the Indian country, we searched for Indian caches containing food, and when found burned the contents.

We captured about 1400 ponies, and after each officer had selected one for his own use, the remainder were corraled and company after company, in turn, marched up and fired into them until the muskets of the company became fouled, when the company marched off and was succeeded by another, until all the ponies were slain.

While this judicious slaughter was going on, the Indians were assembled on the distant hills, looking on at the destruction of their wealth. This was their Gettsburg. If the ponies had not been slain, the Indians would most certainly have come in the night, stampeded them and got them back.

I have stated that each of the officers selected a pony for himself but it was with the understanding that in case the animal was not satisfactory, he must be shot he must not be turned loose. One of the officers whom I will call Lieutenant X, had selected a beautiful pony for his own use, and which he would ride at once. The officers decided to let more confident riders break theirs for them.

Among Lieutenant Mullan's Nez Perces was one called "Cut Mouth John," who was very much around the officers and men. He was looked upon as rather a cultus (Cultus, a chinook word meaning worthless, no good; the opposite of "skookum" which is heap good, all right. There is no authority for stating that it is a corruption of the English stem "cult" though there may seem a warrant for it because the Indians look with contempt upon him who cultivated the soil. Compiler.) He would take what he could get, and as scalps of the enemy killed in combat were scarce, received a promise from Lieutenant that he would give him, Cut Mouth, the pony if he decided not to keep him.

The pony behaved very well for a day or two, and the Lieutenant was congratulated by his more cautious associates on his success as a rider of Indian ponies, but one day as the column was marching along and Lieutenant X riding his pony, the latter shot out from the column and after some tall buck-jumping, to appreciate which you must experience it on a strong, healthy mustang's back, threw X with much force, and then ran for the nearest water.

The animal was caught up and Lieutenant X mounted him again, and as he once more showed symptoms of bucking, the column halted; then the lieutenant slid from the animal's back and called to his company to know if there was any man who thought he could ride the pony. One man volunteered, and, he being thrown, the lieutenant asked again for a volunteer. The answer was, "No, lieutenant nobody wants to try him." The lieutenant thereupon ordered him to be taken to the rear and shot.

Cut Mouth John learned of the shooting of the pony promised to him by Lt. X and went at once to the lieutenant to complain of his failure to keep his promise. Lt. X could only explain that he had forgotten all about his promise, but said that in lieu of the pony he would give the Indian a colored shirt. Cut Mouth, being short of underwear, and having but a scant amount of baggage along, accepted the substitute with satisfaction.

Having destroyed the ponies and all the caches we found satisfaction.

Having destroyed the ponies and all the caches we found we pushed on as far as the Coeur d'Alene mission, which we found to be under the jurisdiction of Rev. Jesuit Fathers, the chief of whom was Father Joset, and who was very kind to us, giving us fresh potatoes, from their store for which we were thankful. The fathers interceded for the belligerent Indians, who promised to be better in the future than they had been recently, and peace was made.

The Indians having been disciplined, we had no further business in that country and after resting ourselves and our beasts, we retraced our steps and moved toward Fort Taylor,

Fort Walla Walla, Fort Dalles, Fort Cascades and Fort Vancouver, at which post we arrived in October.

On our way back, we halted on some creek, encamped in a hollow while a detachment of dragoons was sent off to recover two guns that had been cached and left by the Steptoe expedition after the combat of Te-hots-nim-me. While here a notorious Indian murderer named Qualchen, son of Owyhee, with a beautiful Indian woman rode into camp. He seemed dazed. He had seen the detachment of dragoons going for the guns and, thinking our entire detachment of dragoons was gone, dropped into our camp. He stopped in front of Colonel Wright's tent, where the officer of the day Capt. Keyes, Third artillery, happened to be. Keyes took Qualchen's gun from behind him and told him to dismount, which he did. The beautiful squaw did not stop, but went on out of camp, passing right by me as I stood by my tent. We never saw her again.

Qualchen was sentenced by Colonel Wright to be hanged that day, and Capt. James A. Hardie, who succeeded Capt. Keyes as officer of the day, was charged with the execution of the unpleasant duty.

How we got possession of Owyhee, I do not now remember, but I think he gave himself up; and Colonel Wright told him to go out and bring in his murderous son, Qualchen and he would spare his, Owyhee's, life. Owyhee went off but did not find his unpromising son, but came back after Qualchen had been hung. He was then kept under guard, and it was the intention to take him to Fort Walla Walla, there to abide the action of the department commander.

After the dragoons had returned from the Steptoe field with the cannon, we marched for Fort Taylor, where we must have tarried for a few days. Here they put us lieutenants on the roster of officers of the day. We had been going on guard as officers of the guard, and on the day we started from Fort Taylor, I was officer of the day and had charge of Owyhee.

While I and the Indian chief were mounted, my guard of three or four men were on foot. I had my pistol in my belt and on my left hip. The Indian rode on my right. As we approached a creek, the Tucannon, Owyhee dropped behind a little, looking at me; as I supposed afterwards, it was to see if I was armed. He saw no pistol, and as we came to the stream my guard went up to cross over the stream on a fallen tree, leaving me alone with the Indian.

This was Owyhee's opportunity; he cut me repeatedly across the eyes and face with his whip, and, cutting his pony, quickly crossed the creek; and I, getting over my surprise, put after him, drawing my revolver, cocking it and shooting at him. My horse belonged to the government and was not the best. I kept near the fugitive angry because I feared he might escape, and that would end my military career. I put three bullets into him and, getting him up into a cul-de-sac from which he could not escape except by passing through the command which had preceded me in crossing the creek, I held him there until a trooper rode up. The pistol shots had been heard and had alarmed the portion of the command nearest me.

Some of the dragoons rushed toward me, the nearest being Sergeant Ball, afterward Major Edward Ball. Owhyee sat motionless on his pony between me and the sergeant. I had exhausted all the charges in my pistol, and told Ball to shoot the Indian, which he did, Owyhee falling from his pony. Everything he had about him or his pony was at once seized by Mullan's Nez Perces. I took his handsome saddle, covered with brass nails, which I afterward gave to the army surgeon, Barnes, at Fort Vancouver, who later became surgeon-general of the army in the War of the Rebillion, and who attended President Linclon when he was shot by Booth at Ford's theater in Washington.

Colonel Wright called upon me for a written report of all that had taken place, which I gave. Owyhee did not die until sunset. There was an an ante-mortem examination of the body which substantiated all that I had reported.

Next morning we marched on to Fort Walla Walla, where we were hospitably treated by those whom we had left there. We, of the artillery, bade goodbye to our comrades of the dragoons and infantry, and proceeded to Fort Vancouver, via Fort Dalles and Cascades. Shortly after we reached Vancouver, Brigadier General Harney arrived there to take command and prosecute the war against the Spokanes and allied tribes. General Harney found that the war was over and peace reigned throughout his department and so continued until the Nez Perces outbreak in 1877.

As peace reigned, General Harney, as instructed from Washington, made public orders sending Captain Ord with his officers and the skeleton of his company, four non-commissioned officers, to the artillery school for practice at Fort Monroe, Va. There I remained from January 1, 1859, to the 12th of August, 1861, with the exception of a short service at Harper's Ferry at the time of the John Brown raid in the fall of 1859, when I took my place with those who served the government in opposition to secession and rebellion.

Michael R. Morgan
Brigadier General U. S. Army, retired.

# 24 Smohalla and His Cult

Appearing at intervals in the body of American history, are to be discerned individual Indians, usually of the noncombatant class, who have left their imprint on the warpath as it leads down among the struggles of the natives and the whites. The mission of these men has been to urge their fellows on to war with a religious zeal not imcomparable to the holy wars which have punctuated the history of all mankind. From Powhatten and Massasoit down to Sitting Bull and Joseph, not all the bloody wars with the natives can be attributed solely to superficial race antagonism.

One should not be surprised at finding a deeper ethnological antipathy. The friction has not been a clash of mere churlishness of the surface of racial life, but originated in the very stripes of the commnal interests of the opposing factors. The transition from resentment in the Indian breast at the early visits of Europeans to this side of the Atlantic on through years of antagonism on to bloody hatred can be accounted for by the mere superficies of the situation.

Such terms as "Great Spirit", "Feast of the Green Corn" and the "Totem of the Snake" have found their way into literature. But to the Aryan mind it has not been given to comprehend all that the Indian understood perfectly and assimilated easily and readily. It might be remarked that we modern Indo-Europeans have not been able to understand each other of today on religious topics. Some smile when others go to Simla in the hope of catching some inspiration of that elusive idea which held sway when the Aryan was young.

What then, can be alleged of the strength of the type of religious belief in a race which has been sequestered from the "modern nation" for so many ages of the world's development that our polished civilization has not yet dared to assert the place or the time when the American aborigine severed relations with the rest of human kind ?

It has been the fancy to credit to a rude military prowess and physical skill the selection of the dominating personalities among the Indians, but it has not been the fashion to regard Indian stoicism as separate and apart from Indian asceticism. Nor has there been attributed to the Indian anything of mysticism, beyond the outward form of queer ceremonial rites.

Looking back over the pages of American history, it may be noted that behind Pontiac in his conspiracy lay his brother, known as the Delaware prophet. Before Tecumseh precipatated himself into the conflict which resulted disastruosly for him at Tippecanoe, he consulted his brother, Tenskwatawa, known as the Shawano prophet, and claiming himself to be the direct lineal inspired successor of the Delaware prophet.

It is not to the purpose of these pages to enter upon a disquisition touching the whole line of Indian prophets which have held sway over their kind and urged chief and brave alike on to battle. The United States ethnological bureau has established the fact that Indian warchief and Indian mystic stalk through the field of events hand in hand; and it is not surprising to learn that Kamiahkin had his Smohalla and Joseph his Toothulhulsote. These mystics have been the Hermit Peters, the fanatics, the frenzied, the paranoiacs; but in their day and generation they were active, living issues, and their theories and teachings were potent.

The known facts of Smohalla's life are not numerous, and those which have been learned are the result of investigations pursued by Maj. Junius W. MacMurray, acting under instruction of General Nelson A. Miles. Major MacMurray passed many months with Smohalla and his followers and the results of his labors are preserved in the reports of the Bureau of ethnology.

Smohalla was born about 1815 or 1820 in the Columbia valley in Central Washington. His tribe was a comparatively insignificant one of only a few hundred souls, called the Wanapum. The remnant of them is found to be of the same stock as the Yakimas and Nez Perces. While a comparatively young man Smohalla visited the Roman Catholic mission of the Ahtanum river, in the Yakima valley, and became more or less familiar with the religious forms there seen, learning somewhat of the French language spoken by the priests. Already well on the road to selection as a war chief and being regarded by the Columbia river Indians as a personage of importance, he suddenly altered the course of his life in 1850 and began to preach his peculiar doctrine. That his missionary work among the various tribes contributed to the facility with which Kamiakin framed his scheme of confederation in 1856, cannot be doubted. Filled with the enthusiasm of a zealot, he nearly forgot his doctrines and aspired to military leadership. He called a council of various tribes at his village of Pna on the Columbia in the vicinity of Priest Rapids, but Kamiahkin and the main band of the Yakimas failed to join the movement, and the laurels of leadership in the few bright months when the star of Kamiahkin was in the ascendant were not on the brow of Smohalla. Yet the war chief and the fanatical agitator found it convenient to work in harmony.

It was shortly after the war of 1858 that an incident occurred which completely upset Somhalla's temporal ambition For ten years he had been becoming less and less a warrior and more and more a medicine man. While the

fighting spirit still burned he became embrioled with Moses, a well known chief, farther up the Columbia and a man of commanding character even among the early white settlers. But Smohalla did not fight with weapons in open warfare. He "made bad medicine" against Moses and his great tribe, and the latter after a period of wild frenzy at the prospect of being taken off in a mysterious way, ultimately discovered that Smohalla seemed powerless to harm them by his threats and incantation. Duing one of these buoyant periods, they engaged the Wanapum in battle. Smohalla was left upon the bank of the Columbia for dead.

It was years before Smohalla appeared in his old haunts. On his return he told a story which smacks of what he might have remembered of the finding of the leader of the Israelities in a boat by the daughter of the Egyptain king.

However Smohalla came by the idea, there was a Moses and a boat in the story of his miraculous escape from death.

Major MacMurray was of the opinion that Smohalla was chagrined at the defeat he had suffered and feared the loss of prestige among his own people if he returned at once. During his stay at Pna the officer learned the following story of Smohalla's claim to knowledge.

Recovering on the battlefield sufficiently to crawl to the river, he found a canoe and on it floated away. Returning consciousness found him installed under the fostering care of a strange tribe. Upon his complete recovery, he left his benefactors and set out to visit unknown places of the earth. How many years he was absent is not stated, but his people had given him up as dead for a number of years.

The story he told on reaching Pna is a wonderfully curious thing. He announced that he had been dead, and the people beleived it; they had plenty of witnesses to his death in the battle with Moses years before. He had been raised to life again; his people believed this, for they recognized him in the flesh and blood. During his absence he had been made the recipient of a divine revelation; that was believed because the people of the spirit world had cared for him and sent him back to them, and such a seer as Smohalla had been in his previous life on earth was sure to add to his store of knowledge which he obtained while sojourning among those who live beyond the confines of terrestrial life. Smohalla's reappearance among his chosen people was, to the ocular, demonstration of the power of the spirits to take a favored being bodily from among them and after giving him a course of study in their extra-undane school, return him safely as a teacher among them.

Major MacMurray put the old fellow through a severe cross-examination as to his wanderings. The officer exhibited to him a map, and Smohalla satisfied with this pointed out the location of points he had visited. The major was satisfied with this. He himself had traveled over the Rocky mountains and coast region and was familiar with landscape features of many of the places claimed by Smohalla to have been visited by him. But Smohalla mentioned natural features of certain localities with such minute detail that Major MacMurray was satisfied that he had seen the things described. The officer in his report, maintains that the old prophet must have visited in person certain localities in California, Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Nevada. Smohalla acknowledged that he had been in Utah, though he denied that he had visited Salt Lake City. He told how he had seen Mormon Priests receiving commands direct from heaven.

Whatever may be left in the alembic of the white man's mind concerning Smohalla and his teachings, the residuum in the Indian scheme of things was indisputable. Smohallism became a gospel and Smohalla a demi-god, not a demagogue. At the proper moment Smohalla boldly proclaimed himself to be a special messenger of the "Saghala Tyee," the spirit above which controlled the destinies of the Indians, who had long been angry with his people because they had departed from the ways and customs of their fathers. He declared that the race was doomed, because it had forsaken primitive things; that it had violated precepts of nature. On this basis was the religious system placed before them; a strange mixture of aboriginal ideas and ancient Indian mythology, in which were curiously interwoven elements which appear to have been suggested from white sources.

This revamped Smohallism was abreast of the age. It has an elaborate ritual, in which were mingled some forms which might have been taken from the Catholic missionaries or suggested by Mormon ceremonies. Smohalla had carried things vastly farther than he had done in the decade between 1850 and 1860; and improvement which was perfectly natural to one who had made great strides in knowledge while in the tutelage of the savants of another world. Previously, he had contented himself with preaching the gospel of a coming Indian redeemer and urging the necessity of preparation for his arrival by uniting all the Indians and driving out all the whites.

There was one other feature yet to be developed before Smohallism came to be colloquially known among the whites of the region as "Dreamerism." Smohalla turned trance artist and thus again established the divine origin of his mission. By the time Major MacMurray had reached Pna, Smohalla had become an adept in the practices usually credited to the Hindu faker. Needles thrust into his limbs, produced no demonstration of pain. Incisions in his body were followed by no effusion of blood. The Indians called this death, and the demises and resurrections were looked upon with awe. It came about that whenever Smohalla wanted to create an especially profound impression he would "die" only to be resurrected with a new and fresh message from "Sahhala Tyee" directly bearing upon the point that he at the moment desired to drive home. It is stated that he often threatened to go back to the Tyee for good and all, leaving his followers to a dire fate, if they did not conform to his teachings.

That Smohalla was a mountebank and knowingly practiced deception upon his people is shown in a story related by Major MacMurray. The old fellow came into possession of an almanac and a party of surveyors explained that on a certain date there would be an eclipse. This information came just at a time when the followers had begun to question the occult powers of their leader. With all the dramatic setting possible he preached a sermon and uttered denunciations and called upon the heavens to be obscured. As the eclipse progressed, his followers became frantic; and at the proper moment, with the greatest possible effect Smohalla ordered the sun to reappear, not instantly, but slowly and gradually. For a few months Smohalla's authority was supreme.

Not understanding the exact causes of an eclipse and feeling that the time had come when another demonstration of his powers would have a salutary effect, Smohalla in the succeeding year, repeated his prophecy and set the same day

and hour, and with a disastrous result. When Major MacMurray visited Pna in 1884 the old fellow brought about another eclipse. The almanac was of the year 1882 and Smohalla asked the officer to fix from it astronomical date for 1884. Of course, the officer was unable to supply the date for another prediction: "This cost me much of his respect as a wise man from the East" observed Major MacMurray.

Smohalla is described by the officer named in this language: "In person, Smohalla is peculiar—short, thick-set' bald-headed and almost hunch-backed; he is not prepossing at first sight; but he has an almost Websterian head, with a deep brown over bright, intelligent eyes." General Howard also mentions the abnormally large head of the old Indian prophet.

It may not be unreasonable, by way of explanation of Smohalla's confessed mental powers and his remarkable control of his fellows, that he was endowed with unusual intellectual faculties which were at times warped and affected by the abnormalities found coexistent with hydrocephalus and certain injuries to the spinal column.

Charlatan, religious zealot or plain paranoiac, Smohalla possessed an influence and a sway over his day and generation, which cannot be gainsaid. One does not have to search very far into bygone history, to understand that members of the white race gravely asserted that there was merit and good or bad, fortune to be obtained from contact with a hunchback. These unfortunates and eccentrics have amused, and they have terrorized the courts of Anglo-Saxon monarchs; they have wielded an influence over both nations and religions.

That Smohalla had definite and clear-cut ideas concerning his own cosmogony and theology, will be seen from an examination of his recorded theories, teachings and ceremonies.

# 25 Forms and Ceremonies

The first recognition of the cult of Smohallism to appear in the government records is found in a report from the superintendent of Indian Affairs of Oregon in 1870, and even at that time Smohalla's personality is not mentioned. The fact had become well known that the dissatisfaction among the Indians was closely related with the sect known and described by the term, Dreamers, for by this time many of Smohalla's leading disciples had developed the ability to enter into a trance state. In his communication to the Indian bureau, the Oregon agent made a statement concerning the sect which constitutes a brief and clear definition of the central thought of the Smohalla religion. He wrote:

> They have a new and peculiar religion, by the doctrines of which they are taught that a new god is coming to their rescue that all the Indians who have died heretofore, and who shall die hereafter, are to be resurrected; that, as they will then be very numerous and powerful, they will be able to conquer the whites, recover their lands and live as free and unrestrained as their fathers lived in the olden times. Their model of a man is an Indian. They aspire to be Indians, and nothing else.

As the doomed victim of a fatal malady longs for the strength and independence which was once his with such a longing that the visions become almost realities so in the breast of the already stricken native of the Pacific Northwest there clung and thrived the inspiriting dream of an ultimate racial sovereignty. The result was a strong undercurrent, at first invisible to the white comprehension, which fomented opposition to setting the Indians off on reservations.

Smohalla seized the opportunity to foster this longing of the Indian heart. If he did not invent forms and cermonies which could fix the attention of the hopeful native, he appropriated and revamped them. He took from ancient Indian mythology, as it has been understood by the whites ever since they crossed the Atlantic and he adapted from the forms of modern white civilization. From elements of varied origin he braided a bond which was most attractive for uniting the natives in a common cause.

Major Mac Murray, in his efforts to get at the root of opposition plan of land grants to the natives, induced Smohalla to recite to him the prophet's scheme of cosmogony as he understood it. The officer makes no attempt to dissect the tenets or ascribe any origin whatever to the different ideas. Some of it is as old as the twilight of recognized history, and some of it indicates a very circumscribed and material outlook. This ex-cathedral utterance of the old chief is as follows:

> Once the world was all water and God lived alone. He was lonesome, he had no place to put his foot; so he scratched the sand up from the bottom and made the land, and he made the rocks, and he made the trees and he made man; and the man had wings and could go anywhere. The man was lonesome, and God made a woman. They ate fish from the water, and God made the deer and other animals, and he sent the man to hunt, and told the woman to cook the meat and dress the skins.
>
> Many more men and women grew up, and they lived on the banks of the great river whose waters were full of salmon. The mountains contained much game, and there were buffalo on the plains. There were so many people that the stronger ones sometimes oppressed the weak and drove them from the best fisheries, which they claimed as their own. They fought, and nearly all were killed, and their bones are to be seen in the hills yet.
>
> God was very angry at this, and took away their wings and commanded that the lands and fisheries should be common to all who lived upon them, they were never to be marked off or divided, but that the people should enjoy the fruits that God planted in the land, and the animals that lived upon it, and the fishes in the water. God said that he was law; that the animals, fish and plants obeyed nature, and that man only was sinful. This is the old law.
>
> I know all kinds of men. First there were my people God made them first. Then he made a Frenchman, and then he made a priest. A long time after that came Boston men, then King George men. Later came black men and last God made a Chinaman with a tail. He is of no account and has to work all the time like a woman. All these are new people. After a while, when God is ready, he will drive away all the people except those who have obeyed his laws.

One must admit that Smohalla is somewhat egocentric when it comes to assigning order of precedence of the various kinds of men who came within the purview of his observations. He seems not to have known of the accredited antiquity of the Chinese race. It will be seen at a glance that the order of procession in which they appeared in the Columbia valley and came within range of the native observations. It is historic fact that the French-Canadian voyageurs were the first whites to enter the Columbia valley, spying out the land for their great employer, the Hudson Bay Company, which after deciding to occupy the land, allowed priests to accompany the organized expedition.

Assuming that Smohalla did not understand that the French Canadians were employees of an English corporation and had

never heard of the visits of the English vessels to Puget Sound, he was right in placing the Boston men in advance of the English, for Captain Gray entered the mouth of the Columbia in 1794.

In such expoundings of his tenets regarding land and nature, chiefly those made to Major Mac Murray and to General Howard, Smohalla made direct and ocgent application of them in arguing against going on a reservation. After Moses, the antagonist of Smohalla in his younger days, had agreed to become a reservation Indian and during the weeks of Mac Murray's diplomatic stay a P. Na, Smohalla expressed himself thus:-

"Those who cut up the lands or sign papers for lands will be defrauded of their rights and will be punished by God's anger. Moses was bad. God did not love him. He sold his people's houses and the graves of their dead. It is bad word that comes from Washington. It is not a good law that would take my people away from me to make them sin against the laws of God.

"You ask me to plow the ground! Shall I take a knife and tear my mother's bosom? Then when I die she will not take me to her bosom to rest.

"You ask me to dig for stone! Shall I dig under skin for her bones? Then when I die I cannot enter into her body to be born again.

"You ask me to cut grass and make hay and sell it, and be rich like white men! But how dare I cut off my mother's hair?

"It is a bad law, and my people cannot obey it. I want my people to stay with me here. All the dead men will come to life again. Their spirits will come to their bodies again. We must wait here in the homes of our fathers and be ready to meet them in the bosom of our mother."

In this instance Smohalla's argument was consistent with his religion. It needs no imagination and no reasoning to understand how such tenets as these principles and theories which strummed the heart strings of ages of mankindand hundreds of races in primitive times - appealed to the reason and to the fancy on the Columbia Indian crowded into a narrow place and girdled by white settlements.

The ceremonies of the Smohalla ritual seem to have been conceived with the very same idea for which ritualism seems to have been designed in the very first instance to create in tangible and visible form a character typifying an ideal. It will not be denied that herein lies one of the most powerful of the magnetic forces which draws men to the modern lodge-room. It is innate in human nature that the neophyte enjoys the protrayal of an historical character or a legendary hero with a keener, more personal interest and with a more individual and spiritual view, than that with which he attends a play at a theater. To be chosen by his fellows of a lodge to enact one of these typifying characters during an initiation invests the lodge member with a different kind of nerve than that which urges on the professional man of the stage.

Smohalla understood all this. He blended a church and a lodge. He provided a ceremonial part for every attendant upon the service. He saw to it that each was in regalia, and was properly in his proper station. His attempts at creation may have been crude and his lodge room may not have been imposing, but they answered their purpose. From Major Mac Murray's work:

When I awoke the next morning the sound of drums was again heard, and for days it continued. I do not remember that there was any intermission, except for a few minutes at a time. Seven bass drums were used for the purpose. I was invited to be present, and took great interest in the ceremonies, which I shall endeavor to describe.

There was a small open space to the north of the larger house, which was Smohalla's residence and the village assembly room as well. This space was enclosed by a whitewashed fence, made of boards which had drifted down the river. In the middle was a flagstaff, with a rectangular flag, suggesting a target. In the center of the flag was a round red patch. The field was yellow, representing grass which is more of a yellow hue in summer. A green border indicated the boundary of the world. The hills being moist and green near the top. At the top of the flag was a small extension of blue color, with a white star in the center, Smohalla explained:

"This is my flag, and it represents the world. God told me to look after my people—all are my people. There are four ways in the world—north, south, east and west. I have been all these ways. This is the center. I live here. The red spot is my heart —everybody can see it. The yellow grass grows everywhere around this place. The green mountains are far away all around the world. There is only water beyond, salt water. The blue (referring to the blue cloth strip) is the sky, and the star is the north star. I never change."

There are frequent services, a sort of processional around the outside of the fence, the prophet and a small boy with a bell, entering the enclosure, where, after hoisting the flag, he delivers a sort of a sermon. Captains, or class leaders, give intstructions to the people, who are arranged according to stature, the men and women in different classes, marching in single file to the sound of drums. There seems to be a regular system of signals, at command of the prophet, by the boy with the bell, upon which the people chant loud or low, quick or slow, or remain silent. These outdoor services occured several times each day.

Smohalla invited me to participate in what he considered a grand service within the larger house. The house was built with a framework of stout logs placed upright in the ground and roofed over with brush, or with canvas in rainy weather. The sides consisted of bark and rush matting. It was about 75 feet long by 25 feet wide.

Singing and drumming had been going on for sometime when I arrived. The air resounded with the voices of hundreds of Indians, male and female, and with the banging of drums. Within, the room was dimly lighted. Smoke curled from a fire on the floor at the farther end and prevaded the atmosphere. The ceiling was hung with hundreds of salmon, split and drying in the smoke.

The scene was a strange one. On either side of the room was a row of twelve women standing erect with arms crossed and hands extended with finger tips at the shoulders. They kept time to the drums and their voices by balancing on the balls of their feet and tapping with their heels on the floor, while they chanted with varing pitch and time. The excitment and persistent repetition wore them out, and I heard that others than Smohalla had seen

visions in their trances, but I saw none who would admit it or explain anything of it. I fancied they feared their own action, and that real death might come to them in this simulated death.

Those on the right hand were dressed in garments of a red color, with an attempt at uniformity. Those on the left wore costumes of white buckskin, said to be very ancient ceremonial costumes, with red and blue trimmings. All wore large round silver plates or such other glittering ornaments which they possessed. A canvas covered the floor and on it knelt the men and boys in lines of seven. Each seven as a rule had shirts of the same color. Children and ancient hags filled any spare space. In front on a mattress knelt Smohalla, his left hand covering his heart. On his right was the boy bellringer in similar posture. Smohalla wore a white array which he was pleased to call a priests gown. But it was simply a white cloth shirt with a colored stripe down the back.

May one see a suggestion of the acolyte in that boy attendant? Was that an attempt to imitate a processional? Does the "excitement" and its attendant physical exertion parallel "having the power" often seen at the old fashioned camp meeting of some sects?

But speculation as to the meaning of all that ceremony is idle to the Anglo-Saxon mind. To the eye the spectacle is mere balderdash, which can give nothing of any esoteric meaning, if such meaning at all the ceremony had. It is impossible to note that the ceremony described by Major Mac Murray had any direct connection by way of interpreting, the story of the Smohalla cosmogony, as related by the same officer. There is apparently no connection whatever between the Smohalla scheme of the creation, the symbolism of the Smohalla flag and the Smohalla "grand ceremonial service." Yet that crude trinity, uninterpretable in the Anglo-Saxon mind except as a trio of absurdities merely, possessed a powerful influence over their votaries.

It is not to the purpose of these pages to set forth the results of the investigations of Major Mac Murray and others by which they established a direct connection between the so-called "ghost dances" of the Indian tribes and the sullen opposition encountered by the federal government to the plan of reservation. It is sufficient to note that the ghost dance and the Indian outbreak went hand in hand. The mysterious bond between them has not been discovered. The actuating throb comes from some point back in the distant past, and there are some things which for an Indian to tell to a white concerning his own race is what passes for sacrilege. The Indian may talk about it or around it, but they protect it.

Doubtless, traditions of the Indian past are interwoven in their beliefs and their theories. The fantastic vagaries of nature, everywhere discernible in the country of the Columbia, furnished endless food for Indian rumination, as it has done for scientific examination. Modern scientific investigation has never given a categorical account of the manner in which the Columbia river thrust itself through the Cascade range; but Indian mysticism and legend tell exactly how it was done. One illustration of this facility of adjustment of natural fact to prehistoric cataclyism, is related by Major Mac Murray in connection with the explanation of the cosmos by Kotaiquan, son of the old Yakima chief, Kamaiahkin.

Referring to the time, ages ago, when the inhabitants of the earth were not living in brotherly peace, Kotaiquan said: "There was quarreling among the people, and the earth-mother was angry. The mountains that overhung the river at the Cascades were thrown down and damned the stream and destroyed the forests and the whole tribes, and buried them under the rocks." The army officer's comment follows:

> The Cascade Range, where it crosses the Columbia river, exhibits enormous crossections of lava, and at its base are petrified trunks of trees, which have been covered and hidden from view except where the wash of the mighty stream has exposed them.
>
> Indians have told me of their own knowledge that, buried deep, under these outpours of basalt or volcanic tufa, are bones of animals of "the Siah," or long ago.
>
> Traditions of the great landslide at the Cascades are many, but vary little in form. According to one account, the mountains tops fell together and formed a kind of arch, under which the water flowed until the overhanging rocks fell into the stream and made a gorge. As the rock is columnar basalt, very friable and easily disintegrated, that was not impossible; and the landscape suggests some such giant avalanche, the submerged trees are plainly visible in this locality.

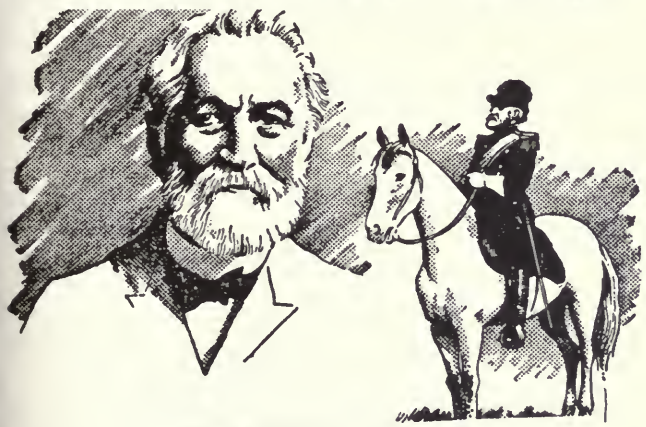
The foregoing glimpses of Smohalla, his methods and his teachings have been included here, not with the purpose of presenting a study of the principles of the cult, but with a view to pointing out briefly the attractions which it presented to the Indian mind in spite of its queer irregularities and nonsequiturs. It also serves to illustrate that the Indian mind —at least that of one Indian —grew in thought and works as he grew in years. Starting with the simple message of an Indian "Redeemer," Smohalla was so unimportant in personality as to have attracted no attention as an individual. The nearest reference to any such a personality made in the records of 1858 was that of George Gibbs, the geologist and ethnologist of the exploring party of Governor Stevens, and Mr. Gibbs allusion is impersonal and only by the most liberal interpretation can be construed as a reference to Smohalla.

At the present time there are few Indians in the Pacific Northwest who follow the teachings and practices of Smohalla. The nearest approach to a survival of the cult is to be found among the so called Shakers of Mud Bay an arm of Puget Sound. Kataiaquan at one time held together a congregation of several hundred in his meeting house at Union Gay in the Yakima valley, but Smohalla himself was the essence of Smohallism, and with the going down of his sun his cult paled away. He snatched a bit from mysticism, took something from tradition's story of his world, adapted scenes and forms from his contemporaries of another race, interwove something of his own charlanism and thus created a drama which was exceedingly attractive to the Indians of his day and generation. Today its conception seems farcial; in its period it was realism.

# 26 Warring Nez Perces

General Oliver O. Howard, on the 18th day of April, 1877, stepped from the gangplank of the little Columbia River steamer Tenino to the seldom used dock at Walula, once the site of the old Hudson Bay Company's Fort Walla Walla, and greeted by a motley crowd of the curious who had gathered to see the commanding officer of the United States troops in the Department of the Columbia. But some had business of a serious character with the general. One of these was an Indian messenger. The dispatch that he brought was conveyed in these words,

"Smohalla wants to have talk with General Howard."



General Oliver O. Howard

The general was avowedly on his way to Fort Lapwai, Idaho, to do what he could to stem the rising tide of trouble which portended war with certain Nez Perces. The message could not be ignored. Immediatley the officer's mind conjured up all that he had learned of this Indian's influence, and he was a force to be reckoned with in the event of war. The sender of the message was Smohalla. "His followers have been embraced within a score of tribes and his deleterious influence has been saldly productive of suffering" wrote the general; to which estimate he added this pen picture of the Indian. "He is a large headed, hump-shouldered, odd little wizard of an Indian, and exhibits a strange mixture of timidity and daring, of superstition and intelligence.

The commander, in reality on the eve of a famous campaign, though he did not at the time know it to be a fact, replied to Smohalla's courier, "General Howard has no communication for him from Washington. He must obey his Indian agent and go upon some reservation. I will meet him on my return on the 24th of April.

In order to comprehend the causes of the Nez Perce outbreak of 1877 one must go back farther than 1847. That was the year of the Whitman massacre, the starting point of the Cayuse war. But beyond that lay the day when a Cayuse mother gave birth to him now known in history as Chief Joseph, considered by many as the most resourceful general officer ever produced from among the American Indians.

There have been two Nez Perce chiefs who bore the name of Joseph. Both sprang from the sturdiest, rangiest, ruggedest portion of the tribe. The old man came of the wild element, that which lived along the canyon-broken country far brethern who treated with the white man, where they nourished all the elemental traditions of the native and followed the precepts of the untrammeled.

Old Joseph had been of enough moment to be mentioned as a factor in the general tribal matters, but for many years the wild Nez Perces had been further and further drawing aloof from their brethern who counseled making treaties with the whites. Through the efforts of Missionary Spaulding in 1836 Old Joseph and his band were induced to settle on a small farm near the mission school at Lapwai. Neither he, nor his Cayuse wife, nor his band took kindly to mission life. They had little in common with the lower Nez Perce, but it is said that young Joseph and his brother Ollicut received some teaching from Mrs. Spaulding. The massacre of the Whitman party caused the Spauldings to leave Lapwai and the mission.

Then Chief Big Thunder, turning to Old Joseph, pointed southward toward the canyons of the Snake and said:

"This is not your country. Go back to Imnaha and Wallowa where you belong."

Soured and ugly, old Joseph's band moved away from Lapwai to resume all the wild superstitions of its old life, to acquire a distorted vision of the white influence and to regard their northern brethern with distrust and hatred. Old Joseph, though a signer of the Stevens treaty in 1855, gave this advice to his friends. Raise ponies, eat things that grown of themselves, and go and come as you please." Young Joseph inherited the quiet obstinacy of his father. In his nature was also the treachery and slyness of the Cayuse mother, doubtless nurtured by her with a certain amount of vindictiveness born of fate of relatives slain in the Cayuse war. Joseph's face was somber. He seldom smiled. It has been said of him that the cicatrices on his soul constituted its chief component down to the very last.

In 1863 a treaty was made which excluded the Wallawa valley from occupation by the natives. Thenceforth the Nez

Young Chief Joseph

Perces were as two tribes differing from each other to the extent of hostility of the non-treaty chiefs, Looking Glass along remained in the vicinity of Lapwai. It was but natural that there should be a bond of friendship between the non-treaty portions of the tribe, and among the leaders with Joseph were White Bird, who has given his name to a river and a battlefield in the mountain country of the Salmon river, and Too-hul-hul-sote.

Indian agents made no progress toward a settlement of the differences between the government and the non-treaty elements. A treaty commission almost got the consent of Joseph in the fall of 1876 to go on a reservation. An absolute and independent sovereignty of their own was demanded by Joseph and his fellows, at every argument of the commissioners. When the treaty commission failed, the next stop was forcible driving upon the reservation by the military; yet in the hope of being able to bring about some peaceable solution of the differences, General Howard journeyed for Portland to meet Joseph.

Joseph at first avoided meeting Howard, and sent Ollicut to the parley. Nothing was accomplished and another meeting was arranged for twelve days later, when Joseph was to appear in person and with authority Howard used a part of the interim in a talk with Smohalla. It was without result, the band using the same argument against making treaties as were used by the non-treaty Nez Perces. Howard describes Smohalla's position as "the leader of the spiritists among the Indians" and had recorded that the conference served to keep Smohalla's band from joining the Nez Perce renegades.

But Howard was not through with the results of the teachings of the peculiar prophet of Pina. In Nez Perce sub-chief, Too-Hul-Hul-sote, he was to meet a character who was Smohalla's equal in his tenacious hold on the principle that the earth was the mother of the Indian. A certain amount of the ceremonialism of the cult had been introduced among the non-treaty Nez Perce and some of the crude formalities were practised before the eyes of Howard on the 3rd of May as he awaited his conference with Joseph and some fifty braves of the recalcitrant. Howard thus describes the ceremonial approach to the council place at Fort Lapwai:

> These picturesque people after keeping us waiting long enough for effect, came in sight from up the valley from the direction of their temporary camp, just above the company garden. They drew near to the hollow square of the post and in front of the small company to be interviewd. Then they struck up their song. They were not armed, except with a few tomahawk pipes, that could be smoked with the peaceful tobacco, or penetrate the skull of an enemy, at the will of the holder. Yet somehow this wild sound produced a strange effect. It made one feel glad that there were but fifty of them, not five hundred. It was shrill and searching; sad, like a wail, yet defiant in its close. Our ladies, thinking it was a war song, asked with some show of trepidation, "do you think Joseph means to fight?"
>
> The Indians swept around outside the fence and made the entire circuit, still keeping up the song as they rode. The building broke the refrain into irregular babbling of sound until the ceremony was completed.

Rev. Joseph M. Cataldo, S.J.

The formal part of the council between the general and the Indians was opened by a prayer by Father Cataldo in Nez Perce, and then Howard informed Joseph that he had come to hear what the Indians would say. To this Joseph replied:

"Another band of Indians, White Bird's, from the Salmon river country, are coming. They are already in the Craig mountains. They will be here tomorrow. You must not be in a hurry to go till all can get in to have a talk."

Howard replied with firmness that the government had determined its course — the Indians must go on a reservation. He told Joseph that if he decided instantly he could

have the pick of the land before White Bird arrived. And the council was postponed for one day, but not until Too-hul-hul-sote, leader of the Smohallities, called Dreamers at the time, had admonished the interpreter; "On account of coming generations, the children and the children's children, you must interpret correctly."

White Bird marched into the valley on the morning of the 4th of May, with a small part of his band, reporting the remainder as bringing up the ponies. On reaching the ground, there was the same procession around the garrison and the same wierd song, "only louder and stronger and perhaps more defiant," to quote from Howard.

Joseph introduced White Bird, and retired to a low bench, calm and of imperious mien. Evidently he was not to commit himself. White Bird made no speech, but retired near to Joseph and sat down, his features partially hidden by a huge ceremonial hat from which an eagle feather hung in such a manner as to more completely obstruct a view of his countenance Apparently, neither of these chiefs were "to be sent in" to use a modern football term.

Too-hul-hul-sote had been selected for his task. His opening remarks were brief:

"There are always two parties to a dispute. The one that is right will come out ahead."

There was nothing of conciliation in tone or manner. Howard observed that all children of a common government must obey it.

The Indian rejoined with "I have heard about a bargain, a trade between some of these Nez Perces and the white man concerning their land; but I belong to the land out of which I came. The earth is my mother."

The general placidly stated the fact to be that the majority of the Nez Perce tribe had agreed to the treaty and the minority must abide by the vote.

Surly old Too-hul-hul-sote snapped out "Children do not think for themselves. Grown men do think for themselves. The government in Washington cannot (shall not) think for us."

Here were the pleadings in the case. The issues were joined. When Joseph asked for an adjournment, Howard acquiesced and smilingly urged him and White Bird to take until the 9th to make up their minds and talk with their people. Howard shook hands cordially with the chief and smiled them out of the council chambers. By the 9th he hoped that three cavalry companies would arrive.

When the 9th came, the Indians knew of the movement of the troops. Too-hul-hul-sote was again the speaker. He wearied Howard with a repetition of the mothership of the earth. He railed against the violence which would tear the Indian from his inheritance. Howard requested him to come to the point. With fire in his voice and manner, the old man hurled back:

"What the treaty Indians talk about was born of today. It is not true law at all. You white people get together, measure the earth and then divide it, I want you to talk directly what you mean!"

A moment later he challenged: "What person pretends to divide the land and put me on it?"

Howard perceived that this must be answered peremptorily, or prestige would be lost. He replied: "I am the man

PU-PU-MOX-MOX, OR
YELLOW SERPENT

Head Chief of the Walla Wallas

- I stand here for the President, and there is no spirit, good or bad that will hinder me."

Joseph's countenace betrayed no emotion. Looking Glass stirred restively. White Bird, from behind his eagle's feather said, "If I had been taught from early life to be governed by the white men, I would be governed by the white man; the earth rules me."

Howard then put it squarely to Too-hul-hul-sote: "Do you or do you not propose to comply with the orders of the government?"

"The Indians may do what they like, but I am not going on the reservation." was the reply.

The general saw that there could be no progress made so long as the tongue of Too-hul-hul-sote was unbridled.

Conciliatingly he turned to the others and asked, "Will Joseph and White Bird and Looking Glass go with me to look after their land. The old man shall not go. He must stay with Colonel Perry."

It was Howard's way of announcing that the old man was under arrest. It was a crucial point, all but spoiled because the expected messenger was not at hand to seize the Indian.

Too-hul-hul-sote turned angrily and exclaimed: "Do you want to scare me with reference to my body?"

In a tense silence the general and the colonel in person led the Indian from the council tent. The immediate effect of this coup was all that Howard could desire. For a week there was peace and laughter, and Indian chief and American people rode over the land, and then the General left for Portland, satisfied that peace had been accomplished, and at the earnest request of White Bird and Looking Glass had ordered Too-hul-hul-sote released.

Early on the morning of June 14th one of the Salmon River Indians, White Bird's band, asked L.P. Brown of Mount, Idaho, some miles south of Fort Lapwai when General Howard was expected back. When later in the same day another Indian offered $2.50 for a can of gunpowder, the residents of the little settlement became alarmed. They knew that sixty lodges were encamped eight miles away, at the head of Rocky Canyon. That night a messenger started from Mount Hope for mil tary relief. He was driven back by the Indians. That night also, the people of Cottonwood, a little

settlement not far from Mount Idaho attempted to go to the latter place, but were driven back, numbers killed and wounded.

The Nez Perce war was on. Howard's attempt to placate the implacable Indians had been unavailing. The lust for slaughter which had slumbered in their veins in the immediate presence of the military authorites coursed rapidly as they saw the defenseless settlers scattered among the hills in the wild, canyon country about the Salmon river. Those along the rocky aisles of Lo Lo pass, rattled along the backbone of the continent from the Bitter Root valley to Yellowstone lake, turned northward across the Missouri river and are buried in the Bearpaw Mountains of Montana on October 5th.

# 27 A Hegira Militant

At the outset, the Nez Perce war presented no formidable aspect to the soldiery. So General Howard considered the situation. He heard of the murders and then sent this dispatch to division headquarters: "Troops are being brought forward as fast as possible. Give me authority for twenty scouts. Think we will make short work of it."

Among the troops that were hurried from the nearest posts were officers and men who had seen hard service in the Civil war. There were veterans of the Modoc war. But they were to fight resolute men of red skin, fight them in their habitats, amid surroundings admirably adapted to their peculiar style of campaigning. The Indians were few in number Howard had estimated them at about seven hundred, including old men, women and children. Surely no terrible problem confronted the West Point officers and the veterans of other wars.

In such light was an inconsequential uprising once upon a time along the Rhine; yet Arninius sent reeling back to Rome the trained soldiers of his day, and an enperor wailed, "Quintillius Varus, give me back my legions." William Tell and a handful of resolute, resourceful fellows, thouroughly familiar with the crags and passes of the Alps long hurled defiance at Austria. Scottish border wars are replete with the story of the difficulty met by an invading force upon the native crags, glen and heaths of the Scottish chiefs. In Idaho and Montana were the Alps, the ambuscades and the Highland glen in which a modern Quintilius Varus might lose his legions. But a more cautious man than Varus directed the trained soldiery against Joseph's little band.

The question is yet mooted whether Joseph had a hand in the murders near Grangeville. He has been acquitted of participating in the first murders. The red handed rode into his camp swinging scalps, showing horses, rifles and clothing. "Come!" is the explanation. "Why remain here talking. The war has begun. The white men will never believe you if you ask for peace. Everybody get ready to fight!"

The die is cast. Joseph's primitive nature was too loyal to race standards to permit him to side with the common enemy or to remain inactive. His sympathies were with forcible resistance. He gathered his blanket about him, placed an eagle plume in his glistining locks and went over, grandly and solemnly. Thereby he made for himself a niche in history among leaders of forlorn racial hopes.

Instinctively he grasped the situation. A few days of fierce fighting before large reinforcements could arrive, then retreat. He would strike viciously, as the eagle protecting the occupants of his aerie. What his talons would tear from the

Sitting Bull

battle field he would distribute with dovelike tenderness to his people in preparing them for the long, tedious, awful flight away from their old home haunts. He looked east across the ridge of the continent. Thither had escaped Kamiahkin and Til-co-ax and their little band of renegades. In that country of the mountains had been the famous hunting grounds. There was the "buffalo illahee". Every winding canyon and by-path, every obstructing mountain or stream, every open plain and every tangled forest was familiar ground. There too, was that other fierce personification of Indian protest against the army, Sitting Bull, now with his friends and fellows his lares and penates, across the international pale, unpunished for the Custer massacre of the previous year.

None had more wiry ponies than the mountain Nez Perces. None knew better how to push them to the last gasp among the rocks and over fallen timber. The loss of half or more of the animals meant nothing so long as the old men and the women and children, rearguarded by elusive bidettes

and the most mobile guerillas in the world, were transported to the hoped for country.

Sitting in a well chosen camp in the bottom of White Bird canyon, Joseph, his brother Ollicut, White Bird and Too-hul-hul-sote, awaited the coming of the avengers. Looking Glass had not yet gone over. Weary with two nights and one day of forced marching from Fort Lapwai, Captain Perry and his cavalrymen reached the top of the defile leading down into the valley of White Bird creek.

"No, White Bird, there is no need yet to cross over the Salmon. They will attack now. Their are too new. They will scare when we begin to shoot. Take your men and turn the Bostons around that butte. I will get over there behind those rocks and wait. Mox-Mox and the women must take care of the horses and let us have some if yours are shot down. Ollicut must be with me. Take down the lodges. Let every man be ready to start."

With these words Joseph assumed the leadership. Thenceafter he towered imperiously and by force of will and by consummate skill above his associates.

With the troops yet four miles away in the dawn of early morning, the Indian camp melted away like snow, sunk invisible into the ground, in the hollows and behind the buttes and among the rocks.

In the attack it was as Joseph had predicted. The soldiers' horses became unmanageable at the noise and smoke of battle. From ravine and gulch and rock belched the smoke of the red men. Captain Perry's bugler movement were watched and he was hot at the first fire. Brave men could not join in a concerted movement. Up the flanks of White Bird canyon toiled the retreating soldiers, closely pressed by the pursuing Indians.

"It was only by the most strenuous efforts of myself and Colonel Parnell in organizing a party of 22 men that a single officer or man reached camp," wrote Captain Perry. "The Indians fought us to within four miles of Mount Idaho."

Over one third of the attacking force of 100 soldiers entering the battle were killed or missing.

The eagle's talons had struck, and that night in the Indian camp pigeon's milk was distributed, in the form of clothing, rifles and ammunition.

"Looking Glass will come" said Joseph to White Bird.

It is not to the purpose of these studies to recite in detail the military steps in the Nez Perces war. The facts belong to the period of "since the war," and there are many yet living who recall the chief events.

Joseph was a master of feints. Within a few days he struck several blows. Lieutenant Rains and ten picked men were cut off and killed, every man. A volunteer company under Captain Randall had been stricken. He had foiled the attempt to place Looking Glass under arrest. Not once in the week following White Bird canyon did he reveal to the troops his ultimate plan. But he was going to strike once more, and this time at Howard himself, not any subordinate command.

The clash came of the Clearwater river—a two days fight. Honors were even at the close of the first day and the opposing forces slept on their arms within ear-shot of each other. This, too, after Howard had received reinforcements. On the second day Jackson's cavalry came up, a charge and Joseph's camp was broken up. Then came the long chase. It is this chase and retreat which is the most wonderful part of the Nez Perce war. Joseph turned toward the Lolo trail, and Howard knew the plan.

Take down the map of Idaho and Montana. Joseph is part way up the Clearwater toward Lolo pass. Howard, with his troops, are on the lower Clearwater. At Missoula is General Gibbon. At an improvised fort on the Lolo river is Captain Rawn, with a few regular soldiers and many volunteers. To the east of the Rocky Mountains are General Sturgis and General Miles. At various intervals, dotted all over the area in question were many knots of brave men, skilled in woodcraft, unerring with the rifle, knowing the mountain glens and the points of vantage. It would seem an easy matter to catch the miscreant redskin in his small horde.

This is how the "untutored savage" ran the guantlet. When Jospeh approached Rawn's fort, the volunteers deemed it discreet on their part to give the invaders free passage through their country in return for which Joseph ravaged no farmsteads, but took toll for his larders and his herds. This permitted him to swing southward up the Bitter Root in advance of Gibbon, hurrying from Missoula to intercept him. It kept Howard in the rear, no nearer than when the chase first began. It caused Gibbon to chase on alone, ultimately sending back word to Howard for cavalry reinforcements before he would overtake the fleeing Indians.

At the head of the Bitter Root valley is the continental divide—big, grim! The pace was telling on the pursuers. Joseph knew it. His ponies had left little natural forage for the heavy animals of the cavalrymen. Howard records: "The only feed consists of wild dwarf lupine and wire grass. Several mules exhausted and some packs of bacon were abandoned by the way."

The troops made sixteen miles in one day. Camp routine generally began between the hours of three and four in the morning. Breakfast came an hour later and the start of the march still another hour later. Ridge after ridge in the wildest and most isolated part of the country, chasm and gorge, acclivity and declivity, jagged rocks and rounded boulders, timber standing and timber fallen and crisscrossed into a natural abattus and cheval de frise, confronted the soldiery. At every tangled point lay the bodies of the ponies pushed to the death by Joseph's men, and then abandoned. Where the lithe Indian pony was doing its utmost, nothing better could be expected from the cavalry animal. Says an old frontiers man, "No living man kin git as much out of a hoss as an Injun when he's put to it."

Spies told Joseph all these things — spies who mingled as friendly Indians with the few settlers along the way; and then during the night disappeared. It was time to make a strike at Gibbon, thought Joseph. But before he carried out his design Gibbon had struck him. The result was a draw, in the first instance, but the Indians evacuated the Big Hole as Howard drew near, leaving the corpse of Looking Glass along the waters of the creek. As if in exchange for his fellow chief, Joseph took toll of the army by three officers and 26 men dead. It was here that Howard caught up with Gibbon.

At Camas Meadows Joseph surprised the encampment and made off with many mules and horses belonging to the military. Then on to Henry Lake and the Yellowstone mountains, striking back here, rushing forward there. From the National Park Joseph turned abruptly to the northwest, avoided a planned attack of General Sturgis, crossed the Missouri river

and entered the country of Bear Paw mountains, but had also actually dodged General Sturgis whose business it was to head him off, later delivering a stinging blow to Sturgis. It was after this skirmish on the Stinking Water river, that Miles was notified of the situation and requested to help in the round up.

Look back now to the main events. The battle of the Clearwater, which marks the commencement of Joseph's marvelous flight, was fought on the 11th and 12th of July. On the 11th of September Joseph fooled Sturgis and escaped the trap set for him. For two months, then, this Nez Perce chief had run along the ridge of the continent, dodging and eluding the trained soldiery of a nation. On a small scale, this kind of tragedy is enacted frequently in the settled part of the country, where a company of boys attempt to catch a nimble squirrel whose pathway is the jerky course of the topmost of the old fashioned "stake and rider" fence — only the squirred never turns and strikes back at his tormentors.

The condition of some of Howard's command may best be described by a question from the diary of one of Captain Jackson's troop of the First cavalry: "Sept. 2 — Left camp at 9 o'clock. Horses very weak!"

On September 10th another record: "Hard work; don't know which is worse, for me to walk or for my trembling horse to carry me."

"Why didn't Sturgis use his artillery on Joseph?" asked Howard of Lieutenant Fletcher, and the answer was: "The horses were so weak that one piece never got up, and the other only succeeded in getting in one shot."

A Lieutenant once in a burst of dispiritedness blurted out to General Howard that he "wished he could have the military committee of Congress ride played-out horses a thousand miles."

On the 4th of October, Miles closed with Joseph, captured the greater part of his herd of ponies and drove the Indians to seek shelter in the ravines and between rocks. That night the indomitable Indians, worn by a harrying march of one third of a year's time, dug rifle pits and threw up emergency intrenchments. By the march of the army, they had travelled more than thirteen hundred miles. Their own course, with deviations, doublings feints and the like make the actual distance covered considerably greater. The almost unbroken trail of dead animals showed how they accomplished the feat.

It was the tragedy of fate that Miles' attack on Joseph's camp took place when he was within fifty miles of his goal - the Dominion of Canada and Sitting Bull's cantonment. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th of October, in the midst of bitter mountain cold, with sufferings of his ill clad people under his eyes, Joseph gave in, White Bird with two wounded squaws and a party of about twenty, escaped between the pickets and vanished. None could give the pathos of the situation in which the great Chieftain found himself and his people better than the resourceful leader himself. Standing erect, dignified, conscious of having done his best against terrible odds, in surrendering his scepter, he spoke as follows:

> "I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Too-Hul-Hul-sote is dead. The old men are dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are — perhaps freezing to death. I want time to look for my children, and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, I am tired! My heart is sick and sad!
>
> From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever!"

Joseph claimed that his surrender was conditioned that he should go back to Idaho in the following spring and become a part of the race on the Nez Perce reservation. General Sheridan ordered the band to Fort Leavenworth, and later to Oklahoma. In ten years death and disease had reduced the band to about 280 individuals, which was the number that took up its home at Nespelim, near the Columbia river, on the Colville reservation in the state of Washington. Here he died in 1904, in outward demeanor every inch a chieftain of a proud race.

There was this about Joseph - - the pledge he made in the Bear Paw mountains of Montana was never broken, and those who knew best say that having given his word, the thought of armed resistance never again entered his plans.

The last glimpse America had of this commanding figure of Indian life in the Pacific Northwest, was at the St. Louis exposition in 1903, where he appeared in the doleful character of an exhibit. In this appearance he breathed nothing of that tenacity and fondness for his beautiful Wallowa valley. Almost invisible was the lofty imperiousness with which, on behalf of a mere handful of his race, he accepted the gage of a powerful nation. Forgot, that masterly military genius which for four long months over mountain trail devoted itself to stinging the traditional enemy and to soothing his people.

# 28 Sergeant Sutherland's Ride

It was inevitable that the Nez Perce war should have its quota of heroic figures. Flint was striking flint. Avenging soldiery was pitted against sullen Indian pugnacity directed by a leader of consummate resources, and the contest took place in an arena of vast proportions, now regarded as one of the world's greatest wonderlands. In White Bird canyon and on the Clearwater in Idaho, Howard's soldiers proved their mettle, and in proving it made record of brave men killed and wounded. Gibbon's men, on the western edges of Montana, left graves of intrepid officers and gallant men in and about the Big Hole, where the body of Looking Glass lies moldering under the bank of a swift mountain stream. And there was not lacking among the men of Miles in that last benumbing struggle in the Bearpaw mountains the qualities for offensive fighting which have ever attended the guerdons of America's trained soldiery. The exhilirating shock of conflict always exalts strife, and men exult.

In a farmhouse in the southeastern part of Spokane County, Washington, has been perserved a little note book which was carried in a breast pocket through all those weary days of 1877 over the toilsome miles which intervened between Fort Klamath, Oregon and Fort Ellis, Montana. It was carried by one of Captain Jackson's troopers who composed a part of Major Sanford's cavalry division of Howard's fighting force. The little book is filled with brief, pointed sentences, telling meagerly of some events, under date. There is frequent reference to "poor feed for horses." There is one reading "Horses very weak — think Gen. giving up hope of overtaking Inds."

But there is one brief note, very brief, which encompasses a long drawn-out persistent personal heroism which had rarely been paralleled for its rugged adherence to the line of duty under depressing circumstances. That note in its entirety is:

"Aug. 6 — — Hot Springs, Geoghegan started."

Five words and an Arabic numeral; yet in the memory of William Connolly, erstwhile sergeant in Troop B, First United States cavalry, and corroborated by General Howard in his recollections of the Joseph campaign, those few words contained a recital of the most dramatic epsiode of a spectacular war.

When Howard settled down in camp at some warm springs near Lolo pass in the Bitter Roots, his men had their first comfortable rest and his horses and mules their first real fill of grass since leaving the lower streams of the Clearwater nearly a month earlier. In the gorges and chasms which marked the ascent of the western slopes of the Bitter Root range, the Indian ponies had left not a vestige of horse forage except the bark of the trees and the shrubs.

Emerged at last into one of the side reaches of the Bitter Root valley, the general, his men and his beasts found an oasis. The prospect had given but its first dash of encouragement, when Howard received word that Captain Rawn had left Joseph and let him go by his fortified position, that the settlers of the Montana valley had given the Nez Perces horses and food, thus passing them on out of the immediate vicinity that Gibbon had passed by from Missoula a few days earlier with only 200 men. And Gibbon could not accomplish much, volunteered those selfsame settlers, who now felt outside the danger zone. In one of those grim moments of the grim pursuit of the great red general, a request came from Gibbon to Howard for a hundred cavalry by forced marches to his assistance.

"Major Sanford has been complaining for days of the poor condition of his horses." ventured the adjutant.

"I know," sighed the weary, one-armed veteran, "but if we can't send Gibbon the men, we can send him word that our whole cavalry column will hurry forward, I must do this much. Send me a good man, well mounted, at nightfall."

After mess, when night had settled down over the rocky crags which compose the Lolo landscape, a sergeant saluted the general, and said, "Sergeant Sutherland, sir, detailed with the compliments of Captain Jackson to your service."

The general looked up to see what manner of man had been sent to him for hazardous work. Sergeant Oliver Sutherland was 38 years old, stocky and erect. He was not dressed for parade. His chevrons were soiled. His blouse was wrinkled. That rent in his trousers was made by the caulk of his horse while the pair swam the turbid waters of the river at Kakuiak on the 27th day of July. Surely Sergeant Sutherland showed service wear.

"This is extraordinary duty," began the general.

"Yes Sir."

"Previous service, I suppose?"

"In recent years at Klamath, Tule Lake and Lost River in the lava country, Sir."

"Modoc war" observed the general, and then, "I want a message delivered to General Gibbon. He's somewhere in the country of the Big Hole, ninety miles away. An Indian will guide you. Tell General Gibbon that General Howard is coming on as fast as possible by forced marches with 200 cavalrymen to give him assistance."

When the soldier had left the tent, the general mused, "Conceive of a brave man starting out at night, in this wild

country, with only an Indian guide." Later wrote Howard: "The way was rugged, the night was dark, the distance was great, and he a stranger; but he was resolute and a soldier."

That night on the picket line stood Sergeant Sutherland and the Indian. With them was Sergeant Connolly, messmate and bunky of the courier. A generous half of the remaining plug of tobacco went to the departing one; also the remains of a flask obtained in a manner experience to soldiers. A moment, and then the black forest swallowed the white soldier and his red companion.

"Don't like Flatheads in a pinch like this," muttered Connolly as he stumbled across the camp to his blankets, "he won't stick with Oliver when they get near the Nez Perce."

All that night the sergeant and the Indian pursued the famous Lolo trail through the rugged passes which line the divide between Idaho and Montana. The Indian knew the country they were to traverse only in a general way. He cared little for the trail. With Sutherland it was different. He had to save his horse. He would figure whether it was more exhausting to ride around a fallen forest king, or force the animal to stride over it. But in dale and glade and mountain glen he plodded on, sometimes in the dense darkness of the deep forest, again in the more open woods where he could catch glints of the stars through the overhanging evergreen fronds.

Of a sudden, they came upon the spur of a mountain which seemed to block the way. By dismounting and slowly leading their animals, a way was successfully negotiated over loose rocks and along the precipitous sides. When dawn came glimpses were had of the broader Lolo valley, opening away toward the east. Cultivated fields were in evidence, but not a sign of human habitant, not a dog to howl defiance to the coyotes feeding off the carcasses of Joseph's abandoned ponies.

Sergeant Connolly was right. Before the day closed, the Flathead Indian guide had deserted the soldier and gone off toward Missoula. For his purposes, he was then near enough to Joseph. The morning hours of the second day found Sutherland ascending the Bitter Root valley. It was a very jaded animal that he rode into the enclosure of the first settler he encountered in the valley. The poor horse trembled in every joint and sweat at every pore, and the sergeant, dismounting looked hard at the red on the flank by the stirrup.

"Good morning," he said to the settler, "I'm bearing dispatches to General Gibbon from General Howard, and must have a horse. Have you got one? The quartermaster will settle."

"Yes, not tamed much, but if you've got spunk - - Say, you've got to go smart to catch Gibbon; he's got three days the start of ye."

A little coffee and some bread, and Sutherland turned again toward the head of the valley, one of the wildest places along the crest of the American continent. The new mount was a half broken colt, but Sutherland was a horseman and, though tired kept his seat. Some furlongs were traversed with the recalcitrant horse performing all the antics of a "bucker". Then the saddle girth broke, and the sergeant fell heavily to the ground. He held to the reins, but a terrific wrench of the back and loins rendered him incapable of remounting. In spite of his predicament Sutherland pressed on, leading the animal, until the tesilient forces of the human frame rallied, and with great effort he regained the saddle.

Under such circumstances the solitary sergeant move on through the forest and among the jangled rocks for another day and night - - in the darkness travelling to the accompaniment of the wierd noises of the nocturnal mountain beasts, in the day noting the impediments thrown away by the fleeing Joseph and the pursuing Gibbon.

Near noon of the 9th - - 60 odd hours after he had left Howard, Sutherland caught a glimpse of the welcome army blue. For hours he had noted the tracks of moccasined feet in the soft places as he descended the eastern slope of the Rockies toward the Big Hole. The first thought on seeing the uniform of a soldier was that an engagement had been fought with results disastrous to Gibbon's command. He had chanced upon a detachment of citizens, volunteers and incapacitated soldiers left behind by Gibbon as he rushed forward to make a night attack on the Nez Perce.

The information he gleaned from this detachment is best told by Sutherland himself in a note left behind with one of the irregulars and which was preserved by General Howard as "the brief record of a brave and derserving man."

On the Big Hole trail, about 20 miles from Ross's Hole, 12 m., Aug 8-77.

General: I arrived here enroute to General Gibbon's command ten minutes ago. I find the train of General Gibbon in camp, with a guard of about 18 men, citizens and soldiers. General left here last night, with a force of (say) about 180 men, and has been fighting all day, but his exact whereabouts unknown to party here.

In conformity with orders from General Gibbon a party of three non-commissioned officers and seven privates started from here at daybreak and were attacked about three miles out; one corporal killed, two sergeants wounded and two men missing; howitzer lost with 15 rounds of ammunition; also 2,000 rounds calibre 45; pack mule killed. As near as I can learn, the sergeant in charge scattered and destroyed the ammunition; also fired three rounds at Indians. It appears from the attack that Indians are between General Gibbon and this camp. I find the men here somewhat uneasy, but determined to stand off the Indians at all hazards. I take two men from here and start in five minutes to reach General Gibbon.

Would respectfully state, in explanation of seeming delay on my part, that I was thrown from an unbroken horse and my back severly hurt, my progress from that point being attended with severe suffering. I am,

Very respectfully,
O. Sutherland, Sergeant
Company B, 1st Cavalry.

This tired, crippled courier, after a forced ride of more than sixty hours, announced his intention of reaching General Gibbon with two men, when ten had failed attempt.

At the moment of starting the "two men" refused to go. They said it was impossible to reach Gibbon. They even reasoned that Gibbon and his command had met their fate. But undaunted, Sutherland tightened his belt and went on, not deigning a farewell as he started for the ridge which separated him from the Big Hole. After he had gone, a civilian wagonmaster, saddled his horse and overtook the courier.

When the summit was reached, the pair speculated as to the location of Gibbon. They heard no shots. They decided to try a spur which jutted eastwardly from the main ridge. They kept near the summit; Indians would be in the valley; also, they would have a broader view from the higher ground. With eyes and ears alert, they had proceeded some miles when what seemed the reverberation of a shot echoed through the mountains. But it gave no clue.

They went cautiously on and once, looking down the hillside through a gap in the trees, Sutherland saw spread out before him in the valley a large Indian encampment. He saw neither Indian nor white. At intervals there came up the noise of irregular shooting. If the soldiers were shooting, they were firing at will. Keeping his horse under cover of the trees, Sutherland continued the descent into the valley hoping at each step to find an opening through the foliage by which he could inform himself of the exact situation.

He felt that Gibbon must be somewhere about, if living. He talked to the wagonmaster about it. Once they saw what the shooting meant — the Indians, from the willows along the banks of the creek, were "potting" wounded soldiers. There had been a fight and Gibbon had not been victorious.

A slight noise behind, and Sutherland turned to see the wagonmaster in full retreat. "Has Gibbon's command really been wiped out?" mused the lonely one on the mountain side.

In way of negative speculation, he moved his horse onward. Trees obstructed his view of the Nez Perce wickieups. The shooting ceased.

"Did that last shot mean the last of life of the last of Gibbon's men?" The whole world for an answer that minute," he later told Sergeant Connolly.

How quiet it became under those big trees! Not the call of a bird, or the frightenedly rustle of a chipmunk. The squeaking of the saddle straps became unconscionably loud. The horse's hoofs made din of stirring up the pine needles. Sutherland strained his ears to catch some sound save the screaming of his saddle gear and the thunder of the hoofs. For many moments it was thus, the situation tense, oppressive, killing.

Sutherland's mind was wideawake. "A shout will reveal my presence to the hostiles he thought, and in an instant he added "Whites might hear it too." Here was his dilemma. He must elect. Sitting there in that vast, sloping evergreen stillness, he cast the die.

Straightening in his stirrups, filling lungs to their utmost capacity, with hand to cheek, he broke that primeval quiet with the strong, resonant tones.

"Hoa-oa-oa, Gibbon!"

The spell fled with the going out of that call, and it awoke the dormant echoes as it sped along. Alert to catch answering call or sign of hostile movement, in a moment from the east, near the foot of the spur upon which he stood came the unmistakable call of a white throat:

"Thi-i-is wa-a-ay!"

A dig of the spur, and horse and rider plunged forward through the timber. But urge his horse as he could, he ran the gauntlet of scattering Nez Perce shots.

Ten minutes later General Gibbon, wounded, looked up from his improvised cot and received the message from General Howard. He had been worsted in the day's fighting and had lost three officers and 26 men. Before morning Joseph went on toward the Yellowstone country; the appearance of a soldier on the mountain side had told him that Howard was near.

Turn now to the man, Geoghegan. When the State of Washington was admitted to the union in 1889, Clarke county sent as their representative to the first legislature on of the prominent business men of Vancouver, his name was John D. Geoghegan. He became a candidate for the first speakership of that legislature, but threw his chances to the wind when he found that his chief opponent was to be his personal friend, Colonel J. M. Feighan. In 1895 when insurgent forces tried to draw the Republican party into fusion with the Populists, Hon. John D. Geoghegan was the presiding officer.

"He was a remarkable man and one of the best presiding officers I have ever known," says a former United States Senator.

The United States Army record has this:

GEOGHEGAN, JOHN DENNIS - Private, corporal, sergeant H 18th Inf; 1862-65; private, sergeant and first sergeant C 19th Inf-1865-6; 2nd Lieut 10th Inf. April 1866; 1st Lieut Jul 1866 resigned Sept. 1866, private and sergeant B, 1st cavalry under name of Oliver Sutherland, Dec. 1872 to Dec. 1877. Died June 19, 1896."

# 29 Harvest of Fifty Years

The miner, the farmer, the fisherman, the sailor, the town builder and the railroad builder - every primary and productive man sees before him an endless chance of profitable work for himself and for his opinions and in many activities there may yet be a certain crudeness of thought and of action such as is characteristic of all newly settled communities; but there is nowhere a lack of power, of efficiency, or of self confidence; and the total volume of performance is amazing. It is as much as to say:

"You can forsee the limit of population and even of the kinds of activity in New England, or in Iowa; but you cannot see the limit of either."

A few months since thus wrote a man of large and varied experience with peoples and classes, of wide observation of man and conditions and of conservative and matter of fact temperament. He wrote it of the people of the entire Pacific Northwest, but it is essentially true of the Inland Empire of the Columbia.

An extended disquisition on conditions and affairs in the vast Columbia valley since Colonel George Wright made his unparallel campaign is impossible within the limits of any one volume; but to those unfamiliar with the facts of today who have caught something of a mental picture of the times of Kamiahkin and Joseph form the foregoing pages it may prove of interest to note some facts of the period intervening and of the close of that period.

The condition of the military has changed, and garrisons and posts on a frontier have gone through a complete revolution. Colonel Wright recommended that there be no post established north of the Snake river, but suggested that

Fort Spokane, October, 1880

marches be made by the troops through the region. General Harney had reasons for bringing into existence the American Fort Colville in 1859.

The post was located on Mill creek about four miles northeast of the present town of Colville. During the Civil war it was garrisoned by volunteers. It consisted of log buildings. Its history was peaceful, its end serene. For months after the post was deserted by the troops under the officer now known as General Henry C. Merriam, a quartermaster was the sole occupant. The time came when his time of service was ended and the post was left to the tender mercies of the dear people who soon dismantled it. Its flagstaff was cut down and sold in the town of Colville for fire wood. The official term of the post was encompassed by the dates, June 30, 1859 and November 1st, 1882.

When the soldiers left Fort Colville they came down the Columbia river and established at Lake Chelan and Camp Chelan. But that station was short lived for its location had no merit from a military point of view. It was established on September 2, 1879, and was formally closed on October 16, 1880.

Three days later the garrison flag was unfurled at Fort Spokane. The thrust of the years and trend of events went on, and there was no need of military post at the junction of the Columbia and Spokane rivers. The buildings were transferred from the control of the war department and have done service as headquarters for the Spokane Indian agency and school.

Fort Lapwai, Idaho, sprang into existence as an emergency point a Nez Perce Indian being in California during the gold excitement, told a story of having seen in the mountains of his native country a glittering object in a cliff, shining like a star at night. Supposing at first that the object was some great "Tomanowas," the Indians did not touch it, but subsequently examining it they discovered a glittering ball like glass embedded in the solid rock. Among the men who heard this story was E. D. Pierce, who in 1860 organized a party of investigation. The Indians ordered them from the country, but Pierce induced an Indian woman to guide him and his party up the Clearwater. They never found the glittering ball in the rock, but at a little mountain meadow up the north fork of the Clearwater river, a member of Pierce's party, amused himself by washing out some sand. It contained gold dust. The spot became the site of Oro Fino, the point of the first discovery of gold in Idaho. Despite the governmental prohibition not to settle Nez Perce lands, the town of Lewiston also grew. There was material for trouble and the government selected the old home of Missionary Spaulding as a site for one of its watch-houses. Fort Lapwai's prime importance came in the early days of the Nez Perce war. It was established in August, 1862, and had a life of 22 years.

A Picture Taken in the Early Days of Fort George Wright

Fort Coeur d'Alene, later known as Fort Sherman, was established in 1878 at the outlet of Lake Coeur d'Alene. The most exciting period of its history came during the mining troubles of 1893. It caused to be built the first steamer to navigate the lake, the "Mary Wheaton," whose purpose was to transport hay for the cavalry horses from the Coeur d'Alene mission. It went out of existence in 1900, and since that time the grounds and buildings have been sold, and the military reservation has become a popular residence section of the city of Coeur d'Alene.

In a sense all of these military establishments were combined into the grand, modern post known as Fort George Wright, erected on the little plain on the Spokane river, where the expedition of 1858 rested after the all day running fight known as the battle of Spokane Plains.

The Indian reservations are following the fate of the military reservations. As these lines are written, preparations are making for throwing the Coeur d'Alene and Spokane reservations open to settlement by the whites. It may be said that these reservations have come and gone since 1858. Already the north half of the old Colville and the Nez Perce reservations will belong to the past.

But the wonder of the last fifty years in the Inland Empire is shown in the richness of the endowments of nature. The rivers descend from their high places. With curve and sweep they come from the high lands hurled roughly upward. The years nibbled the ancient rock and the frosts stabbed them. The ages have awaited their attrition. Water and time and the elements made the soil.

These insensate ancients waited for the white man long after 1858. It was not until after the Civil war that advantage was taken of Colonel Wright's work in preparing the way. Settlers were comparatively few in the Inland Empire until 1876, when the nation was a hundred years old. Yet the increase in population was slow until the railroads only dreamed of at Washington in 1858, pushed their way into the valleys. Then the modern began to touch the ancient along the Columbia and its tributaries. The Major part of the development has taken place within the last half of the years since 1858.

In 1858 the Inland Empire contributed nothing to civilization. In 1908 the territory, a part of which was characterized by Colonel Wright as "a forbidden country" raised thirty seven million bushels of wheat. It sent 300 carloads of apples to the market of London alone. It shipped flour to China alone of the value of twelve million dollars. Its farms produced fifty millions of dollars worth of wealth. From its mines come forty millions of dollars. The total product of wealth for the year 1908 has been placed by competent authorities at $145,000,000.

But a procession of figures is useless in order to convey the real condition of men and of life in the Inland Empire of today, thus furnishing the other term in the ratio of this great contrast of fifty years.

This chasm of half a century is not wide in time in an air line as the years fly, but it is a tremendous span in development along every line of human activity. On the one side vast stretches of unproductive land; on the other wheatfields famous the world over, orchard and garden and upland of marvellous fertility and fecundity.

The great areas of unused forest; now, producing more manufactured lumber than the mind can conceive.

In 1858, two or three rough trails and the beginning of a government road; in 1908, mile upon mile of transcontinental steam railroad, with local branches teaching every considerable section, and electric railways and well constructed public highways, over which spins the Mercy-like automobile.

There, Indian teepees and a few cabins; here, modern cities and villages and towns and favored farm structures.

Echo, two crude mission schools; reality, colleges, normal schools and structures by the wayside from which in response to the morning roll call rises a grand chorus from a myriad of clear young throats.

Tentative, pioneer Jesuit religious services; accomplished, the directive and educative force of countless churches of every known belief under heaven.

Gone, those "pathless woods" and solitudes "where rolls the Orgon and hears no sound save his own dashings;" gained, the restlessness of an empire throbbing grandly with every pulsation of Twentieth Century advancement and diligence.

An American half century which has outstripped "fifty years of Europe" as they did "a cycle of Cathay."

If those minute men at Lexington swung a new government into the firmament of nations, then those soldiers of Steptoe huddled on Hardesty's hill on the evening of May 17, 1858, by unconscious deed were fixing the star of the Inland Empire in the galaxy of the gardens of the earth.

# 30 Silhouette

"Once, All Mine and my People's" in those words were summed up the agony of the last of the strong leaders of his race. They were at once a soul's teardrop and a courtesy to the inevitable.

The outburst come from the lips of Chief Garry of the Spokanes as, standing before his teepee pitched on the hillside to the west of Latah Creek, he looked down of an autumn afternoon upon a growing city spread out from his feet far eastward up the valley of the river which bears his tribal name. From out of the East has ever come the remorseless, obliterating invader.

Upon the waters which in by-gone autumns had been pierced by the salmon weirs of his tribemen, Garry did not look. The richly slanting rays of the declining sun threw into bold prominence the roofs and western sides of the buildings of the white man. The city had once been burned, but on this afternoon was rising again in a larger, more powerful exemplar of Anglo-Saxon aggrandizement.

A decade and a half earlier a shack had raised its pioneer head to the heavens above the plain below the frusted hill. Then came more shacks. Ultimately arose houses and buildings. Now a long line of rails, gleaming in the sun, marked a path between the multiplying structures, and far up the valley arose a cloud of black smoke telling the eye of the metal horse thundering onward.

Garry had been a good Indian, according to the white man's view of Indians. Sent when a boy, to the schools of the settlements of the Red River of the North as a protege of Sir George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company, Garry returned to his people with broadened views of the white race and its destinies. He also brought his new name, taken from the historic old fort at Winnipeg.

In the years that passed since these Red River days, Garry, leanring much of the meaning go his race of civilization. Between fires he had passed through the exciting campaign of 1858, when the United States government had thrust upon his people the alternative of peace or extermination. As tribal leader he was openly hostile then, but in his heart he understood the futility of armed resistance. His tribe would brook none of his counsels for peace. He was threatened. Nominally, only nominally, was he hostile. He bided the time when hard experience would show his the correctness of views. With glad heart he signed the treaty of peace and friendship, and set to work to heal the wounds of a onesided war.

Yonder in the valley, as he stood there by his teepee in after years, below his weary eyes were the very ripples of the river through which he waded on a September day thirty-odd years ago to hear the words of the military: "Garry, when you bring all your horses and goods and women and children and lay them at my feet -- then I dictate to you the terms upon which you may have peace."

Did the Indian reconstruct that scene as he gazed over the city's housetops this afternoon of 1891?

Further to the north and on the sloping side of the valley, showed the roofs of the lowly buildings he had erected when he had broad faith in the whites man's way of doing things. They were reminiscent of his labor for a home under the white man's laws. Immigrants had found a flaw in Garry's title to the ugly little tract of land, and by ukase from Washington the Indian was ousted. He had made an honest attempt to adapt himself to the new way; but never had he been more homeless nomad than he was on this September day of 1891.

The frosts of time had now came upon Garry. His eye was dimmed by age and privation and exposure. His sinews had withered. He had leaned upon the white man's ways as upon a crutch, and in the hour of his decrepitude had seen his reliance crumble. His tribe had already gone to the reservation. In a body from which the spirit had all but departed, he slowly roamed the hillsides and valleys vainly looking for life as he had known it in virile years in the free, halcyon days of his youth when vigor still spurred his pulse beats. His blind wife and his teepee were all of the old life that were left. A few moons and they, too, would be gone.

As he stood there on this afternoon, was it given to him to catch a glimpse of the scheme of Providence as races and nations go? Had he seen enough in his span of life to understand that his kind had run their course, and that the works under his eyes were simply significant of the activities of a people elected to do grander, broader things? Could he see that it had been his fate to be in that pathetic position which is on the line of division between two eras of world progress? Was he able to transcend his aboriginal nature and read in the unfolding events the lines of another act in the earth old tragedy of the ruthless thrusting aside of one people to make way for another with a newer work to do? Could he catch a single note of the grand dispason, "Through the ages one unceasing purpose runs?"

Unnoticed by the self-communing old figure, there came up the hillside from below two persons on horseback. They

were the doctormajor and his wife. Good hearted souls seeking to relieve distress, they were coming with medicines and clothing and delicacies for her who lay on a pallet of leaves within the teepee.

"How" abstractly saluted the old man. It was curt. His thoughts were with the long ago. He at once resumed contemplation of the sunlite scene spread out before him in the dying day.

Pathetically his arm stretched out toward the houses below and beyond the river. His face in inefiably sad and his tones were low and halting as he entered the stricken teepee. By the side of his invalid wife he again stretched forth his arm in explanatory apology for his curt salutation:
"Once all mine and my people's."

The doctor-major and his wife understood.

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